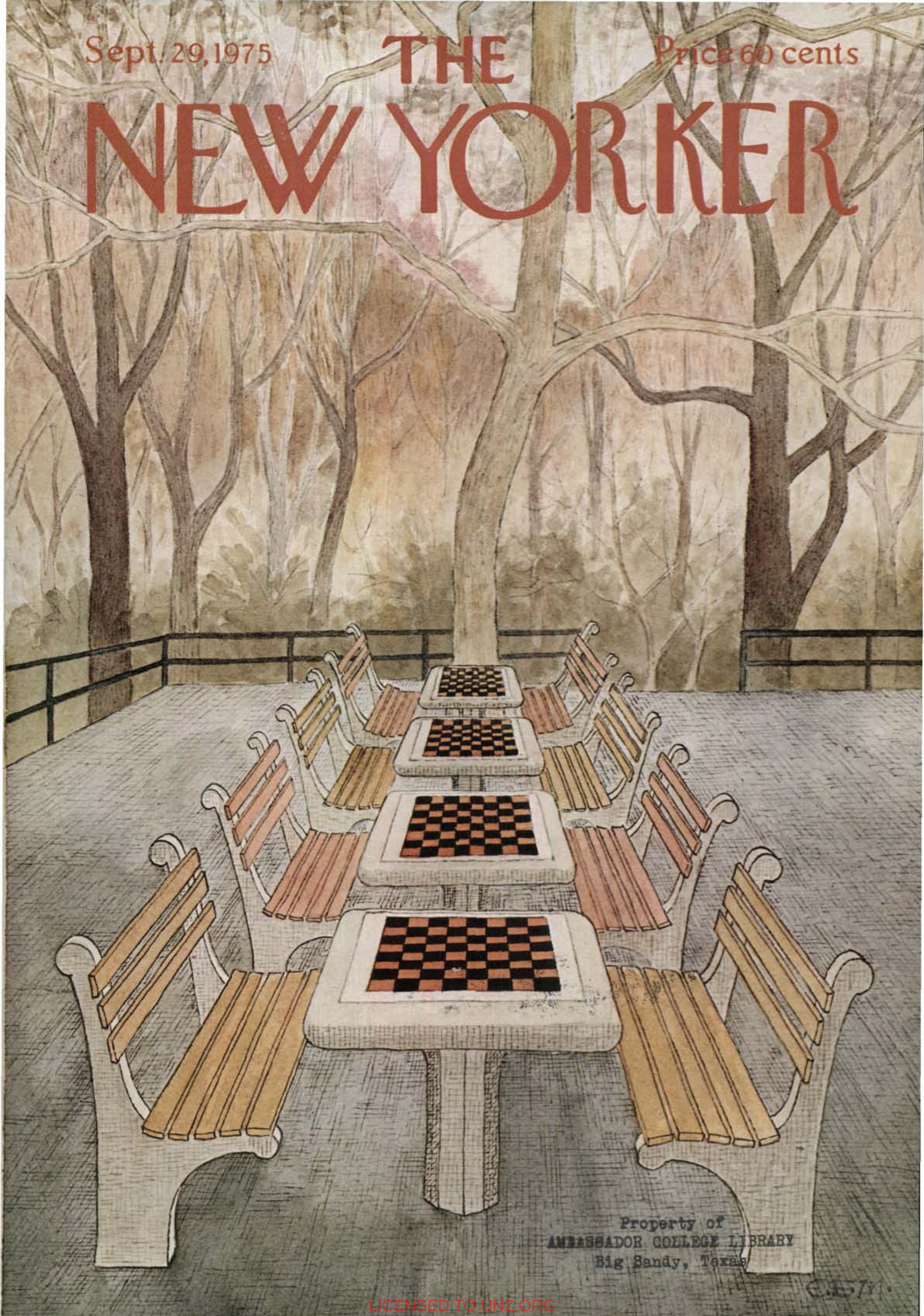
Sept. 29, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

Price 60 cents



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

1925, A FRAGRANCE CAPTURES THE WORLD LIKE LE JAZZ HOT.

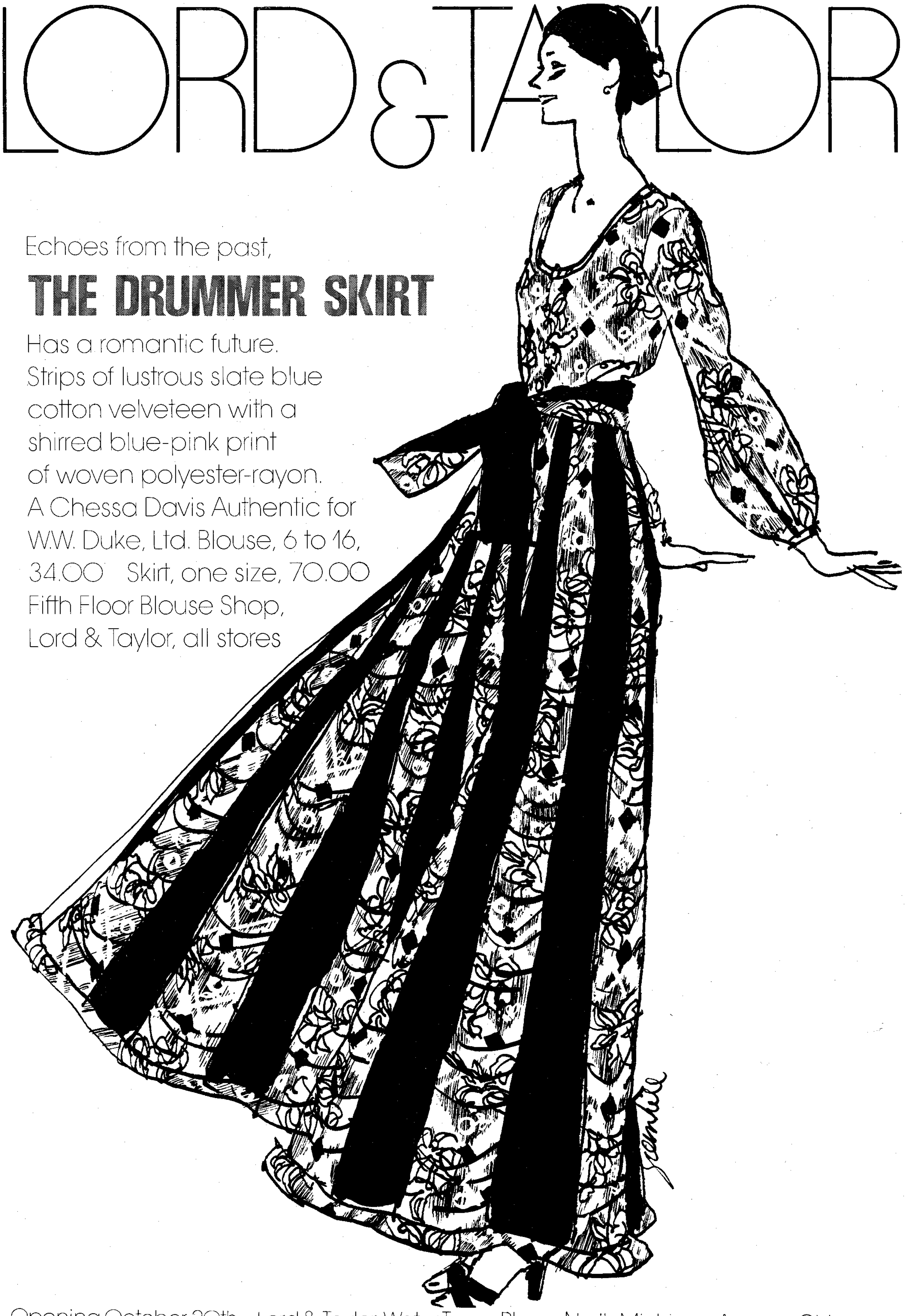
A transmuted sadness pours forth from jazz trumpets. The rhythms are compelling. It is The Jazz Age, and Guerlain creates a perfume of real power.

Shalimar. Heady, exciting, as intoxicating as Prohibition itself.

SHALIMAR
by Guerlain

Guerlain
Paris
SHALIMAR

LORD & TAYLOR



Echoes from the past,

THE DRUMMER SKIRT

Has a romantic future.
Strips of lustrous slate blue
cotton velveteen with a
shirred blue-pink print
of woven polyester-rayon.
A Chessa Davis Authentic for
W.W. Duke, Ltd. Blouse, 6 to 16,
34.00 Skirt, one size, 70.00
Fifth Floor Blouse Shop,
Lord & Taylor, all stores

Opening October 20th—Lord & Taylor, Water Tower Place, North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, all the musical comedies on Broadway are closed because of a musicians' union strike. We list the shows anyway, partly out of nostalgia and partly because they may reopen at any time.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ah, Wilderness!—A well-nigh perfect revival of the O'Neill comedy, by the Long Wharf Theatre company, of New Haven. With William Swetland, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Teresa Wright, and John Braden, and directed by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays, and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly at 8; on Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by Greg Antonacci, and played by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Stubby Kaye, Rita Moreno, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdys at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Treemonisha—A six-week engagement of the Houston Grand Opera Association production of Scott Joplin's 1915 opera. Staged by Frank Corsaro, with Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White. Preview Wednesday evening, Sept. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**absurd person singular:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **candide:** A triumphant version of the once doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Thomas Hulce, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 6,417 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 24-26, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 6:30 and 9:30; Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3 and 7; Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30; Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, at 7:30; and Saturday, Oct. 4, at 6 and 9.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THE SEARCH FOR AN ANCESTRESS" . . . . *Sylvia Townsend Warner* 33
"TOIL" (POEM) . . . . *C. K. Williams* 36
OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (STREET MUSICIANS) . . . . *Tony Hiss and Edward Koren* 39
PROFILES (WELFARE MOTHER) . . . . . . *Susan Sheehan* 42
"THE PERSPECTIVE AND LIMITS OF SNAPSHOTS" (POEM) . . . . *Dave Smith* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 100
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 102
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 104
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 109
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 112
THE AIR . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 116
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 120
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 131

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Everett Opie, Dana Fradon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Ed Fisher, Frank Modell, George Booth, Thomas B. Allen, Lee Lorenz, Henry Martin, Barney Tobey, Chon Day, William Hamilton, David Christianson, Joseph Mirachi*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, comptroller; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LI, No. 32, September 29, 1975. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1975 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $22.00.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

The shawl... elegant wrapping of natural golden Russian sable. SOBOL USSR identifies the world's most beautiful sables selected in Leningrad from v/o "Sojuzpushnina" by our fur specialists for a Crown sable collection that is one of the most extensive in the world.

Neiman-Marcus Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth • Bal Harbour • Atlanta • St. Louis

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. Robert Stephens is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies," with Peggy Fleming. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5.)

DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 2—Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 7:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Offenbach in the Underworld" (company première), and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: "The Dream," "Opus I" (company première), and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "The Big City," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Big City," "Valentine," and "Jeu de Cartes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus—Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Leggieros," "Bird Fanciers," "Cupid," "Grandma Always Danced," and "Splendor in the Grass." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3: "The Flying Zucchinis," "Happy Wash Day," and "Meany Milton." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

Joan Miller and the Chamber Arts/Dance Players—In a program consisting of "Mix," "Under It," "Brassy" (première), "Pass fe White," "Currents" (première), "Black on Black," and "Thoroughfare." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Dancers and Musicians of the Burmese National Theatre—A troupe of fifteen, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Indrani—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Tenor saxophonist Junior Cook, who was a member of the Horace Silver quintet in the shining late fifties and early sixties, is here with a quintet of his own Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 29-30, trumpeter Tex Allen's quintet takes the stage. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Saxophonist Grover Washington, Jr., a pioneer jazz-turned-disco player, pilots his band opposite singer Al Jarreau through Sunday, Sept. 28. Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, rockers Flo 'n' Eddie and the Turtles will plug in. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 2-4, **GARY BURTON**, the thinking man's vibraharpist, and his quintet, which features German bassist Eberhard Weber, will trade sets with Oregon, a quartet that plays East-West mood jazz. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—This agreeable but occasionally hectic little bar presents pianist Bobby Dorough and bassist Bill Takas Mondays through Saturdays. Barry Harris has charge of the keyboard on Sundays. Music after nine-thirty. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH** and his youthful, galloping big band open the show with a rousing set, and then serve to back **JOE WILLIAMS**. Williams' best work ("Every Day" and "The Comeback," for example) materialized during his six incredible bluesy years as vocalist with Count Basie, Freddie Green, Frank Foster, and the rest of the Basie band of the fifties. Since then, he has settled in Las Vegas ("I wouldn't leave it for Heaven—it's home, folks") and has become a pop singer—but a rather special and exciting one. Sometimes, after he dispenses with the likes of "If I Were a Bell" or "What's New?," he gets down to business and slips his unsuspecting audience a gutsy, sweat-inducing "Roll 'Em Pete." Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show to both live and disco music. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, perform in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** alternate with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist, **MICHAEL MOORE**, through Tuesday, Sept. 30. On Wednesday, Oct. 1, **MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, a Kansas City legend and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, arrives with bassist Buster Williams. On Sundays, pianist **DICK HYMAN** goes through his paces. Music from eight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, tenorman Carmen Leggio and four-string tenor guitarist Tiny Grimes sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano nightly from five-thirty to three-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. Dashiki-clad **CLARK TERRY**, who still mugs and mumbles, and whose trumpet and flugelhorn solos still seem to skid on ice, rides herd on his fiery young quartet on Sunday, Sept. 28. The three other members—pianist Ronnie Matthews, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Ed Soph, who seems most comfortable at double the fastest tempo Terry can come up with—form a stunning rhythm section that plays as though it just can't wait to be unleashed. Beginning at eight. Snacks.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—The **DON CHERRY** quartet, a smash when it was here last spring, has returned for a two-week stand. Cherry's music, an amalgam of Indian mysticism, African percussion, and free jazz, and the colorful banners and tapestries done by his wife, Moki Cherry—which proclaim the notes of an Eastern scale, "*Sa, Ri, Ga, Ma, Pa, Dha, Ni, Sa*"—transform these usually spare and sombre surroundings into a warm, cheering room. Cherry plays pocket trumpet, barimbau, percussion, and other exotic instruments, and sings and chants, while the rest of his group—Frank Lowe on reeds, Hakim Jamil on bass, and Billy Higgins on drums—admirably keep up. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. The music begins after ten. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER**, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** swaps ideas with pianist Hal Galper. Pianist **AL HAIG** plays from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser for a few sets from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

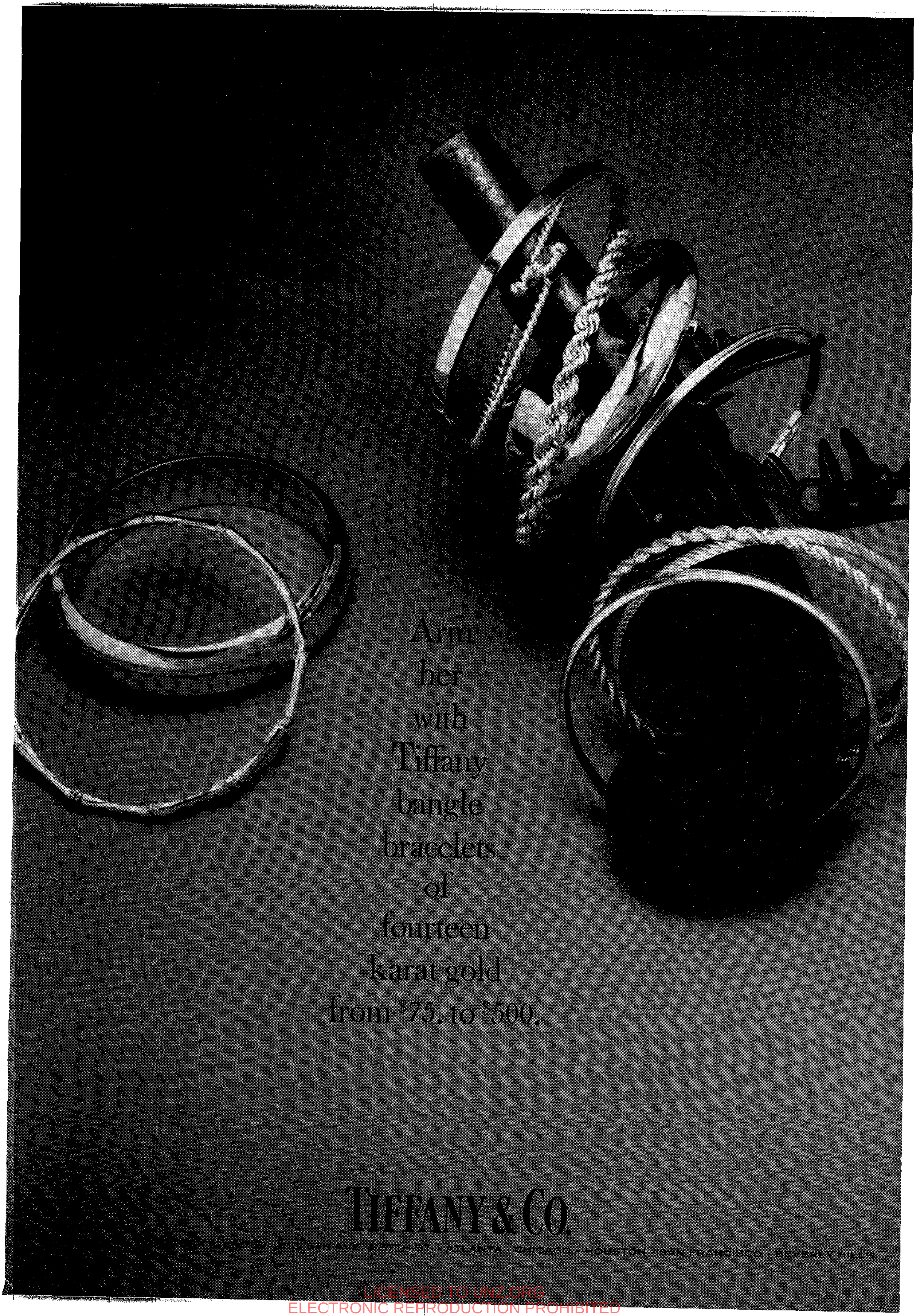
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Eldridge will go on leave for a week after Friday, Sept. 26, and Max Kaminsky will replace him. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky takes charge of another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Four well-known traditionalists—Peanuts Hucko, Milt Hinton, Marty Napoleon, and Bobby Rosengarden—work out through Saturday, Sept. 27. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 30, **ANITA O'DAY** will be singing with backing support from the Lenny Hambro quartet. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Some intricate, easygoing rhythm-and-blues is offered up by bassist **GORDON EDWARDS'** polished quintet, which usually includes guitarist Cornell Dupree and either Steve Gadd or Chris Parker on drums. Nearly every number in their repertoire—from bossa-nova standards to "Season of the Witch" to "I Heard It Through the Grapevine"—becomes an expertly played r.-&-b. riff, satisfyingly repetitive and done at a steady, buckboard-bouncing clip. Through Thursday, Sept. 25. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers arrives with his group for a week's stay on Monday, Sept. 29. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The tables and chairs of these revamped quarters are infinitely more comfortable than the benches and pews of the old Bitter End, especially if one must sit through a long, boring opening act—or, for that matter (though fortunately more rarely), a long, boring headline act. **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, who is not boring, goes even further back than the Bitter End—he was once known as a poor man's Woody Guthrie (Bob Dylan was once called a poor man's Jack Elliott)—and he is here through Sunday, Sept. 28. Looking more like an aging


Arm
her
with
Tiffany
bangle
bracelets
of
fourteen
karat gold
from $75. to $500.
TIFFANY & CO.
[illegible] 5TH AVE. & 57TH ST. · ATLANTA · CHICAGO · HOUSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS

beatnik than a ranch hand (his persona ever since he left Brooklyn), Elliott ambles in, delivers sleepy, alpha-wave-like monologues, and plays and sings Grateful Dead and Louis Jordan tunes in a gravel-voiced, kindly manner. Reedman Robin Kenyatta turns up with his combo on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 29-30. Lori Lieberman, a flaxen-haired folk-singing soprano with very slick backup arrangements, inane between-song patter, and a wildly devoted following that consists, in large measure, of prim, adolescent girls, arrives on Wednesday, Oct. 1. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **JONAH JONES** band, which features Cozy Cole on drums and Carrie Smith on vocals, performs from seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, from eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and from six on Sundays. Dinner and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Soul and pop singer Alaina Reed has moved in for two weeks, and her shows can be seen Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Sunday, Sept. 28, Camille Yarbrough, who performed in "To Be Young, Gifted and Black," sings at eight-thirty and eleven. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents early-evening concert-style sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut bar where all is flux: **CHET BAKER** guides a youthful combo on Mondays and Tuesdays, and **LEE KONITZ** heads up his stirring nine-piece group on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27, guitarist Roland Prince works in front of a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, the Eddie Hazell trio will perform. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays, from nine until two, are given over to the guitar duo of **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA,** who exchange more notes than there are begats.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A popular restaurant that is no longer as airy and uncluttered as it was a year ago, when it opened. The acoustically perfect music corner is occupied by pianist Mike Nock and bassist Rick Laird through Sunday, Sept. 28. **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, brings in his trio—guitarist Sam Brown and bassist Jamil Nasser—on Wednesday, Oct. 1. Music from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd performs with bassist Ted Sturgis on Sundays and Mondays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Joe and Blake, two jazzy rhythm-and-blues men from St. Louis, are here Thursday, Sept. 25, Sunday, Sept. 28, and Wednesday, Oct. 1. On Wednesday, Sept. 24, and Tuesday, Sept. 30, a stomping, three-part-harmony r.-&-b. quintet called **CAKEWALK** takes on the musical chores. Fridays and Saturdays belong to flutist **LLOYD MCNEIL** and his Brazilian-flavored quartet, and other jazz duos and quartets round things out. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—**ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** work out in the Top of the Gate through Saturday, Sept. 27, from ten to two. Downstairs, on the Terrace, harpist Daphne Hellman is in evidence with her trio at nine and eleven on Tuesdays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to attract sizable audiences, who come to hear some of the best jazzmen in the world. Bassist **RON CARTER** winds up a week leading a quartet on Sunday, Sept. 28, and he is followed in by powerhouse pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and *his* quartet, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 30. Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band blasts forth. Music from ten.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos which hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who seek out neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet—drummer Jackie Williams, trumpeter Taft Jordan, and pianist Dill Jones—known as the Warren Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving Paul Quinichette and Sammy Price. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Formerly a branch of the be-sausaged deli-restaurant chain known as the Smokehouse, and still under the same corporate ownership, this startlingly sleek new jazz haunt is outfitted with shag carpeting, wood panelling on the ceiling, and a large, kitschily abstract, brownish piece of stained glass that might have been executed by the Disney studios. The music, which is presented Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty, is a bit warmer and more reassuring, and it encompasses just about every style—from ragtime to cool school. The musicians are valve trombonist **MARSHALL BROWN,** very much the leader; pianist Hod O'Brian; tenor saxophonist Frank Vicari; drummer Jimmy Lovelace; and bassist Knobby Totah. Brown looks every inch the music educator he is: he wears a suit and tie and horn-rimmed glasses, and he keeps things moving right along as he compulsively hovers over the soloists to make sure there are no unnecessarily long, tangential solos. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Shirley Bassey—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 25-28, at 8.

Paul Anka—With Odia Coates and an orchestra conducted by Johnny Harris. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Thursday, Sept. 25, through Sunday, Oct. 5, except Monday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

Mongo Santamaria's Orchestra, Irene Reid's Trio, and **George Coleman's Octet**—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Nancy Wilson—With Cuba Gooding and the Main Ingredient, plus the Charisma Band. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7 and 10.)

Oscar Peterson and **Joe Pass**—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8.

The Return of the Jam Session—Phil Woods, Thad Jones, Ron Carter, Bill Watrous, Connie Kay, Hank Jones, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Earl Hines, Eubie Blake, and **Billy Taylor**—A benefit performance. (Hotel Biltmore Grand Ballroom, 55 E. 43rd St. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-2430.)

Roberta Flack, Richard Pryor, and **Chico Hamilton**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 7 and 11.

Chuck Berry, Jay Black & the Americans, and **Sha Na Na**—With Bobby Rydell, the Coasters, the Five Satins, and Bobby Comstock and his band. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Robert Klein and **David Blue**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Karel Appel—Semi-abstract oils, mostly of faintly comic animal life (ducks, donkeys), done in his familiar bright, straight-out-of-the-tube colors, laid on thick. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Harry Bouras—Cement tablets in which grave-looking proclamations are carved, intaglio, in a mysterious alphabet reminiscent of the Egyptian. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Stan Brodsky / Jean Olds—Abstract oils and pastels based on the sea. / Box constructions of found wood and metal objects, as well as metal sculptures and paper collages. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Hector Escobar—Oil paintings of stylized nudes, many of which seem almost stencilled, done by a Colombian painter; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 7. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Kaffe Fassett—Paintings and drawings of intricately patterned table china, seashells, and fabrics. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Forman—Still-lifes of plants, fruit, and porcelains. Through Oct. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Jiří Kolář—Collages and other works in a show running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Oct. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Edward Koren—The fuzzy creatures who inhabit the private world created by this artist are seen here in large, sometimes colored, drawings (one series of which has them visiting French hotels) and in free-standing wooden cutouts. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Antonio Marra—Sculptures, most of them bronze torsos; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Stephen Polin / Harold Sclar—Surrealist paintings. / Abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hannah Wilke—Female genitalia are the subject of three large wall sculptures and some smaller representations made of chewing gum and kneaded rubber. Through Oct. 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Master Paintings from the Hermitage and the State Russian Museum—An impeccably arranged benefit exhibit that includes thirty Western European paintings from the Hermitage (among them "The Lute Player," by Caravaggio, "Saskia as Flora," by Rembrandt, and "The Painter's Family," by Matisse), as well as thirteen paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Russian artists from the State Russian Museum. Through Oct. 29. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Kenneth Noland, Isamu Noguchi, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in a variety of mediums by gallery artists Lynne Drexler, Lionel Gilbert, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibit (entrance fee $1) of ancient Ecuadorian pottery on loan from public and private collections. Through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by nineteenth-century Americans, including Eastman Johnson, Asher B. Durand, and George Inness. Through Oct. 25. . . . **INGBER,** 3 E. 78th St.: One work by each of fifteen gallery artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **KRASNER,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works in various mediums by Dubuffet,

Introducing a unique cheek color that will remind you how flattering a natural 'blush' can be.

Clothes by Jonathan Hitchcock. Fur by Alixandre. Jewelry by Bulgari.

New 'Super Luscious Liquid Blush' Because it's a silky liquid you get a totally innocent kind of glow. In any of six naturally pretty colors that look like they come from within. And it's not dry like a powder or oily like a creme. You touch-it-on over makeup or alone. The formula is Ultima's alone. And the look is so fresh and healthy it looks like it's yours alone.

SUPER LUSCIOUS LIQUID BLUSH
ULTIMA II
CHARLES REVSON

'ULTIMA' II
CHARLES REVSON

Miró, Picasso, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 3. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: To usher in its ninetieth season, this gallery is exhibiting drawings and watercolors by early-twentieth-century artists, many of whom showed here during their lifetime. The artists include Sloan, Glackens, Prendergast, and Marguerite Zorach. Through Oct. 18. . . . NICHOLLS, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Dali, Calder, Maillol, and others. Through Oct. 11. . . . WASHBURN, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Early paintings by Byron Browne, Balcomb Greene, Ralston Crawford, and four other artists. Through Friday, Sept. 26.

Sculpture—At the SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Steel, marble, and stone works by three artists. Through Oct. 8. . . . WEINTRAUB, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Bronze and marble pieces mostly, by Archipenko, Arp, Moore, and others. Through Tuesday, Sept. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Neil Anderson / Elizabeth Harms—Paintings of the forest floor (twigs and leaves—that sort of thing). / Six works by an abstract painter. Through Oct. 11. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Helène Aylon—Paper stretched out on Plexiglas and stained with brownish oil in streaks that change form as the years go by and capillary attraction gets in its slow licks. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Also at Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Through Tuesday, Sept. 30.)

Jean Dubuffet—Recent paintings and *découpes* (canvases mounted on stiff boards), plus a model of the artist's sculpture at Chase Plaza. Through Oct. 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Ferber / Stanley Boxer—Large triangular forms in various arrangements and contrasting fields of color by an artist who often shows sculptures. Through Oct. 8. / Pastel and pencil drawings in which figures, animals, and plants crop up unexpectedly among otherwise abstract forms. Through Oct. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Thirty hand-painted ceramic tiles (about half of her show at the Guggenheim last spring) in strokes of color that seem to retain some of the fire that glazed them. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Recent sculptures, mostly of female figures. Through Oct. 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Pat Lasch / Anne Healy—Metallic threads stitched on stretched muslin in prim, circular designs, some of which have the aura of sacred religious relics. / Colored-chiffon wall pieces that have a decided boudoir flounce. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ross Barbera—Realist paintings of water surfaces; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Marguerite Borchardt / Frank Pagnato—Fields of grasses are the main emphasis in these landscapes. / Sombre paintings of Central Park trees. Through Thursday, Oct. 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Edward Clark—Paintings that combine horizontal bands of color and an ellipse. Through Thursday, Oct. 2. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Maxine Fine—Nicely balanced paintings that incorporate free-form circles and spirals. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

James Havard—Large abstract paintings by a Texas-born artist in which cabalistic diagrams and Indian magic sticks, done in trompe-l'oeil style, are prominent. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Ken Juon—Minimal sculpture in the form of elegant, slender staffs of beautifully joined wood cut from plain two-by-fours and finished off with leather bindings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

Arnulf Rainer and Dieter Roth—An exhibit of photographs of the two artists together that have been altered by black ink and color drawings, plus drawings and watercolors, all the joint efforts of the two men. Through Friday, Sept. 26. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Edwin Ruda—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Oct. 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the EMMERICH, 420 West Broadway: Large-scale paintings done during the nineteen-sixties by Noland, Olitski, and others. Through Oct. 15. . . . 14 SCULPTORS, 75 Thompson St.: Works by gallery artists. Through Oct. 8. . . . HOFFMAN, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by gallery regulars Natalie Bieser, Don Nice, and others. Through Oct. 9. . . . O. K. HARRIS, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Frank Roth, sculptures by Jay Wholley, photographs by Mark Feldstein, and a photographic documentation of burned objects by Mary Shaffer. Through Saturday, Oct. 4.

OTHER GALLERIES

Three Buildings—Photographs and drawings (with explanatory text) that trace the historical and architectural influence of Grand Central Terminal, the New York Public Library, and the Times Tower on 42nd Street. Through Oct. 22. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

•

Richard Avedon—Portraits made between 1949 and the day before yesterday of famous writers, painters, actors, and politicians, and of a few unknown persons; three oversize group pictures (the Chicago Seven, the Mission Council, and members of Andy Warhol's Factory); and twenty-five pictures of the Manhattan Project doing its manic "Alice in Wonderland." Through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Hiroji Kobuta—Pictures of contemporary America by a Japanese photographer who scrutinizes Americans of various types and politics in the midst of various national rites, ceremonies, and pastimes, and appears to find us curious but not bad specimens of humanity. Kobuta's foreignness frees him from the obtuseness and obviousness that native social observers are prone to, and his Japaneseness is probably responsible for the delicacy and restraint and slight absentness with which he presents his valuable social critique. Through Oct. 5. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell—Small, delicate, mysterious pictures, some of them multiple images, all taken with a Polaroid camera. Purcell's work brings to mind—in its finical concision and its atmosphere of discreet irrationality—the boxes of Joseph Cornell, the illustrations of Maurice Sendak, the drawings of Edward Burne-Jones. A book reproducing these pictures (a little gem of photography publishing) has been issued by the David R. Godine press, and it is their proper repository, for this is work of a sort to be relished in the hand—like art in a Book of Hours—rather than to be gazed at from afar. However, if Purcell's photographs must be shown (and nowadays all photographs must be shown), the undersized downstairs room of the Neikrug is not a bad place for viewing them. Through Oct. 5. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

August Sander (1876-1964)—Portraits and a few landscapes by a German master photographer known for his (unfinished) project called "People of the Twentieth Century," in which he sought to illustrate the "archetypes" of mankind by photographing Germans of every profession, class, economic condition, locality, and age. A large number of the portraits were published in 1973 in a collection called "Men Without Masks," and many of the portraits on view here are originals of selections in the book; there are also a number of unfamiliar but equally great portraits and group pictures. The landscapes are nice but nothing special. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann—An exhibition of a hundred and twenty-five Surrealistic multiple-image prints by a leading practitioner of this kind of "trick photography," which is coming back into favor after a long period of being frowned on. Some of Uelsmann's pictures have a Magritte-like handsomeness and wit—for example, the picture used as the exhibition poster, which shows an old-fashioned parlor, replete with a lace-covered table, sprigged wallpaper, antimacassared chairs, and a cloudy sky where the ceiling should be. The majority, however, are either strenuous but uninteresting arrangements of scenery or inanities like "Little Hamburger Tree," which shows a tree growing out of a hamburger. The trick in trick photography is to cause a momentary suspension of the viewer's disbelief, rather than a heightening of his admiration for the technical prodigies achieved, and too many of Uelsmann's photographs merely do the latter. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

•

Group Show—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.: "Picture Puzzles" is the name of an elegant exhibition of the work of four Surrealist photographers—Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Man Ray, naturally, towers over the three others, as he does over all workers in this genre, doing with his left hand what the others have to struggle to achieve (often with their left foot). Included are such famous works by Ray as his picture of the nude, ink-smeared Meret Oppenheim, and the one of Kiki's head inclined over a table as her hand holds up an African mask. The work by Sommer, including some arrangements of decapitated rooster heads and intestines, as well as compositions employing inorganic debris and oddments, bears an interesting resemblance to the later paintings of Sommer's friend Max Ernst. The photographs by Clarence John Laughlin are full of hooded figures, ruins, nooses, and other portentous symbols; to avoid any misunderstanding about the "meaning" of his photographs, Mr. Laughlin has seen fit to distribute a sheaf of captions spelling out his intentions. For example: "The Spectre of Ruin (No. 2), 1941—From a scorched and partly demolished building, with its walls webbed with tortured and foreboding shadows, emerges a phantasm of ruins—a figure which intimates that there is an urge toward death in human beings, and that it is slowly gaining ascendency over the urge toward life. It seems to flaunt its entrails in madness. . . ." The work of Robert Cumming, the youngest member of the quartet, has a contemporary, Conceptual aspect, and is intermittently amusing. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

•

Other Group Shows—At the CAMERA CLUB, 37 E. 60th St.: Photographs by women on the subject of windows. Through Oct. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.) . . . MIDTOWN Y GALLERY, 344 E. 14th St.: Black-and-white prints by women photographers. Through Oct. 12. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sunday, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ "Picture Puzzles" is a show of about forty conceptual photographs; see above, under "Photography." Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Seventeen drawings, by Matisse, Willem de Kooning, Giacometti, and others, that were recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Posters, advertise-

We built this Toronado Brougham for Bob Boyer, who likes knowing front wheel drive is there, even when he doesn't need it.

Bob likes the way front wheel drive pulls him around corners and along straightaways, rather than pushing. And he likes its traction on wet, slippery roads.

But front wheel drive is more than just a foul-weather friend. It's a symbol of the innovative engineering Oldsmobile has built into every Toronado—engineering that makes it a good feeling to have Toronado around you.

Of course, Bob likes Toronado's distinctive styling. And the sumptuous Brougham interior. But he really expected people to comment on Toronado's engineering.

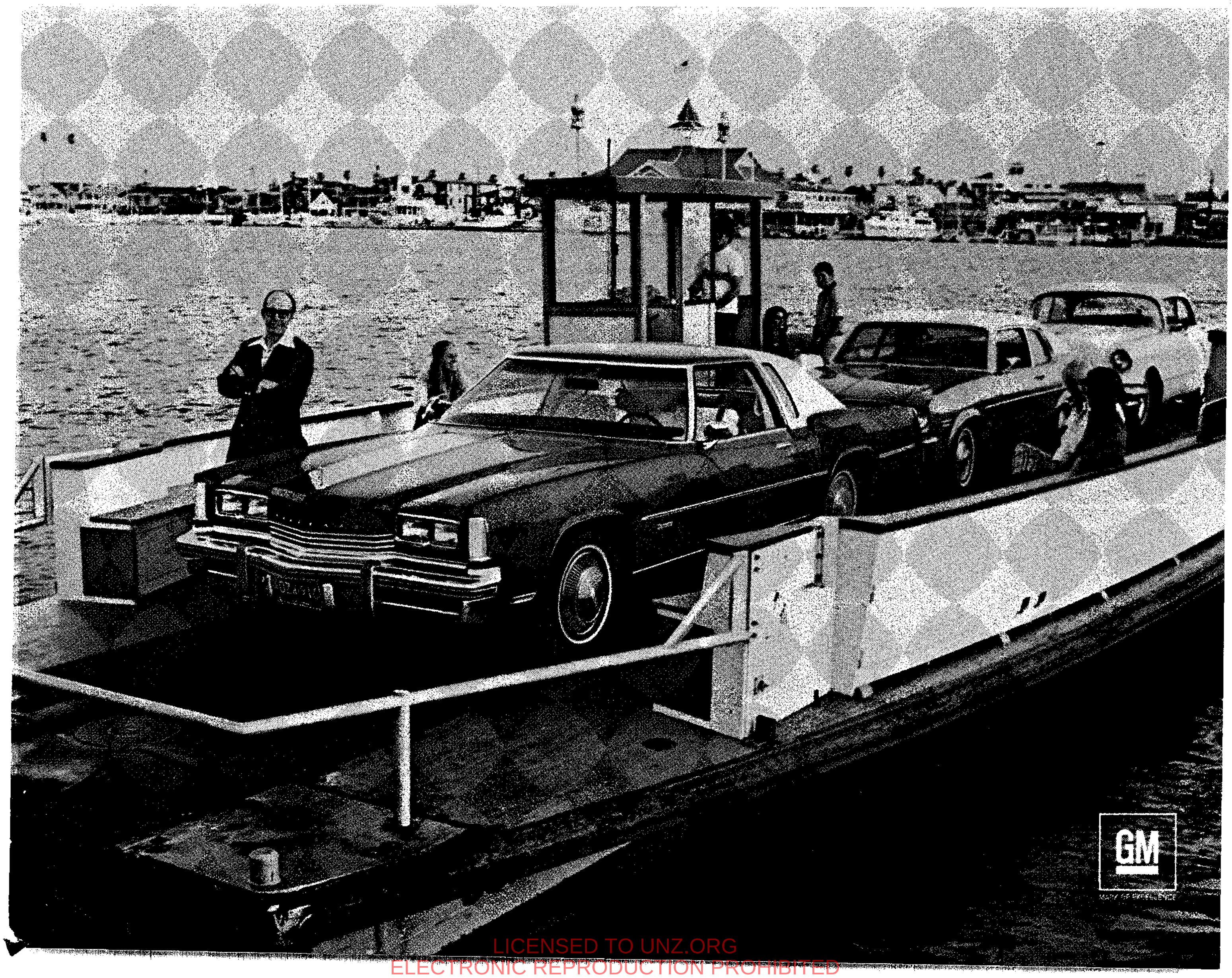
Instead, he hears things like, "Helen, are you ready for this? It's as classy inside as outside."

You have to get used to that sort of thing when you drive one of the world's most beautifully designed personal luxury cars. Bob will get used to it. You could too.

1976 TORONADO

Oldsmobile

Can we build one for you?



SEIKO
QUARTZ
WED 2
SEIKO
QUARTZ
SEIKO
QUARTZ
WED 2
QUARTZ
SEIKO
QUARTZ

THE SEIKO QUARTZ COLLECTION.

CHANGING THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF ACCURACY.

Seiko Quartz has no mainspring, no balance wheel, no tuning fork. Instead, the time is kept by a tiny quartz crystal capable of delivering accuracy within seconds per month.

Seiko is the pioneer of quartz. We sold the world's first quartz wristwatch in 1969. And today, we have one of the world's largest collections for men and women, to please any taste.

Seiko makes every part of every watch except the battery, insuring impeccable quality control. That's why our finest quartz watch can be guaranteed accurate to within one second per month, why our quartz dress watches are ultra-thin, and why our superb digital quartz offers a continuous readout to the second, with no buttons to push.

Whatever Seiko Quartz model you select, you get more than just a technologically advanced timepiece. You get the watch that's changing the world's standard of accuracy. Seiko Quartz.

SEIKO

Someday all watches will be made this way.

Seiko Time Corporation, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Seiko Quartz models (top to bottom): CP001M—Guaranteed accurate to within one second a month. $950. CR003—Ultra-thin dress watch. $195. CR005—Ladies' ultra-thin dress watch. $195. CM018M—Instant set day/date quartz. $215. CQ001M—Digital quartz with continuous readout. $295.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ments, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Oct. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 26-28, from 6 to 10, for the final times this season. John Watts will play his own works on an Arp Synthesizer on Friday and Saturday at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of works on paper (gouaches, mostly) by Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sunday, Sept. 28.... ¶ Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist showing here for the first time. Through Nov. 16. A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings by Elie Nadelman (1882-1946). Through Nov. 30. ... ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26.... ¶ About twenty portraits in the folk-art tradition by Sheldon Peck, a nineteenth-century Vermont portraitist who divided his time between painting and farming. Through Oct. 5. ... ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle, a young experimental artist. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A display of American folk art, including quilts, weathervanes, and wood carvings, from the collection of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18.... ¶ Works on paper by more than a hundred women artists. Through Nov. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Starts Thursday, Sept. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A letter to a young boy written by Beatrix Potter and embellished with drawings of her pet rabbit Peter and the only known manuscript of "Mother Goose" are two highlights of an exhibit of early illustrated children's books.... ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts—a writing desk, lock of hair, glasses, and so forth—as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Sept. 27, from 9 to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; conducted by Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Thomas Jamerson; Luigi Martelli. ... ¶ Friday, Sept. 26, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Eleanor Bergquist, Tullio Pané, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Diana Soviero, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; David Effron.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Olivia Stapp, Richard Kness, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 1: "La Traviata," with Teresa Tourné, Sandra Walker, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 28, at 7: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Faye Robinson, Samuel Ramey, and Irwin Densen; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Elizabeth Haley, Nancy Shade, Gaetano Scano, and Hilda Harris; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Thomas Jamerson; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Salome," with Marianna Ciraulo, Olivia Stapp, Robert Nagy, and William Justus; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Kenneth Collins, and William Justus; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Diana Soviero, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting the opening performances of the season—Thursday, Sept. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 26, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet); and Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 7:30 (all with Johanna Meier, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Jennings, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Sept. 29, at 8:15.)

Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra of Hamburg—Jürgen Jürgens directing a performance of Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

RECITALS

Joel Krosnick—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 24, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, Sept. 26, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 2.

Boxing: Closed-Circuit TV—Muhammad Ali vs. Joe Frazier, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship, televised from Manila. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 10. Prior to the telecast, there will be a live ten-round light-heavyweight bout between Mike Quarry and Mike Rossman, starting at 8.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 27 (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Villanova, at West Point. ... ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca.... ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge.... ¶ Manhattan vs. Iona, at Gaelic Park.... ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton.... ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown.... ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... **Saturday, Oct. 4** (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field.... ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia. ... ¶ Rutgers vs. Hawaii, at New Brunswick. ... ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 28: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, D.C.... ¶ Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **Madison Square Garden.** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, Sept. 29, at 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 7:35. ... **Nassau Coliseum,** Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Monday, Sept. 29, at 8:05.

Racing—At **Belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 27; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 1; and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.)... **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 8.... **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Track—New York City Marathon, starting at 11 in Central Park, opposite the Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 67th Street, on Sunday, Sept. 28.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Walking Tour—"The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday Sept. 28, starting at 1046 Fifth Ave., corner of 86th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

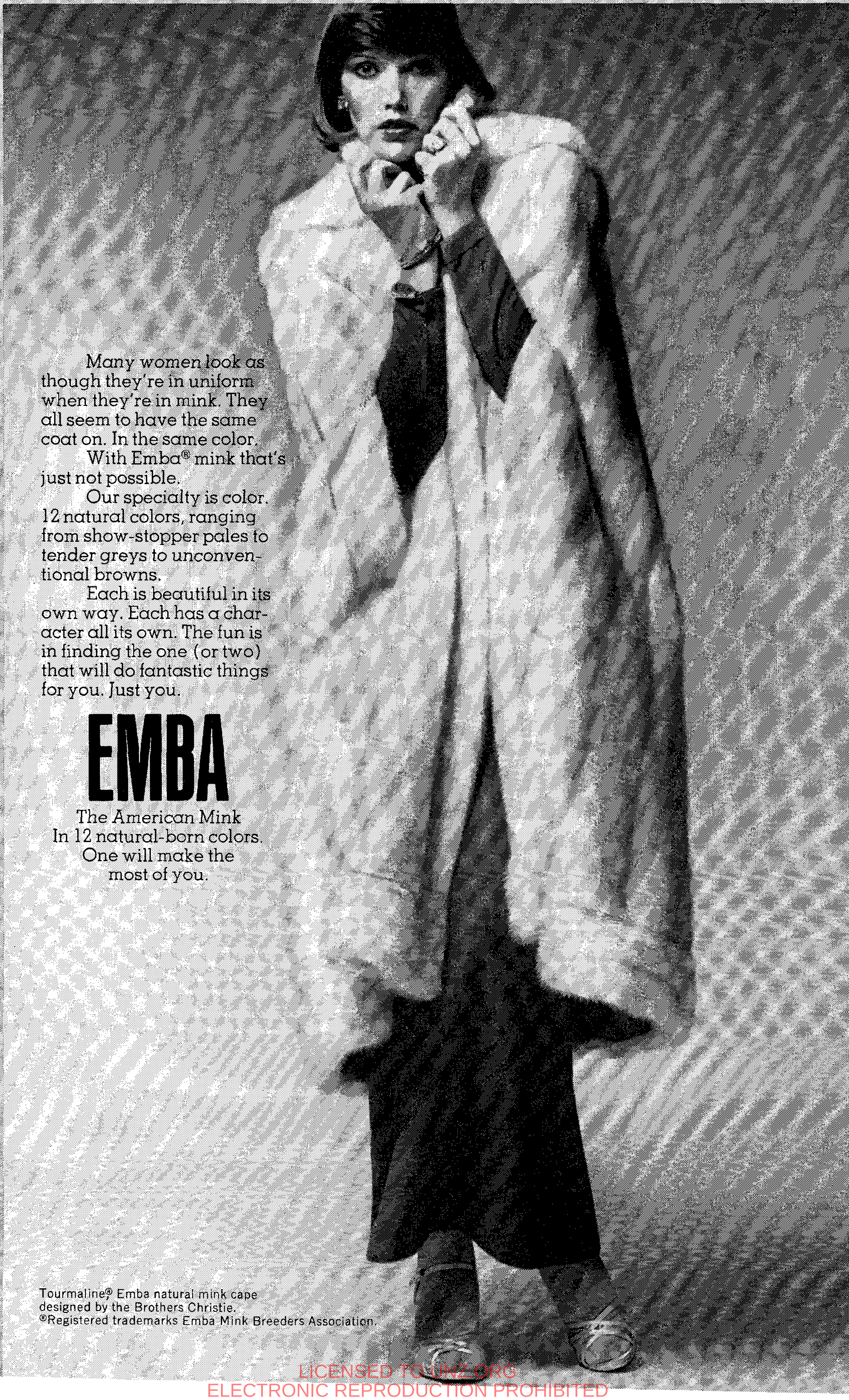
Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Horticultural Society of New York, the Garden Clubs of America, and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday through Tuesday, Oct. 2-7, from 10 to 5.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the items displayed will be ten antique rocking chairs, including a Hitchcock Boston rocker, circa 1832-43, and miniature examples of the blacksmith's art. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Sept. 27, through Sunday, Oct. 5. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 25, at 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, and ceramics; from several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs, from many owners.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 2, at 10:15 and 2: English, American, and Continental silver; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 27.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections will be Friday, Oct. 3, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Saturday, Oct. 4, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Monday, Oct. 6, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

If you don't want to look like everyone else in mink, buy a mink that doesn't look like everyone else's.



Many women look as though they're in uniform when they're in mink. They all seem to have the same coat on. In the same color.

With Emba® mink that's just not possible.

Our specialty is color. 12 natural colors, ranging from show-stopper pales to tender greys to unconventional browns.

Each is beautiful in its own way. Each has a character all its own. The fun is in finding the one (or two) that will do fantastic things for you. Just you.

EMBA

The American Mink
In 12 natural-born colors.
One will make the
most of you.

Tourmaline® Emba natural mink cape
designed by the Brothers Christie.
®Registered trademarks Emba Mink Breeders Association.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW
Marisabina

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 30: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."
From Oct. 1: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 24: "Madame Curie" and "Blossoms in the Dust."
Sept. 25-27: "For Me and My Gal" and "Meet Me in St. Louis."
Sept. 28-30: "Animal Crackers," "Horsefeathers," and "Duck Soup."
Oct. 1: "The Guardsman" and "Rasputin and the Empress."
From Oct. 2: "On the Town" and "Anchors Aweigh."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 30: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Chinatown."
From Oct. 1: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 30: "A Safe Place."
From Oct. 1: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 30: "Stavisky" and "Women in Love."
From Oct. 1: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Love and Death."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Brief Vacation."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Sugarland Express."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Sept. 25: "Tidal Wave."
From Sept. 26: "Walking Tall, Part 2."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Jr."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I and II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Programs of short films on psychic matters, such as telepathy, levitation, ESP.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Happy Hooker."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A. ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept 30: "The Wind and the Lion."
From Oct. 1: "The Fortune."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 30: "The Drowning Pool."
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 30: "The Fortune."
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 30: "And Now for Something Completely Different."
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Love and Death."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Exorcist."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 25: "Tidal Wave."
From Sept. 26: "Walking Tall, Part 2."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 24: "The Stranger" and "Senso."
Sept. 25: "Murmur of the Heart" and "The Fire Within."
Sept. 26: "Harold and Maude" and "Taking Off."
Sept. 27: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Thieves Like Us."
Sept. 28: "Falstaff" and "King Lear."
Sept. 29: "Tokyo Story" and "The End of Summer."
Sept. 30: "Trouble in Paradise" and "Design for Living."
Oct. 1: "Alphaville" and "Fahrenheit 451."
Oct. 2: "Variety Lights" and "The White Sheik."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Exorcist."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 25: "Scenes from a Marriage."
Sept. 26-27: "Trash" and "Greaser's Palace."
Sept. 28: "The Endless Summer" and "On Any Sunday."
Sept. 29-30: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Going Places."
Oct. 1-2: "State of Siege" and "Z."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love and Death."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 30 at one or another of the theatres: "The Fortune" and "The King of Marvin Gardens"/"The Day of the Locust"/"S.O.S." (X-rated)/"Flossie" (X-rated).
From Oct. 1: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 24: "The Lady from Shanghai" and "Touch of Evil."
Sept. 25: "Fat City" and "Beat the Devil."
Sept. 26-27: "Badlands" and "The Last American Hero."
Sept. 28: One performance, at noon, of "Plisetskaya Dances."
Sept. 28-29: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "Steelyard Blues."
Sept. 30: "Children of Paradise."
Oct. 1: "Harry & Tonto" and "Save the Tiger."
Oct. 2: "Faces" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Day of the Locust."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 30: "The Great Waldo Pepper" and "The Paper Chase."
From Oct. 1: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "The Neptune Factor."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 24: "The Awful Truth" and "Theodora Goes Wild."
Sept. 25: "Cleo from 5 to 7" and "Les Créatures."
Sept. 26: "Dracula" and "Svengali."
Sept. 27: "Death in Venice" and "The Music Lovers."
Sept. 28: "A Farewell to Arms" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls."
Sept. 29: "Siberian Lady Macbeth" and "Innocent Sorcerers."
Sept. 30: "Pépé le Moko" and "The Lower Depths."
Oct. 1: "My Night at Maud's" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
Oct. 2: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and "The Lavender Hill Mob."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Just Before Night Fall."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Happy Hooker."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Love and Death."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 27: "Dead End" and "Dodsworth."
Sept. 28-30: "The Kid from Spain" and "Roman Scandals."
From Oct. 1: "Wuthering Heights" and "The Little Foxes."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail," "And Now for Something Completely Different," and "40 Carats."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 30: "Papillon." From Oct. 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Bug." From Sept. 26: "Walking Tall, Part 2."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 30: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance." From Oct. 1: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Day of the Locust."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 30: "And Now My Love" and "Happy New Year."
From Oct. 1: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Love and Death."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 30: "Le Chat" and "Les Violons du Bal."
From Oct. 1: "The Fortune" and "Little Big Man."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 24 at 2: "The Lost Patrol" (1934), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen and Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 5:30: "Wild Girl" (1932), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Charles Farrell and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 5:30: "The Informer" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 8: "The Brutalization of Franz Blum" (1974), in German, directed by Reinhard Hauff; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936), directed by John Ford, with Warner Baxter. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 5:30 and Sept. 27 at noon: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 5:30 and Sept. 28 at 12:30 and 3: "Wee Willie Winkie" (1937), directed by John Ford, with Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 5:30: "The Prisoner of Shark Island.". . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2 and 5:30: Two programs of films by John and Faith Hubley. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2: "The Wind" (1928), directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 5:30: "The Barker" (1928),

George C. Scott and William Devane in

Fear On Trial

Xerox is proud to present a major television special starring George C. Scott and William Devane. "Fear On Trial" is the gripping dramatization of the true story of John Henry Faulk, a CBS broadcaster who was unable to find work because a group of self-appointed arbiters questioned his beliefs and his patriotism.

In the 1950's and early 1960's, the hysteria of Communist witch-hunts, defamation and blacklisting drove teachers from their jobs, forced ministers from their churches and put performers and writers out of work.

"Fear On Trial" is the story of one man who chose to fight back.

Thurs., October 2, CBS-TV Network, 9:00 pm ET. Check your local listing.

XEROX

directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill; many inter-titles lacking.... ¶ Oct. 1 at 2: "The Wind."... ¶ Oct. 2 at 5:30: "The Village of Sin" (1927), a Russian film, directed by Olga Preobrazhenskaya; no English inter-titles. ... ¶ Oct. 2 at 8: "Wrong Movement" (1975), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 27: "The Tooth of Crime," Ken Kobland and James McCarthy's film of the Sam Shepard play, done by the Performance Group under Richard Schechner's direction. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4.... ¶ Starting Sept. 28: "Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer," directed by Thom Andersen. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dovzhenko, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Dreyer, Hanoun, Wiegand, Gehr, Jacobs, Frampton, Griffith, and others. Showings Sept. 24-26 at 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 27 at 2:30, 6, and 9; Sept. 28 at 8; Sept. 30 at 6 and 9:30; Oct. 1 at 6, 8, and 10; and Oct. 2 at 6 and 8.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At AVERY FISHER HALL. Sept. 26 at 9: "Conversation Piece" (Luchino Visconti; Italy; reviewed in this issue).... ALICE TULLY HALL. Sept. 27 at 3: "La Chienne" (Jean Renoir; France, 1931).... ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "Fist-Right of Freedom" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West Germany).... ¶ Sept. 27 at 9 and Sept. 28 at 3: "Grey Gardens" (The Maysles Brothers; United States).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 6: "F for Fake" (Orson Welles; France).... ¶ Sept. 28 at 9 and Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (Werner Herzog; West Germany).... ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30: "Fist-Right of Freedom."... ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Elektreia" (Miklós Jancsó; Hungary).... ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30: "Black Moon" (Louis Malle; France). ... ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "The Wonderful Crook" (Claude Goretta; Switzerland).... ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "Xala" (Ousmane Sembene; Senegal). ... ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Black Moon."... ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "F for Fake." (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—A thirty-five-year-old widow sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality. With Ellen Burstyn, Harvey Keitel, and Kris Kristofferson. Martin Scorsese directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Baronet.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Anchors Aweigh (1945)—This Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra musical has so much energy and spirit that you may feel it could be wonderful if it weren't so stupidly wholesome, and if you could just *do* something about Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi—like maybe turn Terry Southern loose on them. The sugary wholesomeness was the stock in trade of the producer Joe Pasternak; characters in his movies always look scrubbed and sexless, and act embarrassingly young. Pasternak doesn't destroy Kelly's bounding vitality here, however; this was the hit movie that made him a hugely popular star. He and Sinatra play sailors on shore leave in Hollywood; Grayson, a singer working as an extra, lives with her chubby-faced angelic little brother (Dean Stockwell). In the worst sequence, Sinatra sings Brahms' "Lullaby" to Stockwell. Kelly has three big dance numbers, including the famous Jerry the Mouse cartoon dance, and he and Sinatra perform together amiably. With Pamela Britton, Edgar Kennedy, Grady Sutton, Rags Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Sharon McManus—the little girl who dances with Kelly. George Sidney directed; Kelly choreographed, with Stanley Donen assisting. The songs are mostly by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 2.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Embassy 72nd St.... ¶ Art, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Sept. 30.)

And Now My Love—A winsome Claude Lelouch love story. The man (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking. The girl (Marthe Keller) is rich but also honest. They meet at the end because they have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Symphony; through Sept. 30.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse; and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28-30.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Badlands (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Elgin; Sept. 26-27.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Elgin; Sept. 25.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

Blossoms in the Dust (1941)—Greer Garson, gowned by Adrian, coiffured by Sydney Guilaroff, and at her most sickeningly prissy. She plays a widow who battles for the legal rights of the homeless waifs of Texas; with her nostrils flaring and her eyebrows poised near her hairline, she enunciates such virtuous sentiments as "There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents." Anita Loos, to her shame, wrote this high-minded prattle, and Mervyn LeRoy directed, in a dreary, inspirational style, for M-G-M. Walter Pidgeon is the husband who dies early. With Marsha Hunt, Felix Bressart, and Cecil Cunningham. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Fine Arts.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A palimpsest film documentary about the Great Depression, mixing clips of reportage, staged newsreels, home movies, and feature films. The director-writer, obviously diligent in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies the seriousness of his purpose by deciding to give the audience practically no identifying subtitles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at is fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film. (8/18/75) (Art; starting Oct. 1.)

Bug—A science-fiction story, with Bradford Dillman and Joanna Miles. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 25.)

Le Chat—The futility and sorrowfully malevolent invention possessed by a hermetic couple—played by Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret—are chronic and consuming. Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Olympia; through Sept. 30.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 30.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 30.)

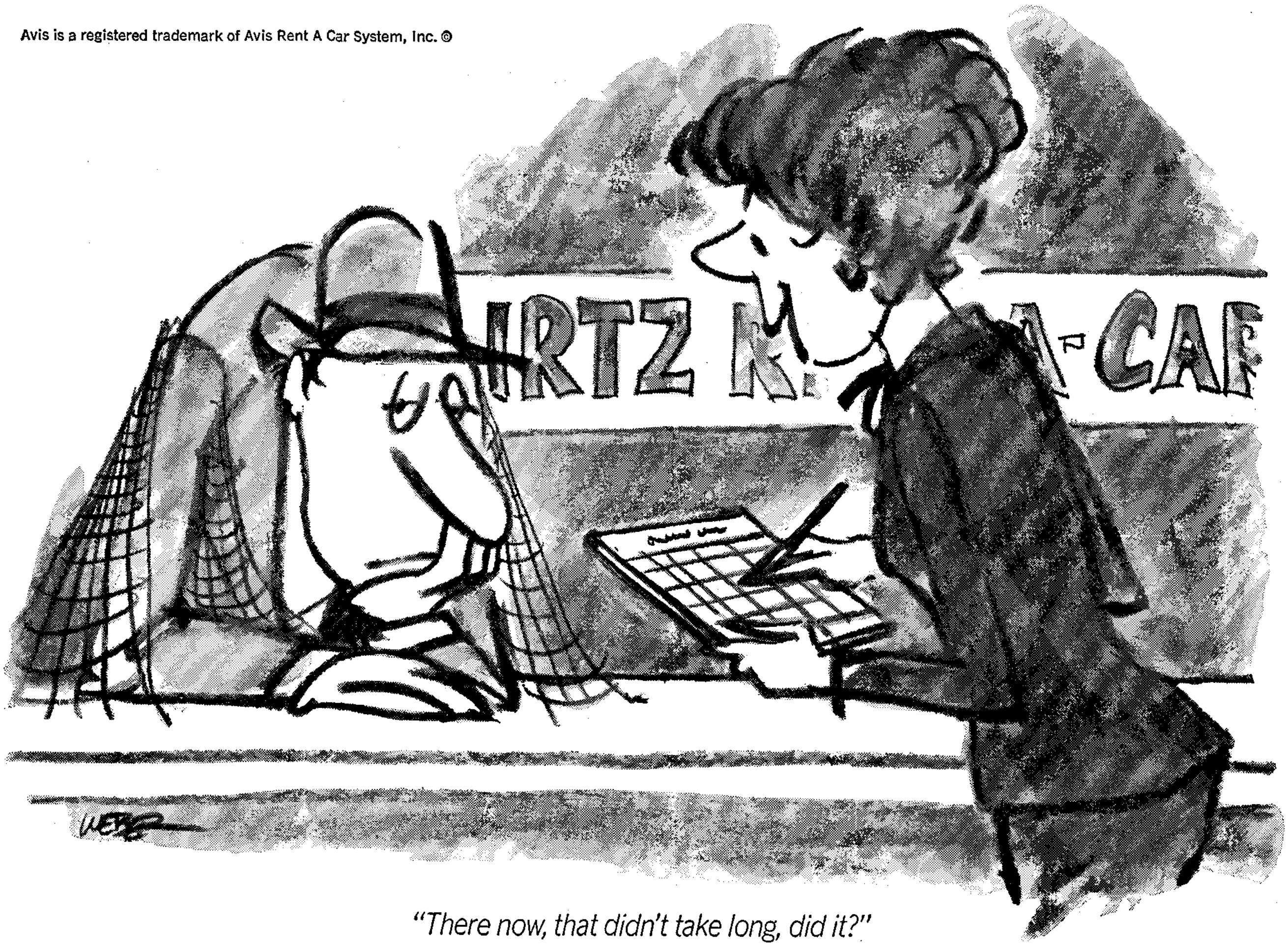
Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 30.... ¶ Symphony; starting Oct. 1.)

Les Créatures (1966)—Michel Piccoli plays a writer with a pregnant wife (Catherine

Avis is a registered trademark of Avis Rent A Car System, Inc. ®



"There now, that didn't take long, did it?"

Name? Address? Company? Zip? Compact? Mid-size? Method of payment? Give up?

Avis does not want you to go through this.

That's why no one can get you a car faster than Avis, once you make a reservation with your free Wizard Number.

And on the return trip, no one can get you out and on your way quicker.

We're the Avis System, renting all make automobiles, featuring those engineered by Chrysler.

More importantly, we're the people of Avis, trying harder and caring more.

And part of trying harder and caring more, is renting faster.

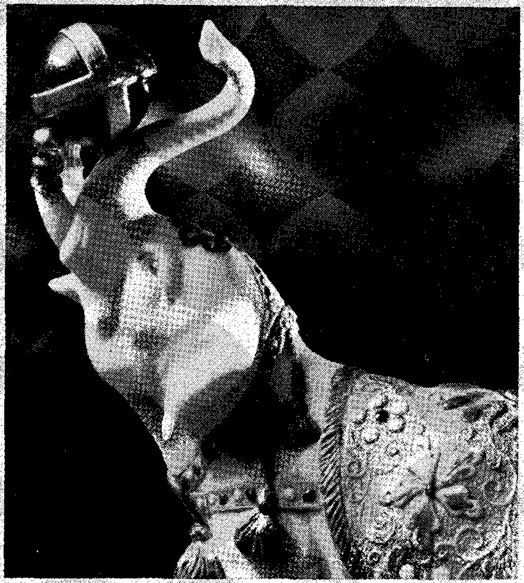
I want my Avis.

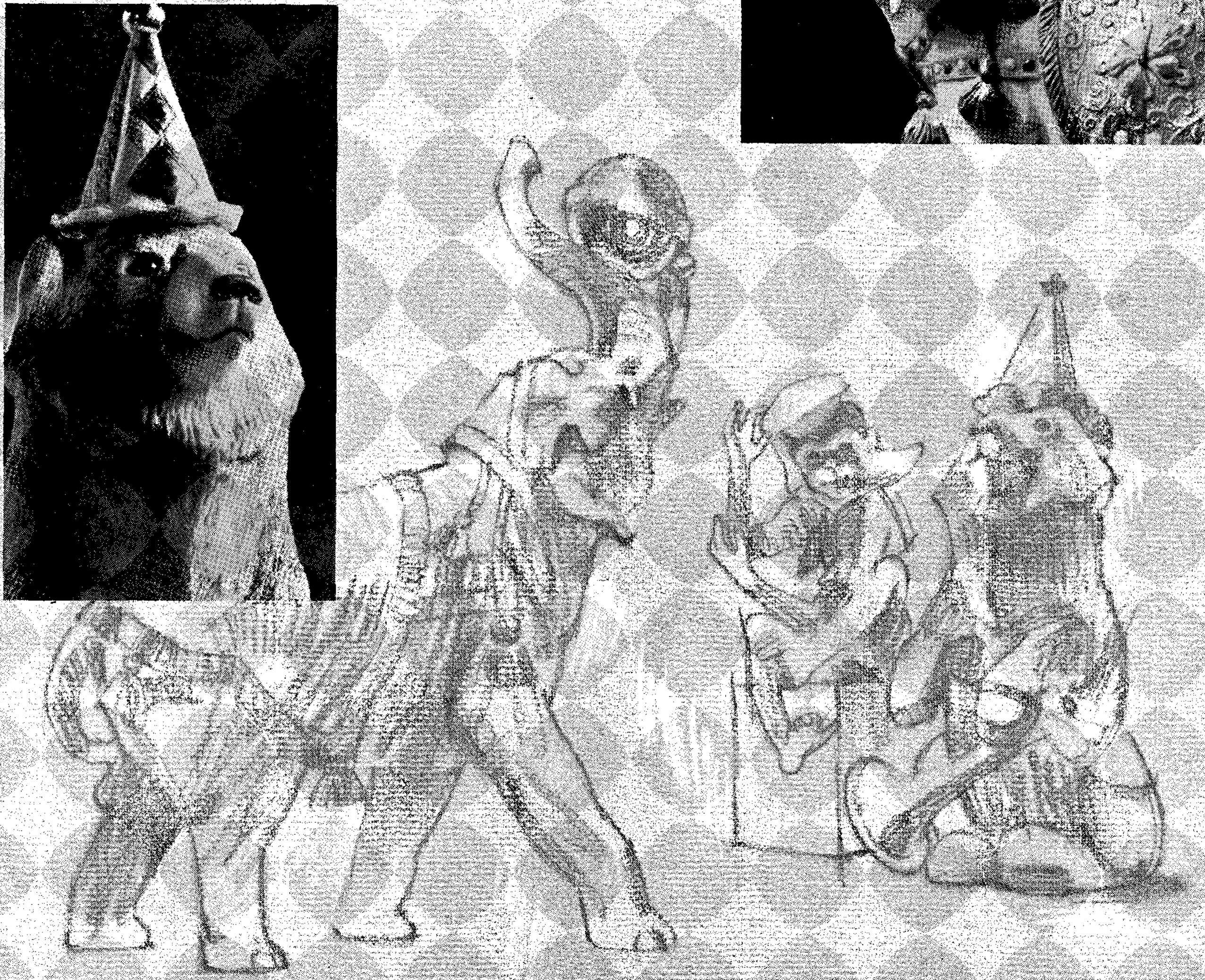
CYBIS®

Porcelain Enchantments

CYBIS at the circus . . . our Artists watch it with the wide-eyed wonder of children . . . then, skillfully recreate the enchanting performers . . . for your endless entertainment. That's what CYBIS is all about! To learn more of CYBIS . . . about our recent research into American history, our acclaim abroad as an American "ambassador", our Fall 1975 Collection . . . send for your copy of CYBIS "Porcelain Enchantments", a full-color newsletter, complimentary.

CYBIS Porcelains, CC, Trenton, New Jersey 08618





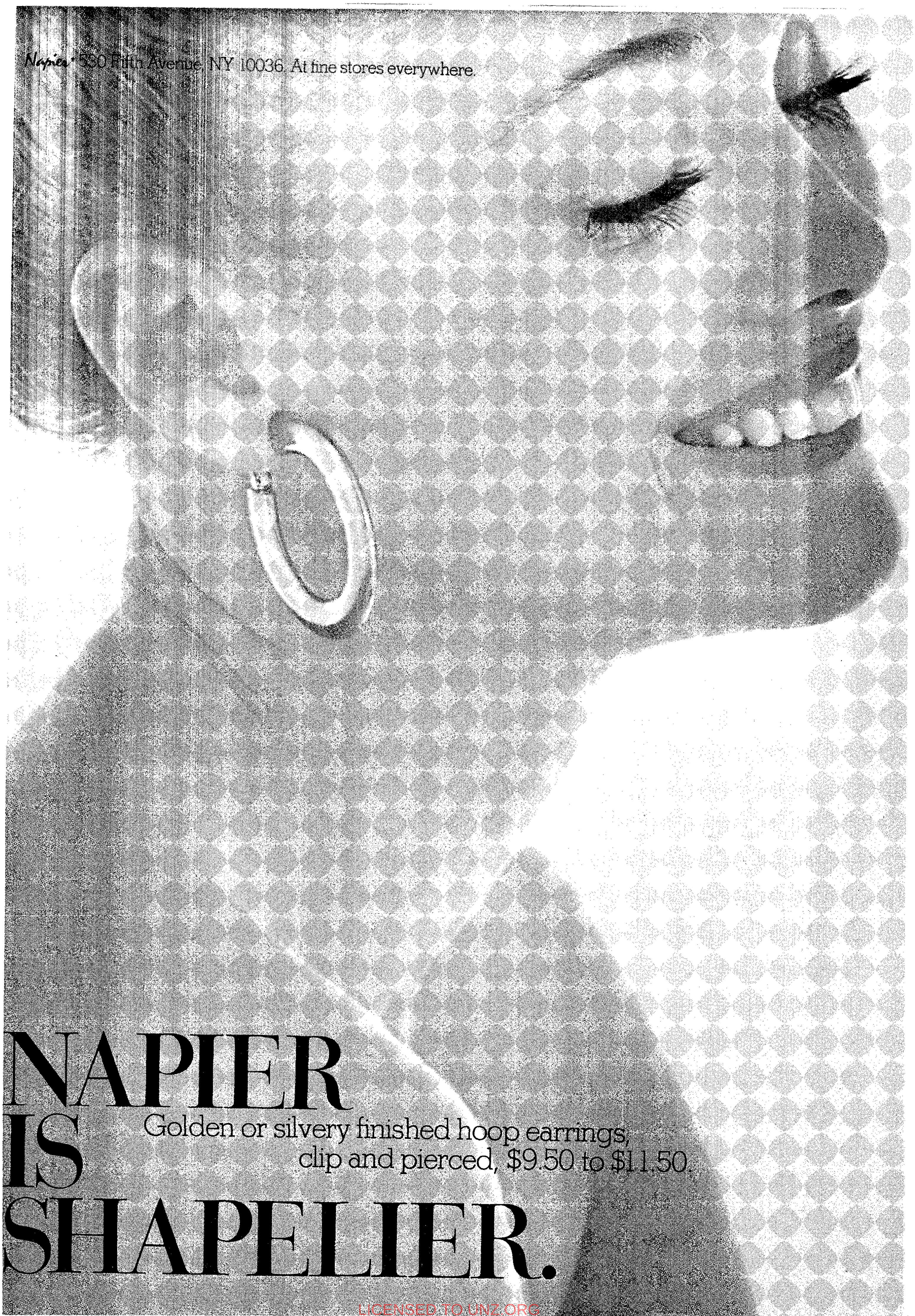
© CYBIS 19

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

La-deez . . . and gen-tul-men! Introducing, in the center ring, the first three star-spangled stars of the CYBIS Circus Collection, the most marvelous miscellany of porcelain pleasantries ever made by the amazing Artists of CYBIS! "Bosun", the mischievous monkey mariner, is 6", $150 . . . "Barnaby" the Bear, blowing a horn for our nation's big birthday, 7", $125 . . . and "Alexander, He's the Greatest" . . . of Elephants, 7½", $195. From our Cybis Art Porcelain Gallery in Artwares, on Two.

Marshall Field & Company,
111 North State Street,
Chicago, Illinois 60690.

Marshall Field & Company
There's nothing like it back home.



Napier® 530 Fifth Avenue, NY 10036. At fine stores everywhere.

NAPIER
IS
SHAPELIER.

Golden or silvery finished hoop earrings,
clip and pierced, $9.50 to $11.50.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2		

Deneuve, looking inhumanly beautiful) who has lost the power of speech; Eva Dahlbeck is a hotelkeeper. Complicated, full of gamesmanship and subplots, and maybe only for those who like to play chess—if for them. Agnès Varda wrote and directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 30.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Regency; through Sept. 27.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Oct. 1.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he had deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife, longing to be enriched by life in Europe, was a foolish horror. Sidney Howard made a play of Lewis's novel, and Walter Huston gave a legendary performance as the hero. The movie version was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. There's only one trouble, really, but it's central: Sidney Howard also did the screenplay, and the movie follows the stage version too closely. It looks overprogrammed and underpopulated, though in an elegantly stylized way. (Rudolph Maté was the cinematographer.) Ruth Chatterton plays the wife; Mary Astor is the woman who appreciates Dodsworth's real value; and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya as a Viennese antique, Paul Lukas, David Niven, Odette Myrtil, Spring Byington, and John Payne. (Regency; through Sept. 27.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery in a temperature of ninety-seven degrees, carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking mate. The casting is acute and affectionate. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't despoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel rather than from the novel itself, and it becomes too stagey. It was a tremendous popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (6/30/75) (Juliet 1; through Sept. 30.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28-30.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 28.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 29.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (86th St. East, and Waverly.)

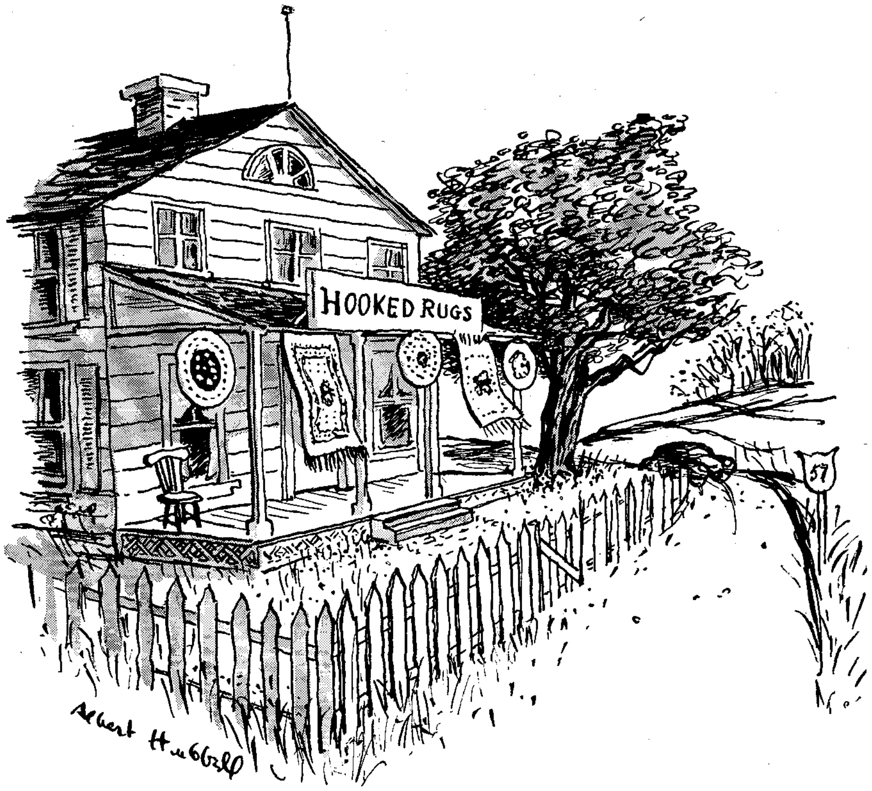
Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Elgin; Oct. 2.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—The American lieutenant in this early version is played by Gary Cooper—the young Gary Cooper, before he became repulsively earnest and folksy—and he's the definitive Hemingway hero. Frank Borzage, who directed, has a feeling for the tenderness of young lovers and considerable skill, but the picture, which retains much of Hemingway's dialogue while tidying up the plot and making it obvious, is rather



small-scale, low-key, and unexciting. Part of the problem may be Helen Hayes as the English nurse. Even in 1932, she was already so damnably *appealing*—so wistful and whimsical and touchingly forlorn. It's strange that an actress with the endurance of an ox and probably with as much energy as Mickey Rooney should be so wan and so lacking in force. Rinaldi is played by Adolphe Menjou. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Elgin; Sept. 25.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Fresh from his Broadway success in "Pal Joey," Gene Kelly made his movie début here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War): he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform, and become a hero. The story is naïvely patriotic and sentimental, but Kelly is amazingly fresh; his grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair. A good score, and some neat comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Busby Berkeley directed; with George Murphy and Marta Eggerth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 25-27.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Oct. 1.)

40 Carats (1973)—Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes in the sort of Broadway-hit material that simply doesn't work on the screen any longer—not on any level. It's meant to be romantic and clever, but a miscast Ullmann and the wet-lipped young Albert are a dismaying pair. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Embassy 72nd St.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—Everybody concerned must have thought they were making a classic out of the Hemingway novel, but what with the typical Hollywood compromises, plus the political pressures from Spain and from Catholics—or the fears of such pressures—the whole thing became amorphous and confused. Paramount did rather better by the romance than the politics: Ingrid Bergman is lovely and affecting as Maria. (It's one of her best performances.) Hand-picked by Hemingway to be his hero, Gary Cooper does well, though occasionally he falls into his simpering and, at times, he seems to fade into the background. The film is populated with other famous actors who stand out too much, and most of them go wrong in one scene or another. They include Katina Paxinou, Akim Tamiroff, Arturo de Cordova, Vladimir Sokoloff, Mikhail Rasumny, George Coulouris, Joseph Calleia, Alexander Granach, and many others—even Yvonne De Carlo. The director, Sam Wood, seems to have his hands too full. Dudley Nichols did the screenplay. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Give 'Em Hell, Harry!—A film version of Samuel Gallu's play about Harry S. Truman. With James Whitmore as Mr. Truman. Directed by Steve Binder. (Ziegfeld.)

Going Places (1974)—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 29-30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2		

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 26-27.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Playboy; through Sept. 30.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the husband (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play that Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into a movie musical, "The Chocolate Soldier." The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (Beekman, and Paramount.)

Happy New Year (1973)—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Symphony; through Sept. 30.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 26.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Elgin; Oct. 1.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28-30.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes Richard Greene, Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

Innocent Sorcerers (1960)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Just Before Nightfall—Ostensibly about a sadomasochistic killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Claude Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (8/4/75) (Paris.)

The Kid from Spain (1932)—Sam Goldwyn put a million dollars into this Eddie Cantor musical, and a fair number of them must have gone into the Busby Berkeley dance numbers. Berkeley stages a Spanish-café routine, with the Goldwyn Girls forming a human tortilla, and an aquatic sequence, with the Girls showing a lot of buxom wet flesh. (Some of the more attractive bodies belong to Lucille Ball, Betty Grable, Paulette Goddard, and Virginia Bruce.) Cantor and Robert Young play college boys who are innocently involved in a robbery; they escape to Mexico, where Cantor is mistaken for a matador and is forced to fight in the ring. The film has everything that money could buy—which does not include comic inspiration, though the final bullfight is funny enough. Leo McCarey directed, and Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby wrote reasonably pleasant songs and also worked on the script. The cast includes Lyda Roberti, grinning with perverse vivacity, and Ruth Hall, Noah Beery, John Miljan, J. Carrol Naish, and the matador Sidney Franklin. (Regency; Sept. 28-30.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, has dead eyes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 28.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 30.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Elgin; Sept. 24.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Elgin; Sept. 26-27.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—There has never been anything else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness as the fubsy little bank clerk with the gleaming eyes of a man who plans to rob the Bank of England. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, the score by Auric, and the assisting performances by Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James make this one of the most charming of all English comedies and a minor classic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Olympia; starting Oct. 1.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Regency; starting Oct. 1.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Madame Curie (1943)—Mrs. Miniver (Greer Garson) returns as the famous scientist, with Mr. Miniver (Walter Pidgeon, sporting a beard now) in attendance once again as her partner-in-science husband, Pierre Curie. Greer Garson is an actress who turns restraint into a cover for obscene self-assurance; when she discusses laboratory formulas, she manages to invest every syllable with sanctity. Adapted from Eve Curie's biography of her mother, the movie is a product of simplification, distortion, and dullness of mind. The Curies are scoffed at by the authorities, surmount insurmountable obstacles, and, finally—bang!—they isolate radium. An atrocity from M-G-M, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with James Hilton serving as narrator. The enormous cast includes Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Van Johnson, Albert Basserman, Margaret O'Brien, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 25-27.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; Oct. 2.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Little Carnegie, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 30.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Coronet.)

The Neptune Factor—With Ben Gazzara and Yvette Mimieux, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Playboy; starting Oct. 1.)

On Any Sunday (1971)—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 28.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 2.)

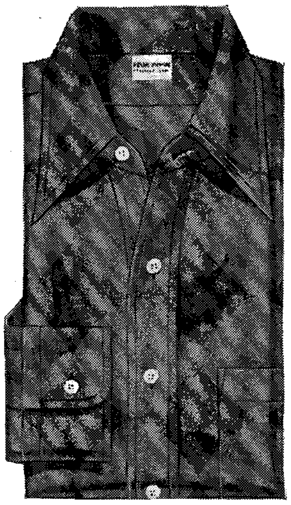
A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Playboy; through Sept. 30.)

Papillon (1973)—A pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 30.)

Pépé le Moko (1936)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all French films, yet seen by few Americans, because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot,

Brooks Brothers



THE
TAILORED KNIT

The perfect companion to your leisure suit or sport jacket...our tailored cotton lisle knit sport shirt is machine-washable...and comes in dark green, yellow, navy, dark brown or white. Small, medium, large, extra large. $21.50

To order by mail:
Send to ________
Address ________
City ________
State ________ Zip Code ________

Quantity	Size	Color	Price

Brooks Acct. No. ________
American Exp. No. ________
Expiration date ________
Remittance enclosed $ ________

Please add sales tax where applicable. Outside N.Y. United Parcel Delivery Area add $1.50 to cover postage and handling.

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Elgin; Sept. 28, one performance, at noon.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Art; through Sept. 30.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Svengali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavski directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 1.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Playboy; starting Oct. 1.)

Roman Scandals (1933)—Posh and popular musical comedy, starring Eddie Cantor, with the luscious, ripe Ruth Etting as the leading lady, and Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Edward Arnold, and the Goldwyn Girls. They're a toothsome bunch of sirens in this one—parading in revealing dresses and long blond wigs, and with their dances choreographed by Busby Berkeley. (It's easy to spot Lucille Ball and Paulette Goddard among them.) Good score by Al Dubin and Harry Warren; Frank Tuttle directed. (Regency; Sept. 28-30.)

A Safe Place (1971)—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Cinema Village; through Sept. 30.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Elgin; Oct. 1.)

Scenes from a Marriage (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 25.)

Senso (1955)—Luchino Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2		

Siberian Lady Macbeth (1962)—High-romantic story of *crimes passionnels* by Andrzej Wajda, director of "Ashes and Diamonds," "Kanal," "A Generation." A Yugoslavian film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 29.)

State of Siege (1973)—The most recent Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 1-2.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Gramercy; through Sept. 30.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Elgin; Sept. 28-29.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

The Sugarland Express (1974)—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet its director, Steven Spielberg, who is in his twenties, is a wizard at action sequences, and this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Plaza.)

Svengali (1931)—John Barrymore's love of bizarre roles and outré makeup (no man had less reason to cover his face) led him to take on George Du Maurier's wonderful hokum about the sly, sinister musician who hypnotizes beautiful, blue-eyed little Trilby (Marian Marsh) into becoming a great singer. In one startling sequence, Svengali, his eyes a blank white, stands at a window and casts his spell over the rooftops to the room where Trilby lives, and there are affecting moments, too, like the failure of Trilby's voice when Svengali's influence wanes. Barrymore, long and lank here, with greasy locks, never needed occult powers to be magnetic; one's interest flags when he's offscreen, however. The scene designs and Archie Mayo's direction occasionally suggest the German Expressionist films of the preceding decade. With Bramwell Fletcher, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, and Carmel Myers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, shuddering with Latin rows about élitism. It is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 26.)

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting Oct. 1.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Elgin; Sept. 28-29.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Three Days of the Condor—With Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Cliff Robertson, Max von Sydow, and John Houseman. Directed by Sydney Pollack. (Loews Tower East.)

Tidal Wave—A Japanese-American film, with the Japanese dialogue dubbed into English. Lorne Greene appears for a while. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 25.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Elgin; Sept. 24.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 26-27.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 30.)

VARIETY LIGHTS (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2.)

LES VIOLONS DU BAL—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Olympia; through Sept. 30.)

WALKING TALL, PART 2—Bo Svenson plays Buford Pusser in this sequel. Directed by Earl Bellamy. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 26.)

THE WHITE SHEIK (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2.)

THE WIND AND THE LION—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (72nd Street East; through Sept. 30.)

WOMEN IN LOVE (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Gramercy; through Sept. 30.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 29-30.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script, Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Regency; starting Oct. 1.)

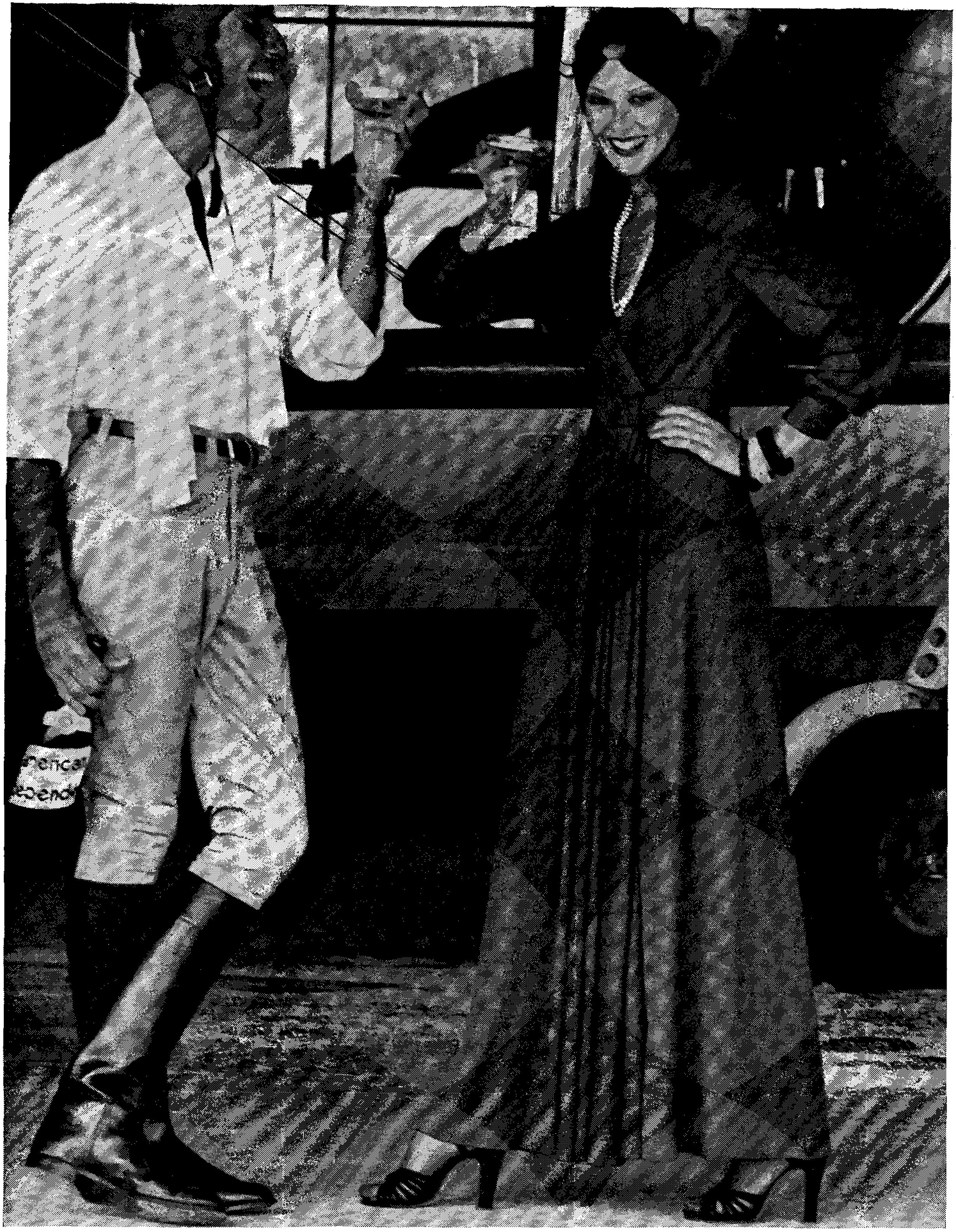
Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 1-2.)

This is a COACH belt
It is made with a real
Solid Brass Buckle*
"Chain-Link" Man's Belt — one of 52 original designs selling from $7.50 to $25.
COACH
COACH
LEATHERWARE
BELTS · BAGS · BILLFOLDS

*Coach makes both Men's and Women's Belts. These belts have a crisp, clean, traditional look that is unmistakable. Like our COACH™ Bags, they are exceptionally well-made out of high quality natural materials that don't seem to wear out and never go out of style. There are Bridle Leather Straps with sewn-on Solid Brass Harness Buckles; All-Wool English Webbings, Surcingles and Cotton Elastics in solids, racing stripes or our own chain-link pattern. They are just about the greatest-looking, best-made belts you can buy at any price.

COACH Belts are sold in the finest shops throughout the country. For store list write:
Coach Leatherware, 516 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001

We'll drink to that.
You, in a waving banner of red by Estevez.



You're on your own. The independent woman, ready for the next flight to a sparkling party. In a dress that it's easy to be you in. Following your every move devotedly, with the dramatic accent of red. The surplice-draped bodice, falling into a ripple of folds beneath the waist. In polyester, 8 to 16 sizes, $130. Ours exclusively in The Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FABLE: One Day a shrewd and learned Vizier of the Intelligence Community, who thought nobody could pull the Alpaca over his Eyes, was manning his Desk, waiting for some lowly Other Rank to come up with another Crackbrained Scheme he could Swat, thus saving the Public many Doubloons and enhancing his own Position with the Cost-Consciousness Boys.

He was lighting his Fancy Imported Hand-Carved Danish Briar when Old Charlie shuffled in, bearing a load of Blueprints and Specifications.

The Biggie quickly reached for an Eyes-Only Report to fiddle with and sat the Dear Old Soul down most cordially, because in his extensive experience Charlie was the biggest Ninny in the West Annex when it came to Ideas, and his Shuffle wasn't so great, either.

"Well, Charlie My Man, what is it today?" he asked with a Pretty Good rendering of Upper-Level accessibility.

"It is the damnedest thing, Carlisle," said Charlie. "You won't believe it."

Carlisle was in Total Agreement with this Evaluation, but he merely scraped a Thumb thoughtfully upon his Brain Pan.

"It is," said Charlie, dumping the Paperwork on the Rosewood, "a Nondiscernible Microbioinoculator."

"A what?" said Carlisle, seized by a Throe in the vicinity of the Tympanic Membrane.

"A Nondiscernible Microbioinoculator," said Charlie, "and it is a Very Spiffy Article—you have my word for it."

"What does it do?" asked the Supervisor, fetched in Spite of Himself.

"It delivers the Cobra Venom," said Charlie, "nondiscernibly. It can hit a bee's knee at a hundred metres, and, discern as hard as they can, the Other Side hasn't a Glimmering where the hell the Deadly Blow comes from."

The Vizier then Messed About in the masses of Paper for a space, and after Some Moments of Struggle perceived the outlines of the System in question.

"It's a dart gun," he said.

"No no no," said Charlie. "A Microbioinoculator, Nondiscernible."

"You want to shoot at people with this thing and give them the fatal Pain in the Neck?"

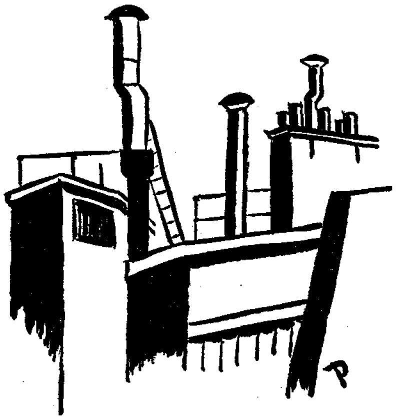
"Not people, Carlisle. Enemies of Freedom. And lookie here. There's a Secret Decoder Ring Cum Dog Whistle Capability concealed in the butt plate. And think what the Black Hats may or very possibly do have in the same line. And all you have to do is slam the Old Initials on this Buckslip here."

"How much, Charlie?"

"The price is not even Worth Mentioning," said Charlie. "Three mil and ten box tops from any popular-brand Breakfast Cereal."

"O.K., Charlie. I'll take it Under Advisement."

The Shrewd and Learned Person approved the three million but Negatively Endorsed the box tops, and congratulated himself on having Nixed rampant Damned Foolishness once again. The next day, he discovered that the box tops had been merely a Bargaining Counter and that the Infernal Machine had gone immediately into production, causing a Glow of Good Feeling in many Snug Homes in the vicinity of Langley, Virginia.



Moral: *What is Nondiscernible today may be Painfully Obvious tomorrow.*

• •

Unpacked

HOW do you unpack forty-three paintings from Russia that are insured for thirty million dollars? Very carefully, said the people at Knoedler when we dropped by their East Seventieth Street gallery last week to watch them unwrap an extraordinary touring exhibit of art from Leningrad. The paintings, which will be on view in New York for the next five weeks, consist of two separate collections: a Hermitage group of thirty Western European masterpieces, ranging from a Cranach Madonna to Picasso's "Woman with a Fan," and a State Russian Museum offering of thirteen portraits and landscapes that trace the development of Russian art from 1773 to 1906. All the paintings are being shown in the United States for the first time, although many in the Hermitage collection—the Cranach, a Caravaggio, a Veronese, a Franz Hals, two Rembrandts—may look familiar, because they have been widely reproduced. The exhibit is part of a two-way loan that was negotiated by Dr. Armand Hammer, oil magnate, art connoisseur, and chairman of the board of Knoedler, in exchange for a similar exhibit of American-owned art, which will tour Russia next year. (Our show, which will be insured for thirty-four million dollars, includes a Vermeer, a Filippo Lippi, a couple of Rembrandts, and fifteen paintings of the American West from the Buffalo Bill Historical Center of Cody, Wyoming.)

We arrived at Knoedler shortly before ten one morning and found that the final installment of paintings had arrived by truck from the National Gallery, in Washington, at 3 A.M., causing the staff to lose a good deal of sleep. A guard told us that the exhibit travelled in forty large, rectangular wooden crates—natural pine for the Hermitage's collection and green-painted pine for the State Museum's. It was accompanied by two Russian curators and a squad of nervous security guards. We presented our credentials and walked into a large, cluttered ground-floor gallery, where two Knoedler officials—Dr. Maury Leibowitz and John Richardson—were watching a workman unbolt the top of the first State Museum crate. Dr. Leibowitz pointed to a series of large white panels and clear-plastic boxes that were propped against the gallery walls, and told us that each Hermitage painting would be placed in its frame (an elaborate gold-leaf frame, which travels separately) and hooked onto a half-inch-thick plywood panel that had been screwed to a wall. Then painting and frame would be completely surrounded by a bullet-resistant box of Lexan plastic. "It sounds complicated, but it's the only way we could get insurance," he said. "The State Museum paintings, which are somewhat less valuable, will be hung directly on the walls and protected by sheets of Lexan fitted inside their frames. There is bound to be some reflection, but we hope to minimize it by lighting and by hanging the pictures at eye level."

A sudden creak made everybody jump as a workman lifted the lid of a crate, and his companion reached inside to remove two wooden crossbars, a layer of foam rubber, and a layer of brown paper. The crate and the lid were lined with flowered oilcloth—a precaution, Dr. Leibowitz told us, against damage from humidity. Two Russian Museum paintings emerged: a brooding self-portrait by the red-haired nineteenth-century artist Karl Briullov and a pensive female by Konstantin Somov, a turn-of-the-century expatriate who worked in Paris. As Knoedler assistants carried the paintings up a winding staircase, Mr. Richardson, a handsome, gray-haired Englishman, explained that each picture had to be checked against its dossier by two experts—a Hermitage curator and an American restoration specialist. "They will look for flaking or any other damage, so that no claims will be made when the paintings return to Russia," said Mr. Richardson. "Would you care to watch?" He handed us a handsome illustrated catalogue and led us upstairs, where the two art experts—a businesslike Russian woman and a shaggy, blond-bearded American man—were bent over the Somov portrait, exchanging low-voiced comments in French. "The Somov is the painting we worry about," said Mr. Richardson, "because it has a lot of crackle in the center. The idea is to be sure that travelling doesn't make things worse. So far, our only real problem was a slight flaking on one of the big Picassos. When that was noticed last week at the National Gallery, we had to wire Moscow for permission to put a little beeswax on the spot."

"How were the paintings selected?" we asked.

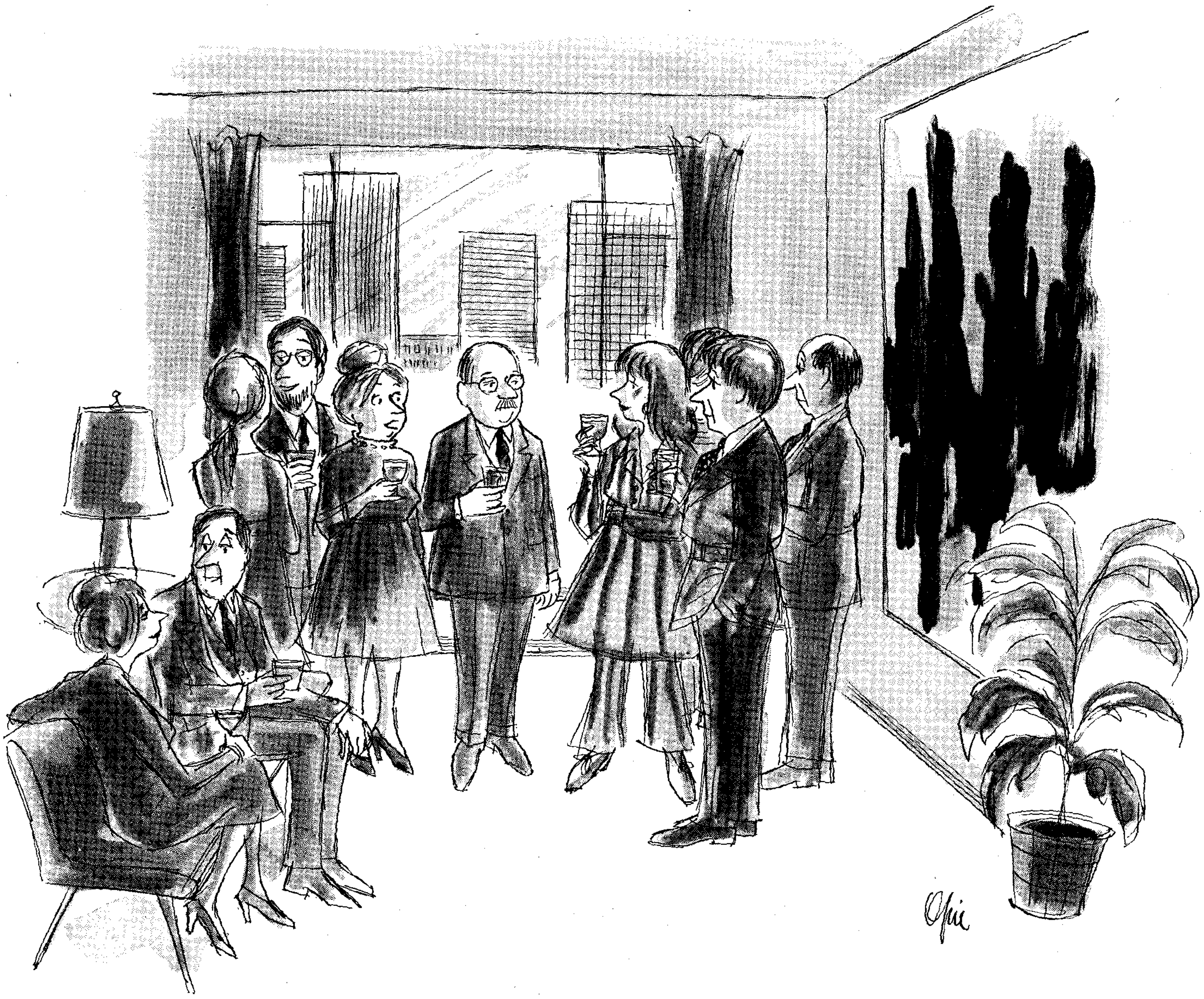
"In the initial agreement—which Dr. Hammer made with the Russian Ministry of Culture last winter—the Russians promised us thirty pictures from the Hermitage and thirteen from the State Museum," Mr. Richardson said. "Our first thought about the Hermitage offer was either to do a show on Catherine the Great's collection—which forms the nucleus of the museum's painting collection—or to confine ourselves to seventeenth-century Dutch masters, since it is very rich in that particular period. But the Russians felt these ideas were too limited, and suggested showing the entire Hermitage collection in microcosm—one Rubens out of forty-two, two Rembrandts out of twenty-three, one Poussin out of fifteen, two Picassos out of thirty, and so on. We decided to halt the State Museum pictures at 1906, with Bakst's striking portrait of the young Diaghilev, so that there would be no question about including Kandinsky, Tatlin, or Malevich, abstract painters of the teens whose work is not shown there in public. It's a curious thing that the Russians hide away only their own avant-garde painters; the two Picassos that we selected for America have been on view in a gallery for many years. Then, there were several paintings on our original Hermitage list that the Russian curators refused to let us have, because they were on panel or too fragile to travel; we lost one or two fine Rembrandts, Leonardo's 'Benois Madonna,' Giorgione's 'Judith,' and Gauguin's Pastorales Tahitiennes.' And there were other paintings they suggested, such as a Monet 'Poppyfield,' of a type that was so well represented in American collections that to include them would have been carrying coals to Newcastle. So, last June, Dr. Hammer; Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery; and I flew to Russia and worked out a final list. We wound up with several last-minute coups, including the unique and lovely Caravaggio 'The Lute Player,' which we have put on the front of our catalogue; the magnificent 'Condemnation of Haman,' a late Rembrandt that the Russians persist in calling 'David and Uriah,' despite the reservations of modern scholars; and Matisse's dazzling 'The Painter's Family,' a canvas that hasn't been out of Russia since it was bought from the artist's studio by Sergei Shchukin, in 1911. Nearly every one of the paintings in the Hermitage collection is a landmark in the history of Western art. To see them first-hand is to expand one's visual and intellectual horizons enormously."

Mr. Richardson added that the Hermitage paintings would be the last ones unpacked, so we returned later in the day, to find a jumble of masterworks propped against the gallery walls waiting to be fitted into their bullet-resistant cocoons. As we paused in the doorway, looking from Rembrandt's bright-eyed "Saskia as Flora" to Caravaggio's sensuous "Lute Player" to Gauguin's exotic "Où Vas-Tu?," a Knoedler workman held up the small Fragonard that he had just unpacked. "Isn't she a pussycat?" he said, turning the painting to show us a fragile eighteenth-century blonde in a low-cut satin gown who was accepting a kiss from an ardent suitor. "Now, that is what I call a dynamite picture."

The Management Experience

THE Fashion Group Foundation, a five-thousand-member international association of women fashion executives, presented a symposium called "The Management Experience" in the Plaza Hotel the other day "for women and men moving UP the executive ladder," and three hundred vertically mobile women (no two of them dressed alike) and a handful of men went to hear talks like "Position Is Everything: Switching Jobs, Careers, Goals; How to Exploit Your Assets; How to Market Yourself, to Negotiate." We came in just as an Articulated Luncheon, which consisted of a four-member panel discussing "The New Psycho-Strategies—Latest Management Techniques," was breaking up. A woman wearing a big ivory tooth on a gold necklace walked by. "I'm very happy, very excited, very busy," she said to her companion.

Here is some of the wisdom we acquired during the afternoon speeches: Gilda Smithline Block, a vice-president of Abraham & Straus, said, "In today's business world, a woman needs a figure—not a sensuous one but one that



"How awful for you! The paparazzi didn't pester us at all."

• •

balances." Paul Hines, a vice-president of E. F. Hutton & Company, said, "The things I value are change—large systems change. The influx of women into the higher-management teams I welcome as a way to bring about this kind of change. However, even in an ideal sex-blind situation you are going to encounter different kinds of blocksmanship between you and your goals. The reality is that a knowledge of accounting can be a very powerful language in dealing with blocks of various kinds. A knowledge of accounting is a kind of Rosetta stone. I have to watch myself, because my language can get very colorful when I start to talk about accounting." Finally, Mary Kay Edwards, executive vice-president of Van Raalte Intimate Apparel, had these words of inspiration for the women and several men: "Let male-dominated management know you're a woman on the move. Let them know that you're not afraid of responsibility-slash-power. There's a difference between being assertive and being aggressive. Plan for the short term; plan for the long term. Motivate your associates. And don't automatically assume that when you go into a meeting with a lot of men all of them are smarter than you are. I remember when I looked at divisional merchandise managers for the first time, I said, 'Oh, they're so wonderful, oh, they're so this, they're so that.' Well, later I found out that they're not."

Optimism at the Commodore

LAST week, on a day when the newspapers were headlining one more diminution of our city's credit by major segments of the investment community, we stopped by the Hotel Commodore to watch a group of investors offer tangible pledges of their faith in New York City's future by buying hundreds of parcels of its real estate. Despite the timing, this was not a distress sale; it was, rather, the opening session of one of eight or nine auctions that the City Department of Real Estate holds each year to return to private ownership some of the properties it has picked up through tax forfeiture, condemnation, or relinquishment by one or another of the municipal agencies. Three principal items in last week's sale, as it happened, were two former school buildings in central Manhattan and a downtown firehouse that had been declared surplus city real estate.

As we entered the Commodore's Windsor Ballroom, a young, black-bearded auctioneer, Edward A. Ellerbe, was calling for—but not seeming to coax—bids on a substantial plot of vacant land on Staten Island from an audience of approximately a hundred potential buyers. The bidding, which had started at an upset price of thirty thousand dollars, proceeded in five-thousand and then one-thousand and then hundred-dollar jumps until it reached a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and the property was knocked down to a stocky, mustached man casually dressed in slacks and a sports shirt. We followed him into an anteroom, where he stood in line to register his purchase, and asked him what he intended to do with the land. Though he chose not to tell us his name or answer the question specifically—a not uncommon practice among competitors at real-estate auctions—he was not reluctant to admit that he expected to make a substantial profit from his investment. "New York has been very good to me so far, and people are moving to Staten Island all the time," he said.

Back in the ballroom, we asked to be directed to New York City's Real Estate Commissioner, Ira Duchan, who turned out to be a middle-aged man in a gray suit and a pink shirt sitting at a table near the auctioneer. In our absence, several Manhattan properties had been passed over without attracting any bids, but we found Commissioner Duchan unruffled. "In each of these auctions, we expect to sell only about sixty-five per cent of the properties we offer," he told us. "Real-estate investment requires a combination of properties and financing, but when the properties are available, as they are now, sometimes the financing dries up."

The Commissioner interrupted himself at this point to attend to a call for bids on the two Manhattan school properties—the former Central Commercial High School building, on East Forty-second Street, offered for an upset price of three million dollars, and the school's old annex, on East Forty-sixth Street, listed at a million dollars. Neither drew any bids at all. "I'm disappointed, of course, but not too surprised," Commissioner Duchan said. "The best use for both those properties would have been commercial, and right now there's not much of a market for midtown office space. For the time being, we'll put these two parcels back in our inventory, and in a few months we may try again, perhaps for lower upset figures. We may even get more for them by that time. Time and time again, we get passes on a property, and then when we offer it again we get spirited bidding, and the final price ends up higher than the original upset figure."

If the school buildings didn't sell, the firehouse, downtown on Lafayette Street, did. In this case, the auction had been limited, by a Board of Estimate stipulation, to non-profit organizations that would agree to respect the building's status as a Landmark, and the only bidder at the upset price of forty-five thousand dollars was the Chinatown Service Center, whose chairman, Thomas K. Wang, proved to be the most scrutable purchaser of the session. "We were prepared to go as high as seventy-five thousand dollars," we were told by the delighted Mr. Wang, who also showed us plans for his organization's new senior citizens' center when we caught up with him in the anteroom. "What a bargain for a building like this in a great city like New York!"

By this time, the auction had moved on to properties that Commissioner Duchan characterized as his "bread-and-butter stuff"—marginal rental units that had been abandoned by landlords and taken over by the city. "From a long-range standpoint, there is nothing new about this," the Commissioner said. "In the Depression, it was the banks who foreclosed on the properties and sold them, and now it's the city that's selling them, but the point is we *are* selling them. Time after time, people walk away from buildings because they haven't been able to make them pay, and then others come in and buy them, and you think they must be nuts, but the new buyers put a little effort into it, and, one way or another, they do make the places pay."

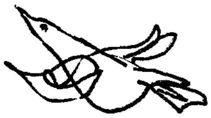
One of the properties singled out by the Commissioner as a bellwether of the interest of new buyers was a run-down six-story tenement on Lenox Avenue, in Harlem, which was listed for nine thousand dollars but was knocked down eventually for fifteen thousand and fifty dollars to a middle-aged former mechanic named Norman Whitehead, who told us he'd gone into uptown real estate several years ago, was doing well at it, and expected to do better. "No way this city is going down the drain," he said.

By the end of the sale, which lasted two days, the city had succeeded in selling two hundred and eighty-eight of a total of four hundred and seven properties offered, returning them to the tax rolls, and, incidentally, clearing $1,357,775 in the process. This was

Dana Fradon

"No, I don't know what Doctorow is trying to say. I don't even know what you're trying to say."

slightly above Commissioner Duchan's sixty-five-per-cent target.



An Elysian Field

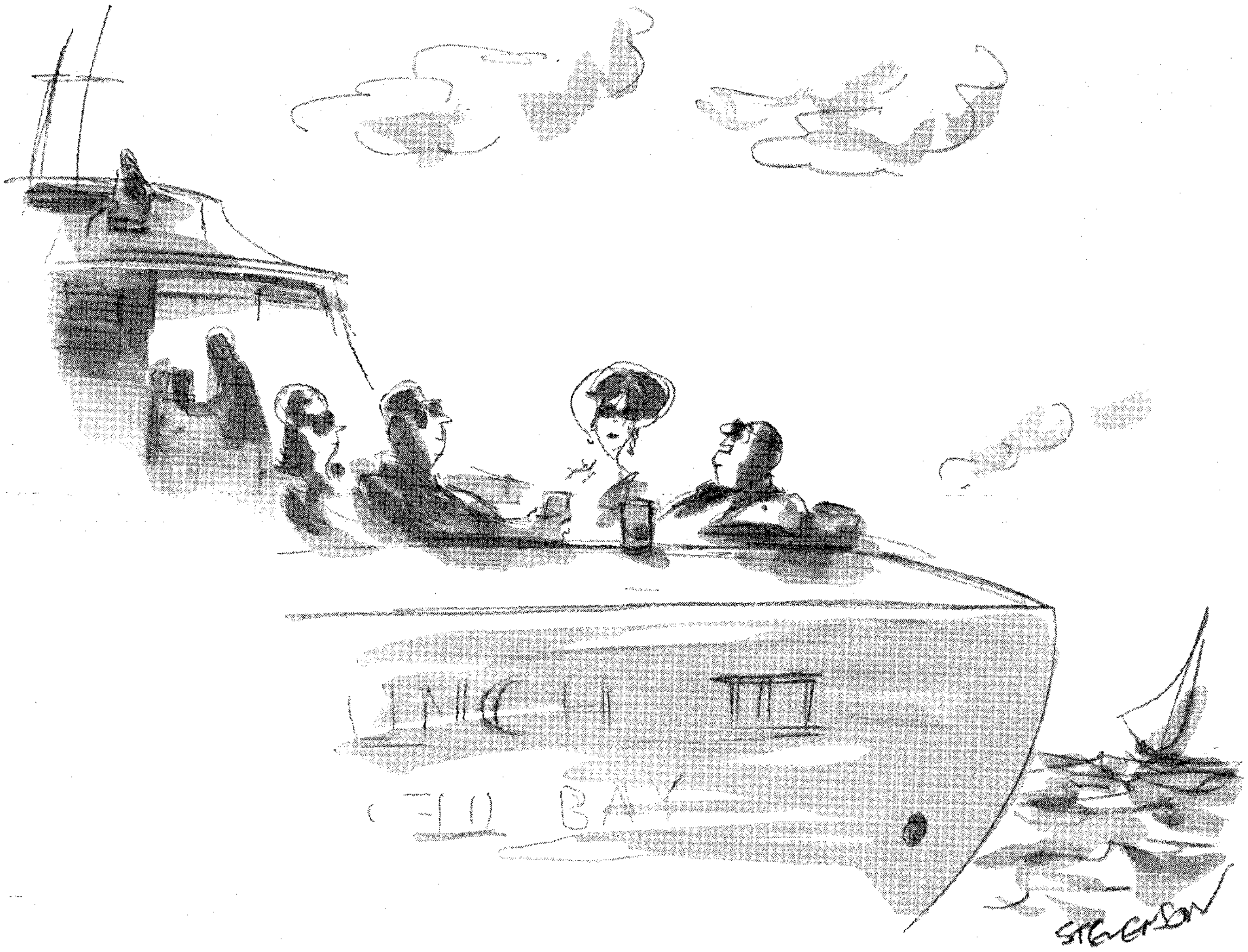
THE most expensive restaurant in the world charges fifty bucks a head, plus a suggested twenty-three-per-cent service charge, plus cocktails, plus wine, plus tax, for a one-sitting, twelve-course French dinner that it takes four hours to serve. The place is called The Palace, and it's over on Fifty-ninth, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge.

"Mmph," said the man we call the old curmudgeon when we had explained these facts to him in a taxi the other night. The curmudgeon was our dinner guest. "Nothing new about a one-sitting restaurant. Johnny Nicholson's café started that in this town back in 1949, before he moved to Jo Davidson, the sculptor's, old studio, with the great big skylights. I think at first he was charging six-fifty for dinner, which was considered pretty horrendous. Nicholson was a great friend of mine. Now, in the twenties, in my Waldorf-salad days, I used to take a Vassar girl to the old Waldorf-Astoria—originally two separate, staggeringly great hotels that occupied the site of the Empire State Building—and we may have blown as much as three bucks apiece in their magnificent old restaurant. And I remember paying a service charge of twenty-two per cent at the Plaza Hotel in Buenos Aires way back fifteen years ago. Excellent service at that hotel, and useful, too. One morning, there were tanks circling the central square, and the headwaiter said, 'I would suggest not going out for the morning stroll.'

"Fifty-ninth Street *does* interest me. I had a flat on Sutton Place when the neighborhood was an uptown Greenwich Village, a real night-club-and-theatre-and-writers colony, and full of jazz musicians, too. It was a wonderful neighborhood—unbroken river view, and if you got tired of that there were all those tennis courts for playing on from dawn to dusk. And those little bits of three-story houses! John McNulty and his first wife used to live there, in a fine old row. Alice Pearce, who was so funny in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' lived around the corner, and Herbert Jacoby, the founder of the Blue Angel—the *real* Blue Angel, you know—and Barbara Carroll; Earl Wild, the concert pianist; Eadie and Rack, the two night-club pianists; Julie Wilson; Hugh Shannon; Gigi Durston, who sang at the Stork Club; Lee Wiley; and the great Julius Monk. God, I probably knew forty to fifty after-dark people within a ten-minute walk. There were one or two parties every night, and a little plaza by the river, and if you felt lonely you could walk out there and see who else didn't have a dinner engagement—just like the Village. The real-estate people gave the neighborhood the name Cannon Point when they started to pull down a lot of the old buildings. Nobody knew where they picked up that name. Then one old building after another disappeared, and the neighborhood split up. I think McNulty's row is still there."

But it isn't. In its place stands a shiny new white brick high rise called The Sovereign. The Palace occupies ground-floor quarters in The Sovereign which would be given over to doctors in a simpler building. The Palace is the dream restaurant of Frank and Bibbi Valenza, who also own the more ordinary Proof of the Pudding, on First Avenue. They have hired a chef named Claude Baills, whose hobby is making castles and seahorses out of bread that is fried so it looks like crystallized brown sugar. The chef's office, in the basement, is lined with shelves filled with cans of black and white truffles, packages of dried morels, Candiflor *fleurs naturelles cristallisées*, and a few bottles of Schmidt's beer, which he sips at during a busy evening. M. Baills' all-time hero is Carême (1784-1833), the French chef and pastry sculptor, who would use ten chickens and a whole leg of veal just to make his stock. The tables at The Palace are far apart, for privacy and so that waiters can get at diners from all sides.

The curmudgeon, who eats carefully, opted for Gravlaks du Roi Olav, a Norwegian appetizer made of fresh salmon that has been pressed and marinated forty-eight hours in brandy with fresh dill, rock salt, lemon juice, a little olive oil, and a touch of sugar and is served with toast and dill-flavored mayonnaise on the side. He seemed to enjoy the dish. Mr. Valenza asked the o.c. if he might present him with a bottle of Pouilly-Fumé. The o.c. said he might. Mr. Valenza told the o.c. that he believes the stomach benefits if one spends four hours over dinner consuming small portions of many foods. "Mr. Valenza is intelligent," the curmudgeon said when the owner was out of earshot. "It must be that he learned by being strapped into his high chair all day in infancy. I drank a bottle of Pouilly-Fumé this morning, but what of that? There was a fashion show, almost at



"I used to think I was highly motivated. By the time I found out I was merely compulsive, I'd already made my pile."

• •

dawn. Scrambled eggs, sausage, and Pouilly-Fumé."

A young waiter brought bowls of lobster bisque. The curmudgeon, who believes that a restaurant stands or falls on its lobster bisque and its chocolate mousse, stared at the soup, then tasted it. "So far so good," he said.

He asked the waiter where he came from.

The waiter told him Sion, a town he probably hadn't heard of, in French Switzerland.

"Sion!" said the curmudgeon. "The river, the mountains, the wine cellars! One day, on a chartered train with two restaurant cars, we stopped at Sion to load samples of the local vintner's handiwork. How can you say I have never heard of Sion? A spotless town, where everyone walks with a lightsome step. I was there only six days and it nearly killed me, there were so many festivities. At one mountain inn, three men—they must have been furniture movers—staggered out of the kitchen with a roast twenty-two feet long. Followed, I *think*, by dancing maidens. And they tell us, you know, that the Swiss are stolid and unfunloving. No grace or understanding. At the Bellevue Palace Hotel, in Bern, which few people I meet have ever heard of, the assistant manager, in striped trousers and morning coat, shows you to a room with a breathtaking view of the river and asks, 'Will this be satisfactory?' And when you go down to breakfast the management sneaks into the room with a huge bowl of fruit, and plates and knives. All this"—he said to us—"is true, young man. I am not talking to bemuse, as I did when young and attending a dinner party in Vermont with my mother. The question was put at table whether anyone had been to Czechoslovakia. I had not, but I gave a three-hour disquisition anyway on the towns, the hotels, the restaurants, castles, wines, and rivers of Czechoslovakia. They invited me, when I was through, to return the next night and continue. Mother sat there and put up her hands and groaned."

After soft-shell crabs with caviar, *granité au citron* to clear the palate, *carré de veau rôti à la crème d'estragon*, salad, cheese and fruit, chocolate and strawberry mousse with *crème fraîche*, petits fours, apple tart, and cookies, all of which the curmudgeon consumed without complaint, the waiter brought us espresso and lemon peel. The curmudgeon lit a match and, holding it next to the lemon peel, bent the peel. Tiny bright flames shot forth from the peel. The waiter asked him what he was doing.

"Good!" said the curmudge. "A young waiter who wants to learn." He explained that it was an old parlor trick designed to ignite the bitter oil in the lemon peel and bring its flavor to the surface of the coffee. Sipping his demitasse, the curmudgeon said, "This banquet would have tasted just as good to me if it had cost less and had taken three hours instead of four. But The Palace is rather nicer than the Russian restaurant that was once part of the old neighborhood around here. A place that served flaming lamb on skewers. I sniffed one of the skewers once, and said to the maître d', 'That must be kerosene.' 'Sure,' he said. 'It makes a great flame, and it don't hurt none.' "

THE SEARCH FOR AN ANCESTRESS

THE Elfin Court of Zuy, in the Low Countries, was wealthy and orderly. No winter gales penetrated its polished windows; if the summer sun shone too vehemently, blinds were pulled down to protect the furnishings. Drinking bouts were long, taciturn, and ended in somnolence. The Queen was celebrated for her pearls.

Wealth, if not a mere flash in the pan, compels the wealthy to become wealthier. Zuy had a profitable stake in the East India trade, importing fine muslins, mazulipatans, spices, and leopard skins for muffs, exporting musical boxes, *marrons glacés*, fowling pieces, starch, suppositories, and religious pictures—the sufferings of the martyrs were always in demand. Reliable working fairies, skilled in accountancy, accompanied the voyages, to keep an eye on the traders and study new lines of export.

This commercialism, though unadmitted, was known and scorned in other Elfin Courts. When Sir Eusebius went with an embassy to Brocéliande—of all Elfin Courts the proudest and stateliest—he was soon made aware that Zuy was little better than a gilded grocery shop. It was not said in so many words, but the implication was enforced by references to Brocéliande's unique cultural heritage, preserved after the original Peri dynasty was lost in the earthquakes and invasions that destroyed its kingdom in Persia. At Brocéliande, and at Brocéliande alone, the Queen wore a pink turban, ceremonially renewed on the first of May, was menaced by Oriental demons called Afrits, cherished a breed of long-haired cats elsewhere extinct, had her fate written in the stars and interpreted by astrologers, and ruled her subjects by the laws of the Medes and Persians. Others in the embassy found this boring, but Eusebius, showing polite interest, made the most of this opportunity to feel superior.

It had been a toss-up whether he or his cousin Joost should go with the embassy. Joost was one of those characters who are always considered and always passed over. There was nothing against him; he was well mannered, personable, more obliging than Eusebius, and had better legs; but he was always passed over. Eusebius felt this as a slight on the family. In case Joost should also feel slighted, he was careful, on his return to Zuy, to tell him he had not missed much.

"It rained incessantly. And as if that did not make it wet enough, we had green salads at every meal."

"And then?" Joost knew what was expected of him, and supplied it.

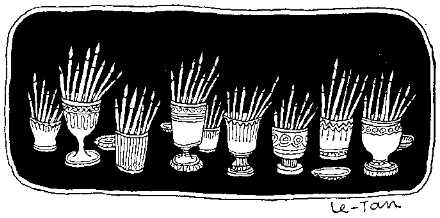
"The conversation: their incessant brag about those Peris."

Eusebius spent the next ten minutes deriding the cultural heritage of Brocéliande: the pink turban yearly renewed—when any Indian crossing-sweeper would put on a clean one daily; those ineffably peculiar cats—the alley cats of every Asiatic port (did not Master Jacob of the Rosa Mundi keep half a dozen in the hold to quell rats?), whose favorite food was fish heads; those laws of the Medes and Persians which dictated when gavottes should be danced and when corantos. He had paused to draw breath for the incompatibility of Afrits with the immutable heavens when he noticed an odd expression on Joost's face, an expression as if he were taking a pleasant walk in his sleep, and asked where he was woolgathering.

"I was wondering if there are any left—a surviving Peri."

The mischief had been done. Joost was bent on going in search of a Peri. The Peris were a race of beings, formed of fire, according to some authorities, and according to others fallen angels, who inhabited the globe immediately before the creation of man. All Elfindom was descended from them; but it seemed improbable that Joost would succeed in finding one.

FROM that hour, there were two Joosts—the Joost who had taken leave of his senses and the practical, coolheaded Joost, who said nothing about Peris, whose answers to every objection were so rational that it was the objectors who seemed visionaries. Zuy had never traded with Persia? That was why he proposed the scheme: Zuy's exports would have the appeal of novelty. How would he set about it? He would charter the Rosa Mundi, part-freight her with his own venture, and travel as supercargo. But the expense? He had always lived economically; and he had had his lucky moments at the gaming table. And the danger? Persians were notorious for savagery. Had he considered that? He glanced deprecatingly at his shoulders.



"After all, I am not a fairy for nothing. I have wings."

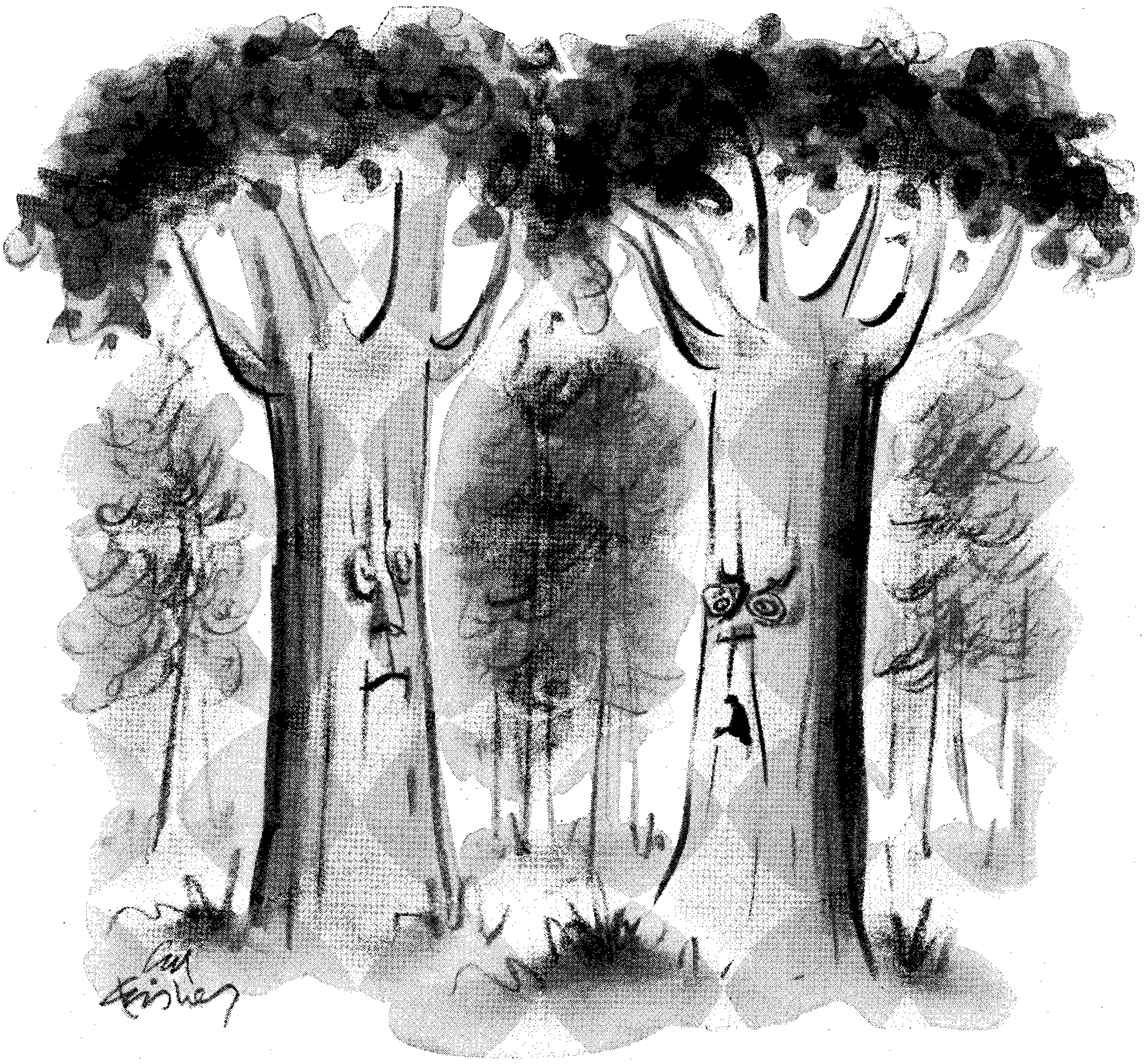
He embarked on a dusky late afternoon. The ship's lights seemed to grope into the muddy water. The quay and his waving friends glided past him. He was off! Sitting in his stateroom he became aware of the noise he would hear for months to come: the tap, creak, rattle of a wooden skeleton with ague. He opened his Persian grammar.

Before the Tropic of Cancer he found himself shaping sentences and holding imaginary conversations. The voyage was perfectly uneventful. It went on and on, like the ocean, measured by the grunts of the men tugging the oars. Not since the Cape Verde Islands had he tasted fresh bread. The only other fairy on board was Tomkin, one of the clerks who went on the East Indiamen to keep an eye on Zuy interests. Tomkin was too respectful to be any sort of companion; privately, he surmised that Joost's venture was a cover for something romantically profitable: an unexploited variety of chutney, Alexander's lost money chest. When at long last the Rosa Mundi entered the Persian Gulf, he woke Joost, saying, "Now for the kill, Your Honor!"

It was still early morning. Joost stood on deck, staring with all his eyes, with all his consciousness, at the enormous bulk of mountain that stretched before him. The tide of rising dawn darkened and outlined it, but showed nothing except that it was enormous, and solemn as if it lay in a deep sleep. The clatter of the boat, the thump of the sea against her sides did not affect his impression of a vast silence. He felt all sound draining out of himself. Not a wish was left, not a word to say it with.

He was lost and speechless all day. The wares were unpacked; he heard Tomkin and Master Jacob debating which were likeliest to attract buyers. Daylight perspectived the mountain, broke it into a series of ranges, lit sparkles of snow. He waited for nightfall and the stars: his Persian grammar had included two short poems, one about water, the other about the stars. The silence returned, the stars rose into it. He was afraid to think. Any thought would be out of place, for it would remind him of himself and the fragile ambition of his errand.

He could not maintain this exaltation. He began to be interested, and went ashore in the boat which carried Tomkin and some specimen wares to the small port town, where a market was in progress. He was admiring the shapeliness of the pottery jars heaped



"I don't mind the chirping of the birds or the buzzing of the bees, but the murmuring of those pines and hemlocks is driving me nuts!"

round a booth, and trying to understand the vender's commendations, when Tomkin pulled his sleeve. Behind Tomkin stood a small elderly person with a beard and painted eyebrows. He bowed and bade Joost welcome, speaking in what was recognizably a form of Elfin. From the way he omitted Tomkin from an invitation to drink at a tavern, he was recognizably a fairy of quality. Introducing himself as Farouq, the Court Purveyor, he explained that he had come to buy fish, and was just about to depart when Tomkin halted him with the news that an Elfin from Europe was honoring the market by his presence. "We can show you better things than this mortal clutter," the Purveyor said. "Undoubtedly, we have met by destiny. Can you ride a camel?"

Three camels were waiting. Farouq's two servants and the fish were loaded on the third, Joost was assisted onto the second. Its gait was disconcerting, his height above the ground intimidating, but he managed to stay on. Their route took them by defiles further and further into the mountain, past slopes of scree and under cliff walls of pallid stone that refracted the heat of the sun. Wafts of icy air came from the peaks above. It was dusk when they halted where a trickle of water oozed from the cliff. Farouq produced a small silver cup, watched it fill, and handed it to Joost. The servants licked the water from the cliff face, mumbling a thanks to heaven. They were sent on with the fish, while Farouq and Joost spent the night on the mountain, huddled against the camels for warmth. So they spent the next night, and the night after. During the second day Joost occasionally remembered that this joggle of ascent and descent, snatched views of distant loveliness, unending proximity of rock, was the actuality of that solemn, sleeping bulk he had seen from the Rosa Mundi. By the next day, thirst, the fatigue of riding camel-back, his vision blackening, his ears exploding, his lungs flayed by the alien purity of the air, pinned him to the present. When Farouq told him they were over the head of the pass and that on the morrow it would be easier going, he was incapable of relief. It was only by a change of ache that he realized they were going downhill through cultivated fields and orchards, that above them the wind was blowing a mane of snow off the skyline, that below them was a lake, sunk in a deep valley, with a scatter of villas and cypresses round it.

He was so stiff that when they got to Farouq's house he had to be carried into it. There he was put into a bath, rubbed and oiled, shampooed and manicured; then laid in bed and given chicken jelly and an orgeat. "I am in the Kingdom of the Peris," he thought. "Tomorrow I may meet their Queen." He licked the spoon and fell asleep.

When he woke, the Purveyor's voice—he was talking to someone about woodcocks—was already familiar. A servant brought in his clothes. They had been cleaned, repaired, and strongly perfumed. After a pause, another servant brought coffee and cinnamon toast. Later, the Purveyor came in and asked if he felt sufficiently restored for a short trip to the island where Queen Pehlevi would receive him. Again he was washed, rubbed, and oiled; he was shaved, his hair was cut, he was incensed with a thurible. There was a long interval, during which he listened to some noisy birds: if they were bulbuls, they were not what his Persian grammar had given him to expect. The Purveyor's voice came and went. At last he reappeared, finely dressed. Coffee was served them in an arbor, where there was a view of the lake and the island. Joost expected a boat, and found they were about to fly. The lake was larger than he expected, the island smaller. It was planted all over with blossoming trees and surrounded by a belt of reeds. The air was windless, yet the Purveyor seemed unable to steer a straight course. At one moment, they were flying toward a group of lilacs; a moment later the lilacs were replaced by a laburnum, the laburnum by a quince. Joost was so perplexed by this—for all the time they seemed to be flying straightforward—that he commented on it. The Purveyor explained that the island was a rotating island: he was so accustomed to this peculiarity that he had forgotten to mention it. Visitors approaching by boat found it difficult to hit the landing place; often they had to wait through a couple of rotations before they could force their passage through the reeds and jump ashore. The passage by air was easy. Queen Pehlevi always flew when she wanted to visit the mainland.

A Queen so careless of her dignity that she flew like any working fairy was as surprising to Joost as a rotating island. This Peri Kingdom was indeed a far cry from Zuy.

"But why—"

Farouq was already descending. They alighted on a greensward. The ground beneath them was firm as any other ground, but the thought of the island's rotation made Joost stagger in his first footsteps. An avenue of moss roses led to a modest pavilion. The realization that he was about to meet the Queen of the Peris, the monarch of that fabulous lost race, seized on him with such intensity that he could not believe he had ever contemplated such a possibility. The door of the pavilion stood open. A lady-in-waiting signed to them to enter. They stood in the presence of Queen Pehlevi.

She was sitting on cushions and playing a small oboe. She gave Joost a glance of no expression and continued the slow, wandering melody, that seemed to come to a cadence, hesitate, and turn away. While she played, he looked at her. She was plump, she was white. Her round face was farded with white lead. It was not possible to judge of her countenance, because the oboe pulled down her upper lip. Her eyebrows almost met and were so identically arched that an architect might have drawn them. She wore no ornament except a diamond belly-jewel. It flashed through the diaphanous white robe that floated over her breasts and thighs and belly as though a veil had been thrown over an exquisite sofa. Her wings had the tranquil color of moonstones. She was wearing a narrow-brimmed hat with a tall cylindrical crown, made of black gauze stretched over a whalebone frame.

The music ended; her upper lip retracted. She put down the oboe and held out her hand to be kissed—there was a rosy bloom of rouge in the palm. The lady-in-waiting brought forward a hassock. He sat down and waited for Pehlevi to speak.

"Are you fond of music?"

"I am devoted to music."

"So am I."

As if everything necessary had been said, there was silence.

"Have you nothing to say?"

"Madam, in my country one waits for a Queen to speak first."

"That must be very dull."

"Madam, it is. The climate, too, is dull, and the horizon flat. We have little to admire, except our pleasure gardens."

"Are you fond of flowers?"

"Passionately."

"So am I."

All conversations with royalty are the same, he thought. He had already told two lies.

The island continued to rotate. Through a gap between a camellia and a lilac he had seen two successive villas on the other shore of the lake come into view and withdraw. He must say something. Should it be about the island? Should it be about the cats? There were a number of cats, large and white and massively furred, who wandered in and out, noiseless as cumulus clouds. He settled on the island.

"There is no other island like it," she said. "I owe it to a dear friend of mine. As you see, I love simplicity and retirement. The bustle of rule is hateful to me. To escape it, I came here whenever I could. But the cares of queenship came with me. I had to go from one side of my island to another, to see that all was well onshore—for it was an ordinary island then. One day I complained to this dear friend of mine. He, too, loved retirement: he was a magian. 'Child,' he said to me—I was young then—'it can easily be arranged. Your island must go round and round. Then you can sit undisturbed in your pavilion, and yet have your kingdom under survey.' That night, I heard the reeds rustle; I felt the island begin to rotate. It has rotated ever since—never a hitch. But my dear kind old friend was gone. Sometimes I fear he may have come to a bad end. Eblis is a strict master. I planted a cedar in his memory."

"It is a beautiful story," said Joost.

"I do not tell it to everyone."

During the beautiful story, he had happened to catch sight of Farouq and the lady-in-waiting, who listened with downcast eyes and composed faces. She must tell it fairly often.

If he did not believe it, he had no reason to think the worse of her. Sup-

pose the island had been set rotating by that ingenious magian; suppose she did not wish further island owners to boast of similar islands, and had made away with him? Other royal patrons had done much the same. But it would not do to fall out with her.

"Might I see the cedar?"

"We will visit it together. Come with me."

She fluttered before him, hovering a foot or so above the ground. He had never seen such a method of flight before. It transformed an ordinary natural faculty into something poetical. His inspecting curiosity was swept away by a dazzle of marvelling delight. It is like following a butterfly, he thought, as she led him on from the cedar, zigzagging from one blossoming tree to another.

"And this is the landing place."

She came to earth, just sufficiently out of breath to set the diamond on her belly winking. He saw that the reeds were an embankment of the island they surrounded; as it dragged them with it, the lake water hissed and chuckled among their stems. The sky had clouded over. There was a crack of thunder. The lake paled; a sudden sharp wind whipped crests of foam from it. Turning to look in the direction of the storm, he saw a small rowing boat with two passengers approaching the island. A moment later, everything was lost in a sheeting hailstorm. It ended as suddenly as it began. The boat was still there; one of the passengers was bailing hailstones out of it, the other still rowing toward the landing place. "Some petitioner or other," she said. "There's another storm coming. We must hurry back." She set off, flying in earnest this time. In the pavilion a faggot of mimosa twigs had been kindled. The lady-in-waiting wrapped an ermine cloak round Pehlevi. After a moment's hesitation, she brought a lambskin jacket for Joost. It was too small. His wrists protruded, red with cold.

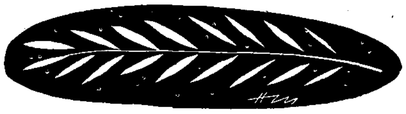
TOIL

After the argument—argument? battle, war, harrowing—you need shrieks, moans from the pit;
after that woman and I anyway stop raking each other with the meat-hooks we've become with each other
I fit my forehead into the smudge I've already sweated onto the window with a thousand other exhaustions
and watch an old man having breakfast out of a pile of bags on my front step.
Peas from a can, bread with the day-old price scrawled over the label in big letters,
and then a bottle that looks so delectable, the way he carefully unsheathes it
so the neck just lips out of the wrinkled foreskin of the paper and closes his eyes and tilts,
long and hard, that if there were one lie left in me to forgive a last rapture of cowardice,
I'd go down there, too, and sprawl and let the whole miserable rest of it go to pieces.
Does anyone still want to hear how love can turn rotten?
How you can get so desperate that even going adrift like that wouldn't do it—
you want to scour yourself out, get rid of all the needs you've still got in yourself
that keep you endlessly tearing against yourself in rages of guilt and frustration?
I don't. I'd rather talk about other things. . . . Anything. Beauty. How do you learn to believe there's beauty?
The kids going by on their way to school with their fat little lunch bags: beauty!
My old drunk with his bags, bottle bags, ragbags, shoe bags: beauty! beauty!
He lies there like the goddess of wombs and first fruits, asleep in the riches,
one hand still hooked in mid-flight over the intricacies of the iron railing.
Old father, wouldn't it be a good ending if you and I could just walk away together?
Or that you were the king who reveals himself, who folds back the barbed, secret wings,
and we're all so in love now, one spirit, one flesh, one generation, that the truces don't matter?
Or maybe a better ending would be that there is no ending.
Maybe the Master of Endings is wandering down through his herds to find it,
and the cave-cow who tells truth and the death-cow who holds the sea in her eyes are all there
but all that he hears are the same old, irresistible slaughter-pen bawlings.
So maybe there is no end to the story and maybe there's no story.
Maybe the last calf just ambles up to the trough through the clearing
and nudges aside the things that swarm on the water and her mouth dips in among them and drinks.
Then she lifts, and it pours, everything, gushes, and we're lost in both waters.

—C. K. WILLIAMS

• •

ONE of the things which struck Joost during his stay was that Peris were considerably smaller than European Elfins. This could not be attributed to a decay of their ancient race; they were strong, active, and remarkably hardy. Their way of life reminded him of Eusebius's theory that civilizations are shaped by climate. The Purveyor's mountain hospitality, when they huddled for warmth against a stinking camel, the scented oils of his bathroom at lake level, bore this out. Hardy and luxurious, and making no attempt to reconcile these extremes, it was the civilization of a climate of contradictions. There was the same abrupt contrast in the condition of the ruled and the rulers—except that the ruled fed more substantially. The mortal notion that fairies feed on dew and nectar must have preserved a recollection of the parent race; banquets in Court circles which he attended with the Purveyor alternated small kickshaws with water ices; even the soups were sweet. He was now at home with the Peris' antiquated dialect, but there was no following their conversation; a peaceful tipsiness would flare into furious altercations, insults, and taunts. Much of this, though interesting, was disillusioning. But he had not come such a long journey, or employed so much mortal machinery, to be interested. He had come to justify a desire. The event had justified it. Going ashore from the Rosa Mundi he had met Farouq. Farouq, Purveyor and probably Pandar, too, had conveyed him to Pehlevi—Pehlevi floating like a butterfly from bush to flowering bush on her island. Her ideas were limited, her voice seesawing, her wish to please regally automatic. She kept an unreasonable quantity of cats. But, hovering,



"I feel idiotically happy today."

she was the poetry of motion and could do no wrong. Day after day, he flew across the lake on some new pretext—to know if the budding magnolia had come into bloom, to smell the honeysuckle at dusk. Day after day, she complied. Once, marvel of marvels, she hovered over the lake, catching dragonflies. For the rest of the time, he was indifferent to her. He had got what he wanted, for he had got certainty. She was a Peri, she existed. Lesser curiosities dissolved. He no longer wondered if she wore her hat all night—she had afforded him no opportunity to find out; if her oboe music was traditional or extemporized; if she had ever loved; what she thought of him. Sometimes he speculated in a mild way about the lady-in-waiting, whose long eyelashes were all he knew of her downcast eyes, who agreed and obeyed and was always there, who laid out the chessboard, and brewed the coffee, and combed the cats, who was a presence and never became a person. Was she the obligatory Dame de Compagnie? A poor relation? (There was no likeness between them, though.) The hidden intimate who only emerged when he wasn't there? Was she essential, was she habitual—something kept about because it might come in useful?

It had crossed his mind that *he* might be on the same footing. By now, he had outstayed his purpose. He had secured what he came for; it remained that he should civilly go away with it. It was a question of finding the right moment. Time went by, the island went round, the moment was almost there, was swept away. Pehlevi began to play her oboe; he could not speak of departure while she was playing her oboe, still less when she had just stopped playing. The chessboard had been put ready; he must give her an opportunity to avenge her defeats. The game was unfinished; he must come back tomorrow to play it out.

His Circe—strange to think that Pehlevi perpetuated a dynasty that could have heard Homer sing—was an exasperating opponent. Her play was slow and devious, her strategy baffled him by its irrationality: he would array his men for an assault; she would ignore the threat and safeguard a pawn. She could have been a good player if she had not missed chance after chance by her caution, and made the right move a move too late. She was not above a little cheating. From time to time, by her tardiness, her incalculable vacillations, she would place him in a position he could not get out of without giving his mind to it. At such moments she would begin to talk, drum with her fingers, call for coffee, sing under her breath, revenge herself on the scrupulous silence he observed when she was in difficulties. The cats were valuable reinforcements.

It was a wet afternoon. They had played two games; he had unavoidably won them both. Now they were midway into another. It was going like a demonstration of how to plan and how not to plan a sequence of moves when, by one of her unforeseeable bungles, she hamstrung his positioned knight and put his queen in check. The largest of the cats was on her knee. She began to talk to it, asking behind which ear it preferred to be tickled, condoling with it on the rain, asking how many birds it had caught that morning, smacking it for being a cruel cat. He moved his castle. She fell into the trap and withdrew her bishop. The cat sprang off her knee and climbed into the lady-in-waiting's lap. His queen went her long stride down the board and snapped up a pawn.

Raising his eyes, he saw a pulsing crimson flash out under Pehlevi's chin, flood down her neck, suffuse her bosom and shoulders. Only her face, masked by its coating of white lead, did not disclose this torrent of fury. She stared fixedly at the cat. When they went on with the game, she played like a deranged automaton, moving at random, snatching up his pieces instead of her own. He broke off play, excusing himself with a plea of sick headache. Flying over the lake, he found that he had indeed a splitting headache.

By the morning it was gone. The rain of the day before had fallen as snow on the mountaintops; they looked childishly pretty under the blue sky. He delayed his flight to the island in order to give Pehlevi time to rearrange the chessboard. She had done so on other occasions, but this would need to be a more extensive rearrangement; he must suppress his principles and maneuver her into winning the reward of so much loss of temper and taking of pains. He flew slowly, feeling the bland sun on his wings, and decided, for the pleasure of it, and because he had always meant to, to make a complete circuit of the island. It seemed to bask in the sun, and he wondered again why no swans nested among the reeds. Perhaps it went round too fast for their liking. As though thinking of swans had called up an answering whiteness, he saw a white hand drawn through the water, half submerged, and submitting to the current which hissed and chuckled through the reeds dragged on by the island's rotation. It was the lady-in-waiting. She had been thrown among the reeds, and their roots were so solidly knit together that they still supported her. She lay face upward. Her throat had been cut; the water sucking her long hair had pulled her head back, widening the gash. Her eyes were open, but he would never know what color they were, for they were bleared. A snail was feeding on one of them.

A piece had been moved. . . . A cat had jumped. . . . The island twirled on; already the magian's cedar was creeping up behind him. *Sometimes I fear he may have come to a bad end.* Pehlevi's seesawing voice pursued him like a mosquito. As if it were a matter of course, he knew he had to reckon with a killer. He looked at the snow grinning on the mountain, and thought of his warm gloves, folded precisely palm to palm, at the Purveyor's. He must go without them, he must escape before anyone knew.

HE was not pursued. Pehlevi slept late that morning. She woke in a good humor, entertained by a prospect of cares of state: a new lady-in-waiting to choose, a new Purveyor to appoint. Farouq was past his work, if the best he could produce was that European, certainly an adventurer and probably a spy. The adventurer, too, must be dealt with. "By the way, Farouq," she said at the close of their interview. "One more thing you can do for me. That European of yours must be got rid of." Farouq's best spy had already reported seeing Joost flying westward at a great height. He prostrated himself and replied, "Her will is law"—the traditional form of words.

Soaring from the island, Joost had felt the exhilaration of terror; he was confident and gay. The snow on the mountain was a bright mark to aim at. As he flew nearer, it tarnished. He was into a freezing fog—not for long, but long enough to feel afraid. It gathered again, persisted, finally thinned enough to show him he was among crags, and that he saw them by starlight. The cold was so intense that he put on visibility (there had been no call for it among Elfins), with an idea that it might keep in what warmth he had, and soared into the blackness and brilliance of night. Setting his course by the North Star, he flew on above the fog, his shadow sailing under him. Another shadow appeared, and swooped toward his, and he watched himself evading an eagle. After a few passes it lost interest and went away eastward. For a minute or two he regretted his dangerous playfellow. But it was only a superficial regret, a childish fancy, in comparison with the substantial triumph of looking down on the fog and remembering how painfully, how laboriously he had crossed the mountain at ground level. There was his shadow, flying so splendidly, flying so easily. . . . The fog stirred, broke into fragments, blown on the wind like tufts of thistledown; the dawn wind seized him, tossed him like a tuft of thistledown, forced him downward, snatched him back, dropped him. A muffled cliff face rushed upward, he caught at it, slipped, fell to the ground. Clutching a sense of direction, he got to his feet and staggered on. Savage gusts of wind threw him against the rocks like a puppet; he was reduced to crawling on hands and knees. Half dead, and despairing of dying, he saw mortal legs round him, and heard mortal voices. He had been seen by a band of travelling assassins, followers of the Prophet Hasan ben Sabah. They poured brandy between his clenched teeth, they rubbed his nose with snow. When he was sufficiently recovered, they tied him on the back of a mule and continued their journey. Drowsy with brandy and gratitude, he fell asleep. Twice he woke in terror, and thrust himself back into the safety of sleep. The third time, he felt the mule picking her steps downhill. When he opened his eyes, he saw daylight, herbage, the unknown calm faces of his rescuers. It was so sweet to be dependent that he hoped they would keep him indefinitely. But a couple of days later, within sight of the coast, they told him they were bound on an errand and farewelled him.

When Joost signalled the Rosa Mundi from the water's edge, Tomkin would not have recognized him if it had not been for his imperious gesture. He was in rags, haggard and unshaven; he limped; he had an open sore on his nose. Too abashed to sympathize, too appalled to ask questions, Tomkin fell back on his piece of good news. Joost's venture had been completely successful: everything had been sold, and could have been sold twice over. Such was the demand that Master Jacob had to supplement from his own share of the cargo. When they had stocked up with the firms who supplied the regular imports, the Rosa Mundi could return with credit. Joost wondered what sort of credit *he* would return with, how much of his story to tell, how much to suppress. On an impulse, he had gone to Persia. On an impulse, he had fled. A successful tradesman would cut the better figure.

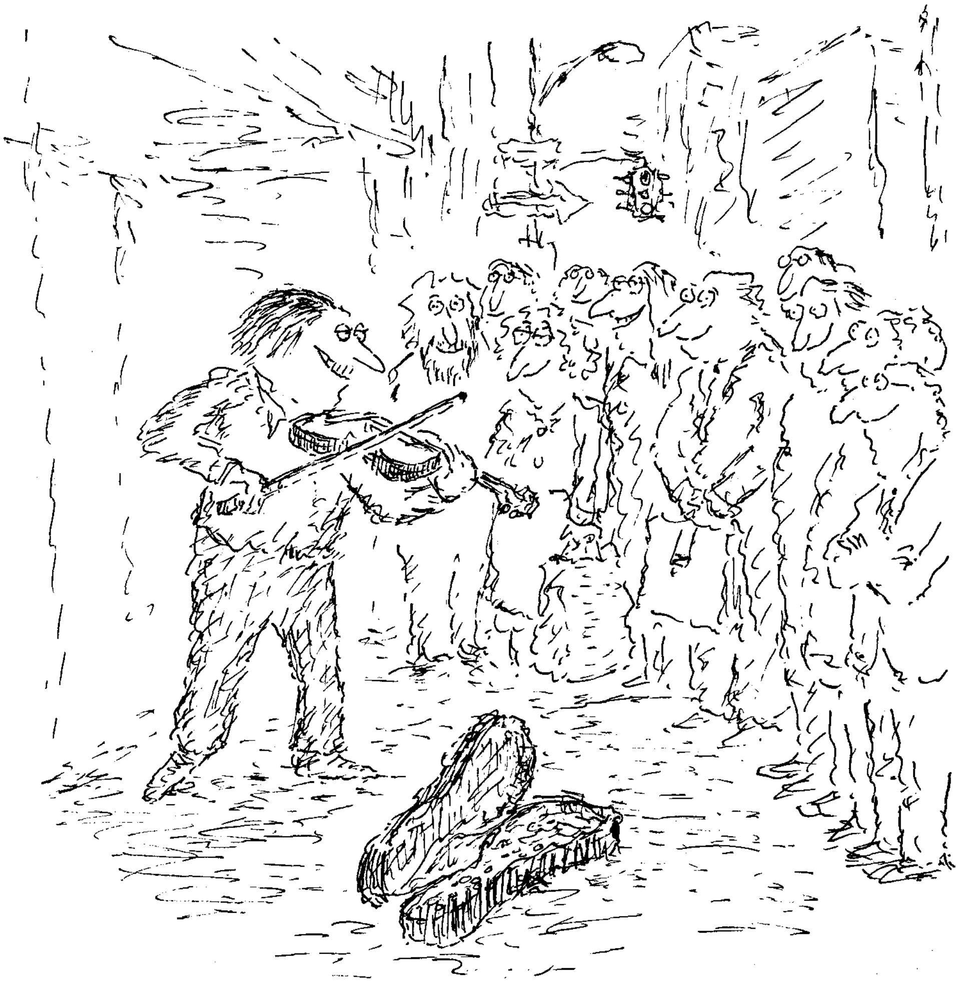
HIS return went almost unnoticed. The only topic at Zuy was an attempted revolt at IJmuiden, known to historians as the Cheesemonger's Rising. He sank back with relief into his old role of cutting no figure at all.

Eusebius saw this inattention to his cousin as a slight on the family. Traffic with Persia became part of Zuy's economy, carpets were a valued import, the Queen's turquoises were no less admired than her pearls. Was Joost to be passed over, who had foreseen the profitability of the Persian trade, and pioneered it? Eusebius organized presentations and deputations, he made Joost go to a different tailor and subscribe to the Royal Society for Improving the Weather. Joost was established; he had a place in society. He was always a rather legendary figure, as pioneers become if they do not keep up with the times. As the years went on, he grew almost legendary to himself. When the rota of distinction propelled him to ambassadorial standing and he was appointed Envoy to Brocéliande, he felt there was a symmetry in this belated visit to the Court whose pretensions to ancestry had made Eusebius so satirical and himself so wild to see a Peri. Sedate as a ghost, he listened to exactly what he expected: the pink turban, the cultural heritage, the laws of the Medes and Persians, the Afrits, and the permanent Astrologer. The Astrologer was called in to be introduced. A fluffy white kitten pranced in after him, clawing at the tassels of his gown. Joost fainted.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

FIVE NEW YORK STREET MUSICIANS

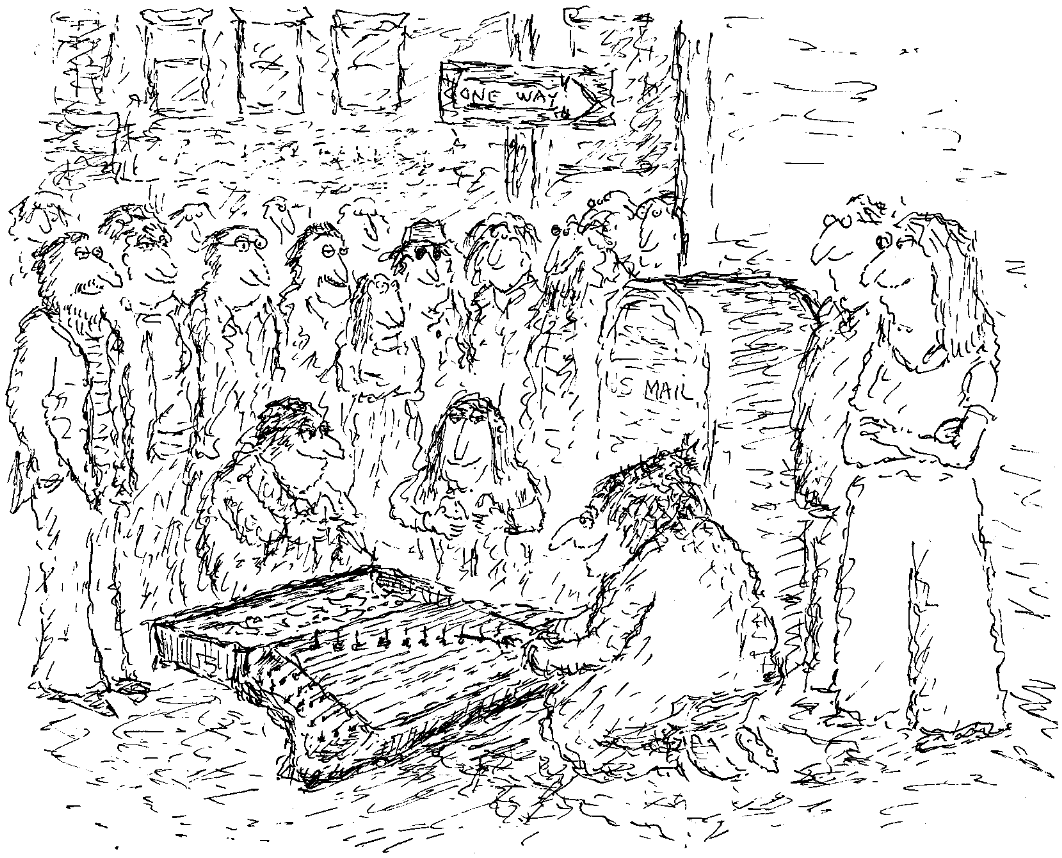


How Do You Get to Carnegie Hall?

IT costs thirty-three hundred dollars to hire Carnegie Hall for an evening. James Graseck, twenty-six, is putting away all the money he makes playing his hundred-year-old Italian violin in front of the Tishman Building (666 Fifth Avenue) at lunchtime toward a Carnegie Hall concert on February 13, 1976. Most C.H. violin débuts are the result of a European tour or winning a *grand prix* in one of the big contests for young violinists—like the Queen Elisabeth. His start: Graseck, a 1973 Juilliard grad, was standing in the Long Island Rail Road waiting room at Penn Station at ten o'clock one night in 1970 waiting for a delayed train for Islip, where his parents live. Suddenly he pulled out his fiddle and started sawing. The acoustics there, he says, are beautiful, thanks to tiled walls and a high ceiling. Other stranded travellers enjoyed what they heard, and Graseck played for an hour. "It made my evening," he says. In the summer of '73, Graseck returned to New York, jobless, from a stint with the Spoleto festival, and took to the streets. He has been performing outdoors quite regularly ever since. These days, he earns enough playing indoor recitals to pay the rent, and his location of choice for street work—which he does a couple of days a week—is upper-midtown Fifth Avenue. The atmosphere on Sixth Avenue is no good, because people don't stop. For a while, he had an understanding with the manager of the Rosenthal Studio-Haus, a china-and-glassware concern at Fifth near Forty-seventh, and played happily out in front of that place, but this spring the Fifth Avenue Association, which is made up of merchants and bankers and others who are interested in maintaining the tone of the boulevard, started a cleanup drive. So now Graseck plays only when the manager of 666, his new location, has stepped out for lunch. He always begins a performance with something flashy—usually a war-horse, like the last movement of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto or the Saint-Saëns Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. After that, he tries to fulfill requests, and his program usually includes part of a Bach Unaccompanied Partita. He tucks a yellow-ochre washcloth and a couple of napkins under his chin in hot weather to keep his violin dry, and he often draws a crowd of up to fifty or sixty lunchers, travellers, and shoppers—the ground floor of 666 houses a Stouffer's Restaurant, an Alitalia office, and Ted Lapidus of Paris, the fancy clothes store. Graseck has good stage presence and excellent intonation, and his crowds applaud him heartily. His day begins at seven, he practices from eight to twelve, takes a little nap, goes out around one or one-thirty, gets worn out playing—he is an energetic performer—and takes another nap, gets up again around four, and in the evening either reads or eats a good dinner cooked by his girl friend or rehearses with a pianist or plays on the streets somewhere near his West Village apartment. He likes the acoustics of the corner of Eighth Street and Macdougal, a fairly quiet corner free of heavy traffic, but recently the spot has been preëmpted by a newcomer, a German cello player named Hans. There are several hundred good, pretty good, and not bad musicians playing on New York's streets now. Graseck says that he personally plays better on the street than in a concert hall. He is less self-conscious and has fewer anticipatory thoughts. Nevertheless, he has already settled on the program for his Carnegie Hall début, in which he will be accompanied by an orchestra made up of Juilliard kids—the Mozart Violin Concerto No. 4 in D, the Khatchaturian Violin Concerto, the Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, and "Nigun," by Ernest Bloch. Graseck has been arrested for fiddling on the street only once—in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. There is no law against playing music on the street, but there are, of course, municipal ordinances against creating a public nuisance, loitering with intent, etc., etc. Graseck was taken downtown in handcuffs, but the judge dismissed the case.

Damsel with a Dulcimer

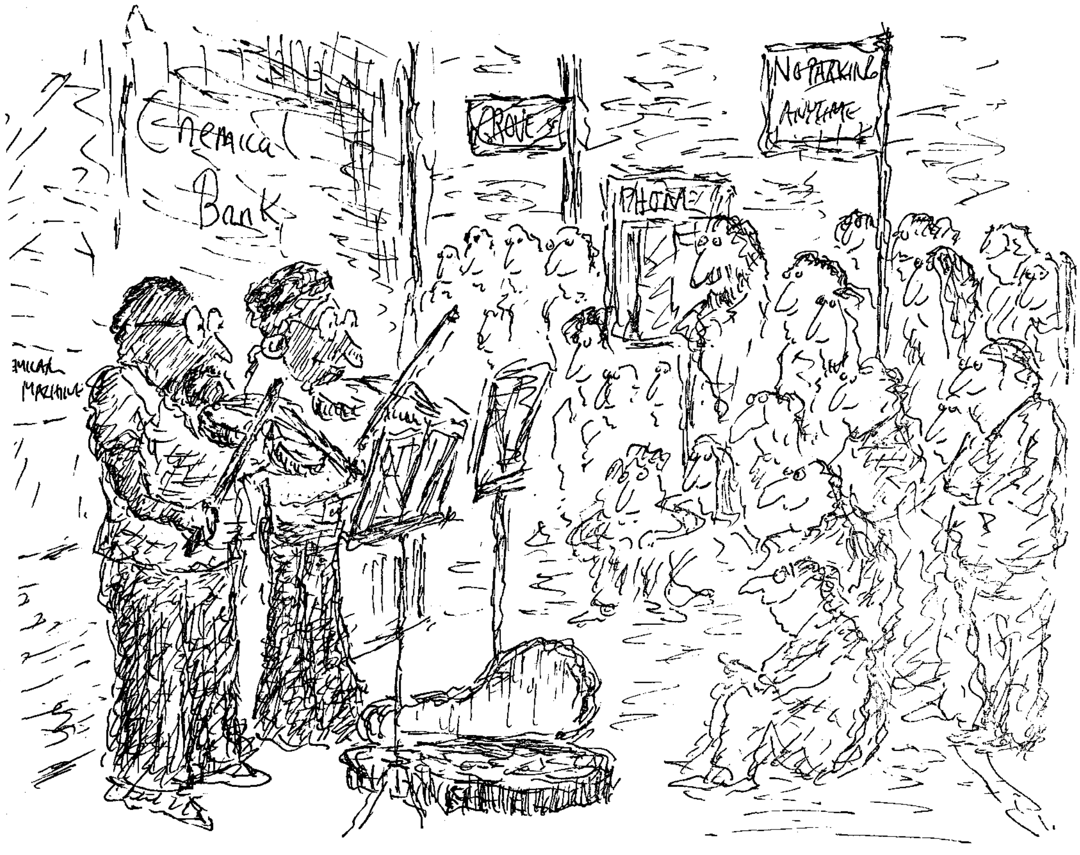
THE quietest crowds in the Village are the ones that gather on the corner of West Fourth and Jones the nights that Dorothy Carter, forty, sings and plays the dulcimer. An interesting location—West Fourth is busy; Jones, which comes to an end at this corner, is dark and quiet. Just off the corner, there's a big green mail-

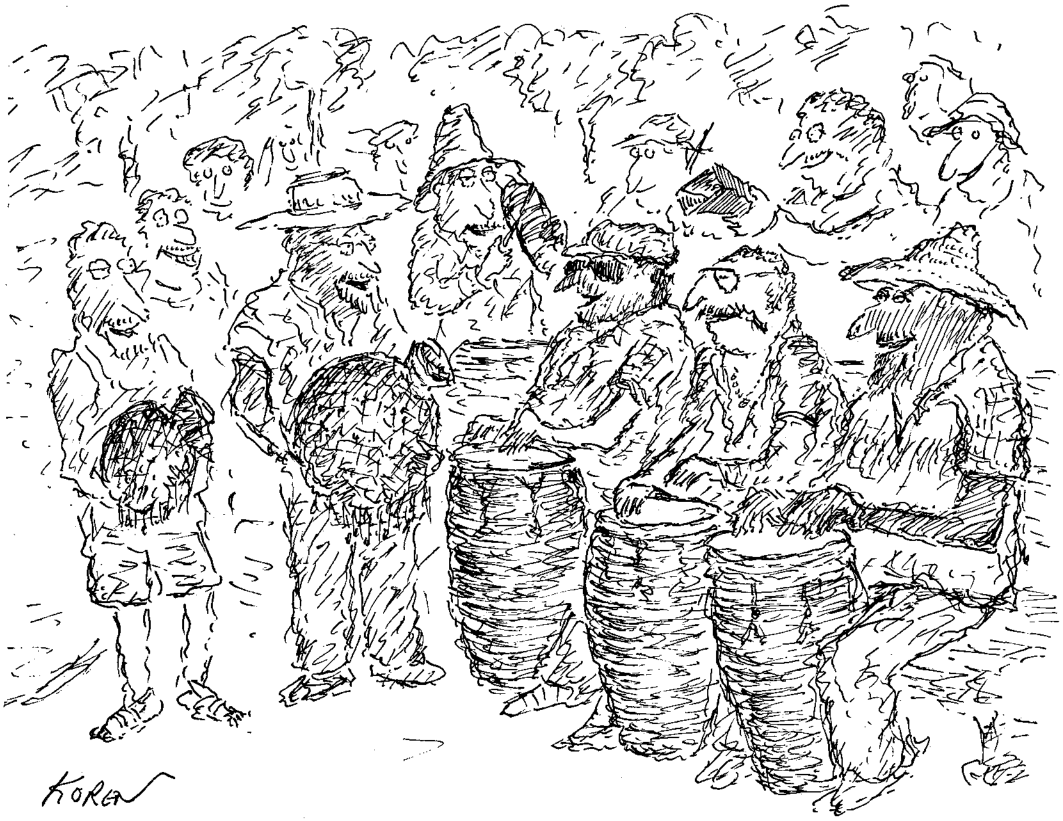


deposit box. It's in the shelter of this mailbox that Dorothy sets up shop, kneeling behind her dulcimer, striking it with little wooden spoons. If you stand no farther away than the other side of the street, you won't know what is going on. The sound of the dulcimer doesn't carry that far. Even up close, you have to listen hard. Intricate rhythms, modal melodies, busy, dark, and quiet. The dulcimer is an ancient instrument that has emerged in different places—India, China, Persia, Appalachia. Dorothy's dulcimer is Chinese—a *yang chin*. It's a flat, hollow box about three feet long, a foot wide, and three inches high. It has ten sets of strings, and the bass notes are on the right. She plays it her own way, because she has been teaching herself how to play. As a girl, Dorothy trained for the career of a concert pianist at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, but she never assumed that career. She went to Bard, she took a bicycle tour through France, she came to New York and became a beatnik, she travelled some more and had adventures, she taught herself to play new instruments. She mastered the Irish harp, and can also play the psaltery (much too soft to be heard on the street). She started work on the dulcimer two years ago in Athens, Maine, and played on a street for the first time that summer in Bangor. The songs she sings are old English, Scottish, and Appalachian—"Who Is This King of Glory?," "The Squirrel Is a Funny Thing." She has a place upstate near Dorothy Day's Catholic Worker farm, but when she moves around she lives in a green International truck. She travels with her two kids—Justin, twelve, and Celeste, eight, both redheads. She has recorded one track, "The Song of the Hemp," on a record of Woodstock artists. When she plays on the street, she attaches the dulcimer to a tiny amplifier called a Pignose. Here in town she hangs out with Silverbells, a man who has a van with a piano in it. On weekends, she plays in front of the Museum of Modern Art or the Met.

FAT, STUBBY FINGERS

MAXINE ROACH, twenty-five, and Charles Dalton, twenty-seven, violists, are new to the street-music scene. They turned up in Sheridan





Square some weeks ago playing viola arrangements of duets by Ignaz Pleyel (1757-1831), manufacturer of the famous Pleyel piano, and Haydn's dearest and most efficient pupil; Alessandro Rolla (1757-1841), violinist, violist, and teacher of Paganini; and Jean Marie Leclair (1697-1764), one of six brothers, the sons of a master lace-maker at Lyons, who became professional musicians. Leclair is considered one of the great classical masters of the violin. Roach and Dalton, who met three years ago as fellow-members of the Brooklyn Heights Chamber Orchestra and shared an interest in the viola d'amore, were both in search of viola employment. Dalton has now already played a gig in the string section at the Westbury Music Fair for Dionne Warwicke and Sonny Bono, because a friend of a contractor—a man who hires musicians for shows—heard him on the street. Roach, the daughter of the great jazz drummer Max Roach, who played with Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, and Dizzy Gillespie in the forties and now teaches at the University of Massachusetts, was really scared at first about playing on the street. She didn't know what was going to happen. But the first night she and Dalton made fifty-five dollars, and people kept coming up and asking about the music, and what kind of instrument she plays. (It's an eighty-year-old Italian viola with a label inside that says "Zenatto," the name of a good seventeenth-century viola-maker.) Now she can't wait to go back out. "It makes you feel good," she says. Her father laughed when she told him what she was up to. There are about seven black violists working in the metropolitan area. Maxine Roach is an Oberlin grad who has studied with William Primrose. When she was thirteen, she wanted to play the violin, but the teacher of the string class at Lefferts Junior High School, in Brooklyn, told her she was a big girl and would be better suited to the viola. She and Dalton, who play well together, evoking rich sounds from their melodious instruments, hit the Village two or three nights a week when it's balmy, although Dalton has plans to try the East Side, near the Mannes College of Music, as a step toward the West Side and performances before intermission-ing theatregoers. Contractors sometimes walk the Great White Way during show time, checking up on the Broadway shows they have rounded up bands for. Dalton studies with Paul Doktor, the first and only violist ever to win the Geneva competition, who teaches at Juilliard, and when he was growing up, in Philly, Dalton was a student of Leonard Mogill, the granddaddy of Philadelphia Orchestra violists, who's been in that orchestra for forty years and has taught four of its twelve violists. Dalton, at twelve, started on the violin, but he switched to the viola when he was assured that his fat, stubby fingers were perfect for that instrument. Dalton does not regret the choice—how else could he ever have learned to hear the inner voices of an orchestra and grow away from the solipsism of the soaring violin?

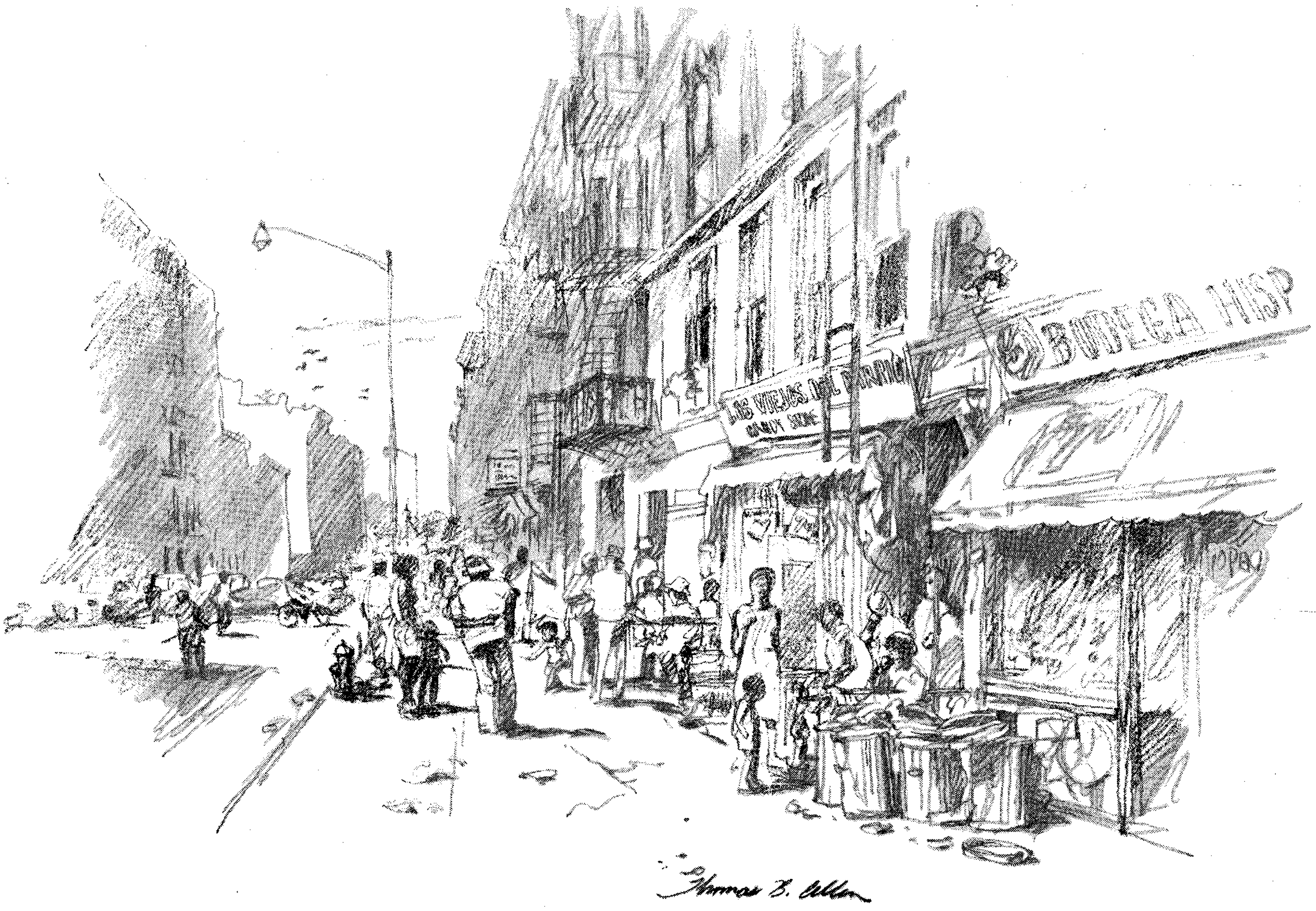
Drums

EVERY Sunday when the weather's fine, Morton Sanders, forty-five, an interior designer, plays the conga drums in Central Park by the shore of the boat pond with a group of people who know each other only by their nicknames. There are three drums in the group—bottom, middle, and top—and only the top drum is free to improvise. The other instruments are a cowbell; a guiro, which is sort of a grooved gourd; and two *shekeres*—large West African calabashes strung with beads. The musicians take turns on the different instruments. We talked with Sanders on the phone in Florida the other day, where he was vacationing. "The rhythms we play are a mixture of religious rhythms from Cuba—a syncretism of the religion of Yoruba slaves brought to Cuba from Nigeria and Catholicism—and popular Cuban rhythms; calypso; merengue, from Santo Domingo; Haitian rhythms; samba and *batucada*, from Brazil. The group I play with consists of some Latin kids who are not afraid to break out of pure *salsa* [modern Spanish disco dancing], American-born blacks more interested in the liturgical aspects of music, and a Haitian, who doesn't show up too often. Back when I was twenty-five, I went to Cuba, and I got interested in this music up in the rural areas in pre-Castro Cuba, and I got interested because I wasn't interested in whores and gambling. I joined the group in the Park five years ago, and it wasn't easy, as a white man, to be accepted at first—it was like someone in horn-rims walking into a gym and saying he wanted to go a couple of rounds. Then, when I was accepted, I was terrified for a while that someone from the office—I was doing some work then for J. Walter Thompson—would walk through the Park and recognize me. We start at twelve or one, and can go until ten or so if we feel like it. The music really moves your feet. My son Mark is now one of the few white drummers with a Latin band; he's down in New Orleans, and he picked up all that stuff by hanging around since he was seventeen in that damn Park."

—TONY HISS
and EDWARD KOREN

PROFILES

A WELFARE MOTHER



CARMEN SANTANA is a welfare mother. She lives in a four-room apartment in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn with the four children she had by a man named Vicente Santana, whom she lived with from 1959, when she first came to New York City from Puerto Rico, until 1969. A present member of the household is Francisco Delgado, whom she took up with some months before she and Mr. Santana parted. Mr. Delgado is a quiet, good-looking, slender man of thirty-seven who wears a mustache. Mrs. Santana is a jolly, outgoing, notably stout woman of forty-three, and she approaches life with gusto. When she sees the villain in her favorite Spanish television soap opera behaving in a dastardly fashion, she jumps to her feet and moves close to the TV set, shaking her fist at him and cursing him roundly for a pimp and a thief. (Though she speaks adequate English, she speaks Spanish to her family and friends and curses in Spanish.) With equal gusto, when her children happen to displease her she gives them a good cuffing, and when—perhaps five minutes later—they happen to please her she gathers them in against her immense bosom and gives them a good hug. Mr. Delgado observes with admiration the changeable weather of Mrs. Santana's warm heart. He and she evidently enjoy each other's company; when they are seated on a sofa or on adjacent chairs, his arm finds its way around her broad back, and their conversation is merry and salacious.

Mrs. Santana's days are a round of small domestic melodramas, and she would not have it otherwise. She has no interest in national or international events; over the years, Vietnam, the Arab-Israeli wars, and the energy crisis have assuredly had an indirect effect on her, but she remains largely unaware of them. To an outsider, her world might seem very narrow; to her, it is ample. She faces every day with equanimity, hoping that something pleasant will befall her in the course of it, shrugging off her disappointment when it does not. What will be will be, whether good or bad. When she can afford to buy pork chops for dinner she buys pork chops, and when she cannot afford them she buys rice and beans. She makes little real effort to dominate circumstances; though she likes to draw up plans and gives every appearance of intending to carry them out, they are soon forgotten. She is at ease with time, which is to say that she pays as little attention to it as possible. She is every bit as vague about days as her children are; nobody in the family troubles to remember the year in which he was born, and when someone says "next week" he may well mean "next month." Whenever Mrs. Santana has to wait in line for something, she is contentedly resigned; it would never occur to her to turn the time to her advantage by reading or sewing.

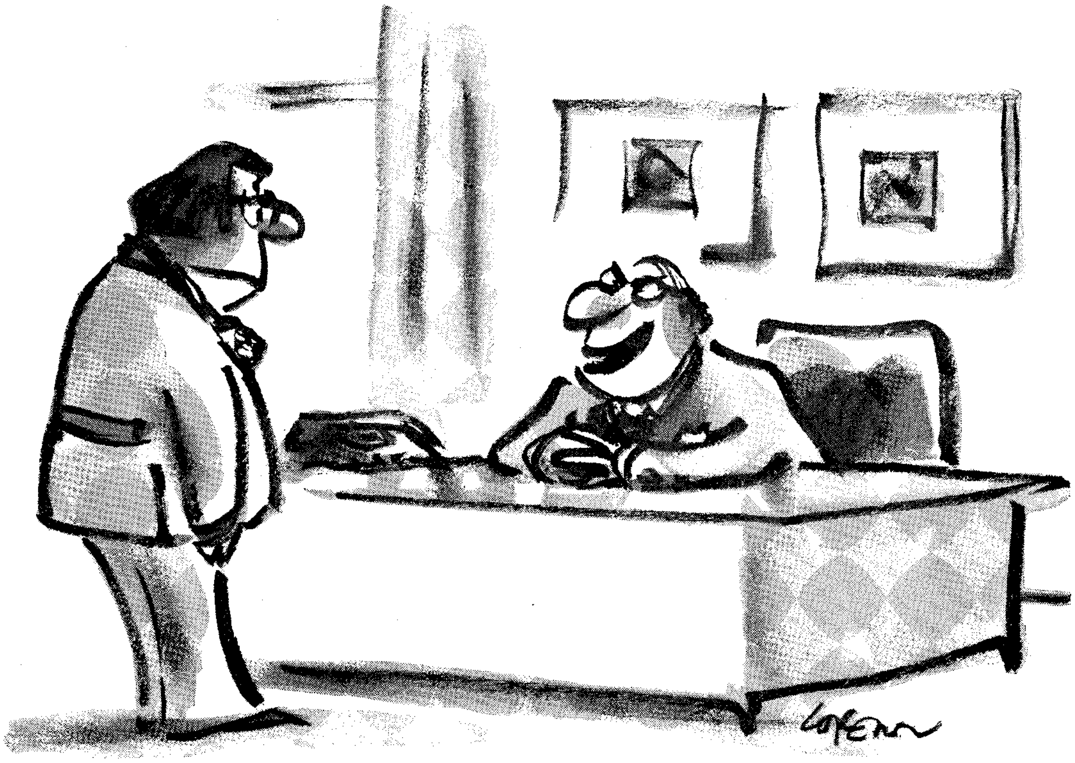
Mrs. Santana loves to dance; otherwise, she avoids all physical exercise. She sits even while she is cooking, and she would rather leave the TV on when she isn't watching it than bother to get up and turn it off. Her obesity appears to cause her no distress—she likes the way she looks and so does Mr. Delgado. ("It's as easy to make love to a fat woman as a skinny one.") She makes no effort to conceal her thick neck, her big breasts, her big belly, and her enormous thighs; on the contrary, she favors tight-fitting, scoop-necked body shirts with Bermuda shorts or slacks. Because of her weight, she is unable to take off her fashionable platform shoes unaided. Dancing, she quickly loses breath, but she goes on dancing. She is generous and lazy. Nothing lasts long in her apartment; it passes from being brand-new to being either broken or lost or stolen or given away.

The apartment, which Mrs. Santana and Mr. Delgado moved into four years ago, is on the second floor of a four-story walkup building that has seen better days. It consists of a small living room, two small bedrooms, a small bathroom (which has a tub and a toilet but no washbasin), and a good-sized kitchen. The bedroom that Mrs. Santana and Delgado share contains a double bed; a dresser cluttered with a multitude of lipsticks, perfumes, hair sprays, and other cosmetics; a black-and-white television set; a small table covered with china figures; and a telephone—the first telephone Mrs. Santana has ever had. The room has no closet, and Mrs. Santana's clothes hang on pegs driven into the bright-pink walls. Until a few weeks ago, all of Delgado's clothes hung on the pegs, too. On a recent Saturday afternoon, he gathered up his clothes and went off to his sister's place, in Manhattan. He stayed away from the apartment that Saturday night for no apparent reason: he had not been drinking that day, and there had been no quarrel on Friday. He returned on Sunday evening with no explanation and with only a few of his clothes, and has yet to bring the rest of his wardrobe back.

The second bedroom is furnished with nothing but a bunk bed and an infant's stroller. It is occupied by Vicente Santana, thirteen years old; Emilio Santana, twelve; Gabriel Santana, eleven; and María Santana, ten. The two older children sleep in the top bunk, the two younger ones in the lower. The children's clothes are piled up on the stroller. They have decorated their vivid-yellow walls with graffiti, many of which are obscene, a few not. The living room is furnished with a green-and-gold couch, a green-and-gold armchair, an aqua-and-gold armchair, a coffee table, a lamp, a radio-phonograph, and a black-and-white television set. Although the couch and the armchairs are protected by plastic covers, and although Mrs. Santana bought the three pieces only a year and a half ago, they are in a sorry state. Vicente, Emilio, Gabriel, and María are hard on the furniture, and so are Mrs. Santana's grandchildren, who visit her often; they are the young sons and daughters of five children she had by two men in Puerto Rico before she came to New York. The kitchen contains a gas stove, an electric refrigerator, a sink, an automatic washing machine, a cupboard, and a small Formica dinette table and four chairs. Its floor is covered with peeling linoleum, as are all the other floors in the apartment. Each room has a bare bulb on the ceiling, and a window. The windows face an empty apartment building (a bad fire gutted it several years ago) and a courtyard that is strewn with refuse. Mrs. Santana and her children contribute to the refuse by throwing their trash and garbage out their windows. The apartment is not much different from ten other apartments Mrs. Santana has lived in, on the lower East Side of Manhattan and in Brooklyn, over the past sixteen years. Some were smaller—her first apartment, with Santana, had only two rooms—and some were larger; once, when six of her nine children were living with her, she had a six-room apartment. All the apartments have had peeling paint, falling plaster, rats, cockroaches, and unreliable heating and hot water. They have all been in aging walkup buildings marred by landlord violations and tenant abuses.

"No apartment I've had in New York has been as nice as the one I moved into in Puerto Rico when I was fourteen and just married," Mrs. Santana says. "I lived in a project then. The floors were so new they didn't have to be covered with anything. I had two easy chairs, two rocking chairs, lamps, a sofa, a table, and a radio in my living room, and a pretty bedroom set. I had everything good."

Mrs. Santana (no actual names have been used in this article) was born Carmen Casilda Ramírez, in Cayey, a small town in south-central Puerto Rico, on September 2, 1932. Her mother, Esperanza Ramírez, who lived in Cayey and worked as a maid, had gone to the nearby town of Cidra late in 1931 to visit some aunts. In Cidra, she met a bookkeeper named Julio Vásquez, became pregnant with his child, and returned to Cayey before she knew of her condition. Carmen was the second of three children Esperanza Ramírez was to have, by three different men, none of whom she married; she had a daughter four and a half years before Carmen was born and a son three and a half years after. Mrs. Santana doesn't know why her grandparents never forced her mother to marry any of the fathers of her children. Esperanza Ramírez died at the age of twenty-eight, while having an abortion; Carmen was five at the time, and she scarcely remembers her mother. Carmen's father wasn't told of her



"Jenkins, how would you like a chance to quit at the top of your game?"

birth, and she was called Carmen Ramírez. When she was eleven, her father dreamed that Esperanza Ramírez was dead, went to Cayey, learned of his daughter's existence, and gave her his surname; thereafter she was Carmen Vásquez.

Carmen was born in the home of her maternal grandparents and was brought up by them. Her grandmother, Olga Ramírez, was of Indian descent and worked in a tobacco factory. Her grandfather, Raul Ramírez, a blue-eyed white man whose ancestors came from Spain, drove an oxcart until a wagon wheel ran over one of his feet and forced him to lead a sedentary life. Mrs. Santana recollects that her grandparents, both now dead, were legally married and had seven or eight children. She doesn't know where her grandparents were born, and she doesn't know anything at all about their parents—not even their names. Who her great-grandparents were has never been of any interest to her. Mrs. Santana takes after her grandmother. She has Olga Ramírez's dark eyes, wide nose, mulatto complexion, curly black hair, thick lips, broad face, and prominent cheekbones. When Mrs. Santana came to New York, sixteen years ago, she was a size 9. She gained a lot of weight during each of her last four pregnancies, and now weighs more than two hundred pounds and wears a size 20.

The house in which Carmen grew up, along with a few of her cousins, was a frame structure that lacked electricity, plumbing, and running water. One of her childhood chores was fetching water from the public pump. There was always enough to eat, but the family was poor, and Carmen went to school in rags, often without shoes. The only toy she was ever given was a five-cent balloon. Her grandparents were ardent Catholics; they saw to it that she made her First Communion, was confirmed, and attended Mass every Sunday. They were also very strict, rarely letting her out of the house. She was forbidden to see movies or to keep company with boys. Whenever she sneaked out of the house and was caught, she was beaten severely. "My childhood wasn't much fun," Mrs. Santana says, in a way that suggests that she hadn't expected it to be otherwise. Mrs. Santana worries a good deal about her four younger children; it is likely that they will soon start either using drugs or selling them, as two of their older brothers have already done. "In some ways, my children are having a better childhood than I had," she says. "They have nicer clothes, they have more things, and they have more liberty than I had, but Cayey was an easier place than New York for keeping out of trouble."

THE PERSPECTIVE AND LIMITS OF SNAPSHOTS

Aubrey Bodine's crosswater shot of Menchville,
Virginia: a little dream composing a little water—
specifically, the Deep Creek flank of the Warwick.
Two-man oyster scows lie shoulder to shoulder,
as if you walk them, one land to another,
no narrow channel hidden in the glossy middle
like a blurred stroke, current grinning at hulls.
It is an entirely eloquent peace, with lolling
ropes and liquid glitter, this vision of traffic
and no oystermen in sight. Clearly, Bodine is not
Matthew Brady catching the trenchant gropes frozen
at Fredericksburg with a small black box. So well
has he excluded the neat Mennonite church, yachts,
country-club pool, the spare smell of dignity seeps.
Perhaps it is because of the zoom on the teeth
of the oyster tongs; perhaps it is after all Sunday.

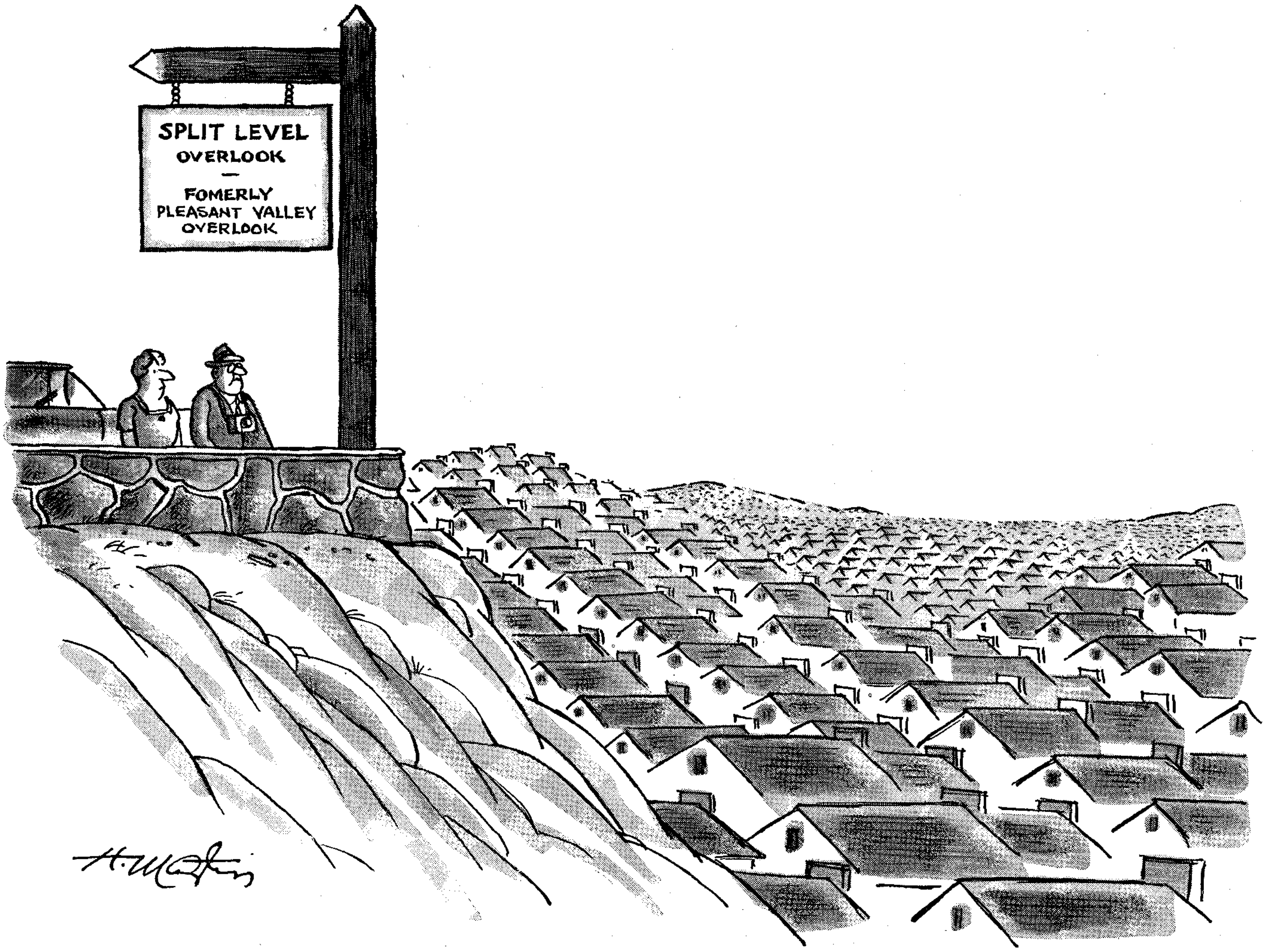
Above the last boat, the flat-faced store squats
at the end of the dirt road as if musing over
accounts receivable. No doubt it has weathered
years of bloodspilling. A spotted hound lifts
his nose above what must be yesterday's trash fish,
his white coat luminous against deep foliage. What
Bodine fails to see is the dog turning to lope
uphill under that screen of poplars, behind fat
azaleas that hide the county farm and the drunks
pressed against wire screens, sniffing the James.
One oysterman thumped his noisy wife (the window
was accidental) because she had a knife and mourned
their boy twenty years drowned. If he knew Bodine
stood at the marsh tip where his boy dove, if he
were but told a camera yawned to suck in the years
of his worst sailing shame, he would turn away. He
would whistle up boys in the dust that is dignity
and, if he could, he would spit in his hand and tell
his nameless black cellmate there are many men
for whom the world is neither oyster nor pearl.

—DAVE SMITH

• •

There was a garage between Carmen's home and her school. When she was fourteen and in the ninth grade, she became friendly with a mechanic who worked there, a twenty-four-year-old veteran of the Second World War named Rafael Rodríguez. He was going out with another girl when they met, but she stopped in to visit him at the garage often, and they fell in love. One Saturday, when she was out selling chances on a ring someone was raffling, she and Rafael Rodríguez eloped to his mother's house. He took her to bed. It was the first time she had made love to a man. "I didn't even know what he wanted me for," Mrs. Santana says, entertained some twenty-nine years later by the thought of her remembered innocence. "In my grandparents' house, there was no sex, only religion." The day after the elopement, Carmen's grandmother came, in tears, to get her at Rafael's mother's house, took her home, sent for her father (who was then living in Mayagüez), and locked her up for the three days it took him to get to Cayey. A daughter who was not a virgin was no longer readily marriageable. Her father quickly determined that Rafael Rodríguez was willing to marry her—if he had refused, he could have gone to jail for corrupting a minor—and signed the papers giving his consent to the marriage of a minor. The couple were married on October 20, 1946, in a civil ceremony, which had the advan-

Anne Burgess



• •

tage of taking less time to arrange than a religious ceremony; they were attended only by the bride's father and two witnesses. The bride wore a new flowered dress. There were no festivities. "We celebrated in bed," Mrs. Santana says. After her marriage, she stopped going to school, and she also stopped going to church regularly. She had once thought she would finish high school and become a nurse or a seamstress, but today she hardly remembers the plans she had when she was young. "I forgot school when I met Rafael Rodríguez," she says, without a trace of regret.

At the time of their marriage, Rodríguez was earning about ninety dollars a month as a mechanic. He was also getting a hundred and five dollars a month to study; as Mrs. Santana recalls it, this was some sort of veteran's benefit. She doesn't know where Rodríguez served during the war, or whether he did any fighting. She doesn't know what he was studying—only that he stopped studying after a while. At first, they lived with his widowed mother, who taught her how to cook. Shortly after their marriage, they moved into a new housing project for which veterans were eligible. The rent for the apartment, which Mrs. Santana recalls as the best place she has ever lived in, was only fourteen dollars a month. Her life with Rodríguez was pleasant. She cooked, cleaned, listened to soap operas on the radio, played dominoes with friends, and spent a lot of time hanging around the garage where her husband worked. In 1947, she gave birth—in the apartment—to a boy, who died of a urethral infection when he was three days old. On August 10, 1948, a few weeks before her sixteenth birthday, she bore—also in the apartment—a healthy thirteen-pound daughter, whom she named Casilda. Shortly after Casilda's birth, Rodríguez decided to go to the United States to work. His young wife was surprised at his decision and opposed it; their first two years had been good ones, and she believed he was earning enough money in Puerto Rico without having to go elsewhere to earn more. Rodríguez left for New York anyway. His wife heard, via the grapevine, that Rodríguez liked to fool around with women in New York, but he sent her money fairly regularly and returned periodically to Puerto Rico. On November 10, 1950, nine months after one of her husband's visits, Rafael Rodríguez, Jr., was born. Carmen Rodríguez had moved back to her grandmother's house after her husband left for the United States; later, she moved to an aunt's house. While one or another of her relatives watched the children, she did washing and ironing and housework to supplement the money Rodríguez sent, which lessened as time went by. On another of Rodríguez's visits, she became pregnant again. Rodríguez returned to New York in July of 1953, a month before his son Felipe Rodríguez was born, and didn't return to Puerto Rico again for many years. In New York, he had encountered the woman he had been seeing in Puerto Rico before his marriage, and he was living with her. "Rafael Rodríguez was a good man," Mrs. Santana says. "We didn't fight. He came here to America and found another woman and forgot me with three children in Puerto Rico. At first, I couldn't believe it. When we married, I thought the marriage would last forever."

During Rodríguez's absences from Puerto Rico, Carmen Rodríguez had started seeing seventeen-year-old Ángel Castillo. One of her daughter Casilda's earliest memories is of Castillo clambering out the window of

"Alex, do we have to grow old this gracefully?"

• •

their house. In early 1955, Carmen Rodríguez, then twenty-two, began living with Castillo, who was a field worker on his family's farm. Neither she nor Castillo earned much money, so her two older children lived with Rodríguez's mother. In 1955, Rodríguez, who had moved from New York to Detroit, sent for Casilda and Rafael, Jr., and they went to live with him. In 1957, he wanted to marry the woman he was living with, and he wrote and asked his wife for a divorce, to which she consented. Although Carmen Rodríguez never married Castillo, she refers to him as her second husband—"husband" is a term she uses for any man she is living with, whether in or out of wedlock—and they had two daughters: Hilda, in August of 1956, and Inocencia, in February of 1958. From the start, Ángel Castillo's mother took a dark view of her son's attachment. Carmen was older than her son and had already had children. She questioned Carmen's morals, and when Hilda was born, Castillo's mother went around saying Hilda was not his child. Shortly before Hilda's birth, Castillo got a thirteen-year-old girl pregnant. Castillo's mother forced her son to marry the girl, but he continued living with Carmen after his marriage. Not long after the birth of her daughter Inocencia, Carmen decided to leave Castillo, because she had had enough of his mother's nasty tongue. Castillo never earned much money, and he constantly played around with other women during their three years together, but Mrs. Santana always refers to him as her favorite husband. "He was a very handsome man, he was romantic, he really loved me," she says.

Carmen Rodríguez's younger brother, Jaime Ramírez, who had been raised by his paternal grandmother, had moved to New York in the mid-fifties. Early in 1959, he sent Carmen a one-way plane ticket from San Juan to New York. At the time, she was working six days a week to earn nine dollars as a cook in a restaurant in Cayey. She had heard that salaries in New York were higher. To hear some people tell it, she says, there was gold lying about on the streets of New York. She flew to New York in April of 1959 with fourteen-month-old Inocencia. She intended to send for Felipe Rodríguez, whom she had left with Rodríguez's mother, and for Hilda Castillo, who had stayed with Castillo's mother, as soon as she was properly settled. Felipe did join her in 1960, but Castillo refused to send Hilda to New York. At nineteen, Hilda still lives in Puerto Rico with her grandmother. She is the only one of Mrs. Santana's children who has never even visited the United States.

For several months after arriving in New York, Carmen and Inocencia stayed with Jaime Ramírez and his wife, Mercedes, in their apartment, on the lower East Side. Mercedes Ramírez took out on Carmen the resentment she felt toward her husband, who was having an affair with another woman. She refused to take care of the baby when Carmen wanted to go job hunting, and she begrudged her her food. While Jaime Ramírez was at his factory job or dallying with his latest girl friend, Mercedes Ramírez preferred having some fun for herself to babysitting or cooking. After several months, Carmen and her baby moved a few blocks away, to the apartment of one of her maternal aunts. In September of 1959, she found a job at a leather-goods factory on lower Broadway and a new "husband," Vicente Santana. He had come to New York in April from his home, in Caguas, was living with relatives in her aunt's building, and had also found work in a leather-goods factory. He was twenty-five—two years younger than Carmen—and had a wife and three children in his home town. He and Carmen started living

baccarat
the crystal of Kings

CERALENE CHINA
Limoges

christofle silver
Paris

From France, at fine stores everywhere . . . and at Baccarat, 55 E. 57 St., N.Y.C. 10022

The road to success is paved with rocks.
Let us smooth them for you.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

together, first in a two-room apartment, then in a three-room apartment on the lower East Side, which they furnished with a few shabby beds, chairs, and odds and ends they had found on the street. Looking back to the start of what was to prove a tempestuous ten-year liaison, Mrs. Santana admits that she cared for Santana at the outset. This strikes her as ridiculous now; no matter—her first feelings about him were irrelevant. "I needed a man then for money, not for love," she says. "I couldn't support myself and two children."

During their first year and a half together, Santana earned forty dollars a week operating leather-cutting machines, and Mrs. Santana earned forty-three dollars a week assembling handbags—a job she liked reasonably well. Santana's mother lived nearby, with one of her daughters, and charged Carmen ten dollars a week for babysitting for Felipe Rodríguez, Inocencia Castillo, and, eventually, for their first child, Vicente Santana. Her next three children arrived in rapid succession: Emilio fourteen months after Vicente, Gabriel fifteen months after Emilio, and María a year after Gabriel. When Mrs. Santana was pregnant with Emilio, her mother-in-law returned to Puerto Rico for a visit. Mrs. Santana couldn't find an inexpensive babysitter to replace her, and so had to quit her job; a few months later, Santana was laid off from his job for a week because it was a slow period at the leather-goods company. Mrs. Santana had heard about welfare from Santana's sister, and decided to apply for it.

A Department of Welfare employee took down the family's social history and economic situation. On a form called a Family Budget Worksheet the employee recorded the amounts of money the department calculated that two grownups and three children needed semi-monthly for food, utilities, and laundry; what they were paying for rent; and what Santana's work-related expenses were. The department then added up the figures (they came to a hundred and eight dollars and thirty cents), subtracted Santana's semi-monthly earnings (eighty-seven dollars and sixty-six cents), and thus determined that the family's income was insufficient to meet its needs. The Welfare Department opened only one case for the Santana household but sent two checks to cover the budget deficit of twenty dollars and forty-four cents. Santana and Vicente received a check for eight dollars and seventy-one cents under the department's Home Relief category. Mrs. Santana and her two children by other men received a check for eleven dollars and seventy-three cents in the Aid to Dependent Children category. It was the Department of Welfare that gave Mrs. Santana her official welfare surname. Although Puerto Rican women call the men they are living with their husbands even when they are living together without benefit of clergy, they don't use their surnames unless they marry them legally. Carmen Vásquez became Mrs. Rafael Rodríguez when she married, and kept that name until her divorce, when she became Carmen Vásquez once again. She has never remarried and has never called herself Mrs. Castillo, Mrs. Santana, or Mrs. Delgado, but to a Welfare Department employee in 1961 she was Vicente Santana's common-law wife, Mrs. Santana. Her welfare checks are still made out to Carmen Santana—a name none of her friends or relatives know her by.

The first semi-monthly family budget work sheet drawn up for the Santanas by the Welfare Department in 1961 looked like this:

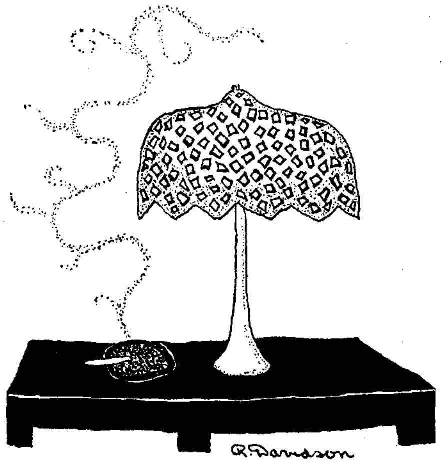
	Aid to Dependent Children	Home Relief
Individual allowance		
Mrs. Santana	16.75	
Felipe Rodríguez	13.35	
Inocencia Castillo	9.95	
Mr. Santana		17.75
Vicente Santana		9.95
Shelter [the monthly rental on their apartment was $40 and was split, 60-40, between A.D.C. and H.R., as were all other family expenses]	12.00	8.00
Utilities allowance	2.22	1.48
Laundry allowance [the family had no washing machine]	1.29	.86
Santana's work-related expenses—$9.25 for lunches, $3.25 for carfare, $2 for union dues		14.50
TOTAL	55.56	52.54
Santana's salary [every month except February has slightly more than four weeks; a $40-per-week salary is equal to $87.66 semi-monthly]	−43.83	−43.83
	11.73 A.D.C. deficit	8.71 H.R. deficit

Over the next few years, Santana's paychecks gradually increased—by 1966, he was making sixty-five dollars a week in the leather-goods factory—but so did the number of children in the Santana household, the rent the family had to pay as they moved from one apartment to another (sometimes to get more space, sometimes because the building they were in was condemned, and once because their apartment was destroyed by fire), and their other living costs. Since Santana was paid only for the days he actually worked, his income was smaller and the family's welfare payments were correspondingly larger when he stayed home—because of illness, or when the leather-goods factory closed for the Jewish holidays or for Christmas week or during a transit strike or during a slack period. Between 1961 and 1966, the semi-monthly checks slowly increased from an average of about twenty dollars every two weeks to an average of about forty dollars every two weeks; they were much larger after 1968, when Santana stopped working altogether. Hardly any two consecutive checks the Santanas received were alike, because the Department of Welfare attempted to take every new development in the family's situation into account. When Gabriel was hospitalized for dehydration for a couple of months, shortly after his birth, his semi-monthly food allowance of nine dollars and ninety-five cents and his fifty-nine-cent diaper-laundering allowance were deducted from the family's expenses for the duration of his hospital stay. When each of the children reached the approximate age of two, his or her laundry allowance was eliminated. When the Santanas occupied a particularly dark apartment, or one in which the heating system didn't function and they had to turn up the gas stove and move their mattresses to the kitchen to keep warm, they received an extra allowance for electricity or gas.

In addition to the semi-monthly checks, the Santanas received periodic special grants, mostly for furniture and clothing, until 1968, when such grants were virtually stopped. A few weeks before Emilio was due, Mrs. Santana asked the Welfare Department to provide a homemaker to care for Felipe, Inocencia, and Vicente during the time she would be hospitalized. Before the department could assign one of its homemakers, an inventory of the apartment's contents had to be taken by the Santanas' caseworker and a Department of Welfare home economist. In their judgment, the Santanas' found-on-the-street furniture was inadequate, and they gave the family a grant of two hundred and thirty-seven dollars for furniture to bring their three-room apartment "up to standard." The Santanas received other furniture grants when they moved to larger apartments, when all their possessions were destroyed by fire, and on numerous occasions when their caseworkers decided they were entitled to items that they lacked or that had worn out—a crib and a chest of drawers for a new baby, Mrs. Santana's first wringer washer ("She is an overburdened mother"), mattresses to replace those that had become soiled as a result of having been placed near kitchen stoves in unheated apartments. Over the years, the Santanas received quite a few beds, sofas, chairs, square yards of linoleum, window shades, curtains, towels, sheets, bedspreads, china place settings, pots and pans, mops and brooms, and an inordinate number of garbage pails and dishpans. The caseworkers rarely asked what had become of last year's garbage pail and dishpan, nor did they inquire how, on a welfare budget, the Santanas had acquired two television sets and a radio-phonograph. Clothing grants were usually given to the Santanas whenever their caseworker was told that the children couldn't attend school for lack of clothing or whenever Mrs. Santana presented the caseworker with a list of the new winter coats, spring coats, rain gear, shoes, overalls, sweaters, and the like that the various members of the family required. In addition to these furniture and clothing grants, the Department of Welfare periodically replaced cash or welfare checks that the Santanas reported had been lost or stolen: a check that was in a pocketbook Mrs. Santana left in the ladies' room at Bellevue Hospital's Prenatal Clinic in 1962; ninety dollars contained in a wallet that Santana dropped in a park in 1963 while he was playing baseball; some cash that was in a purse that was snatched from Mrs. Santana after leaving a bank on the lower East Side in 1969. The money taken from Mrs. Santana on that occasion was thirty-five dollars, but she claimed that the entire proceeds of her check—a hundred and seventy dollars—had been stolen, because a friend had told her the department wouldn't replace small amounts. Mrs. Santana is a truthful woman except when truthfulness conflicts with her economic interests.

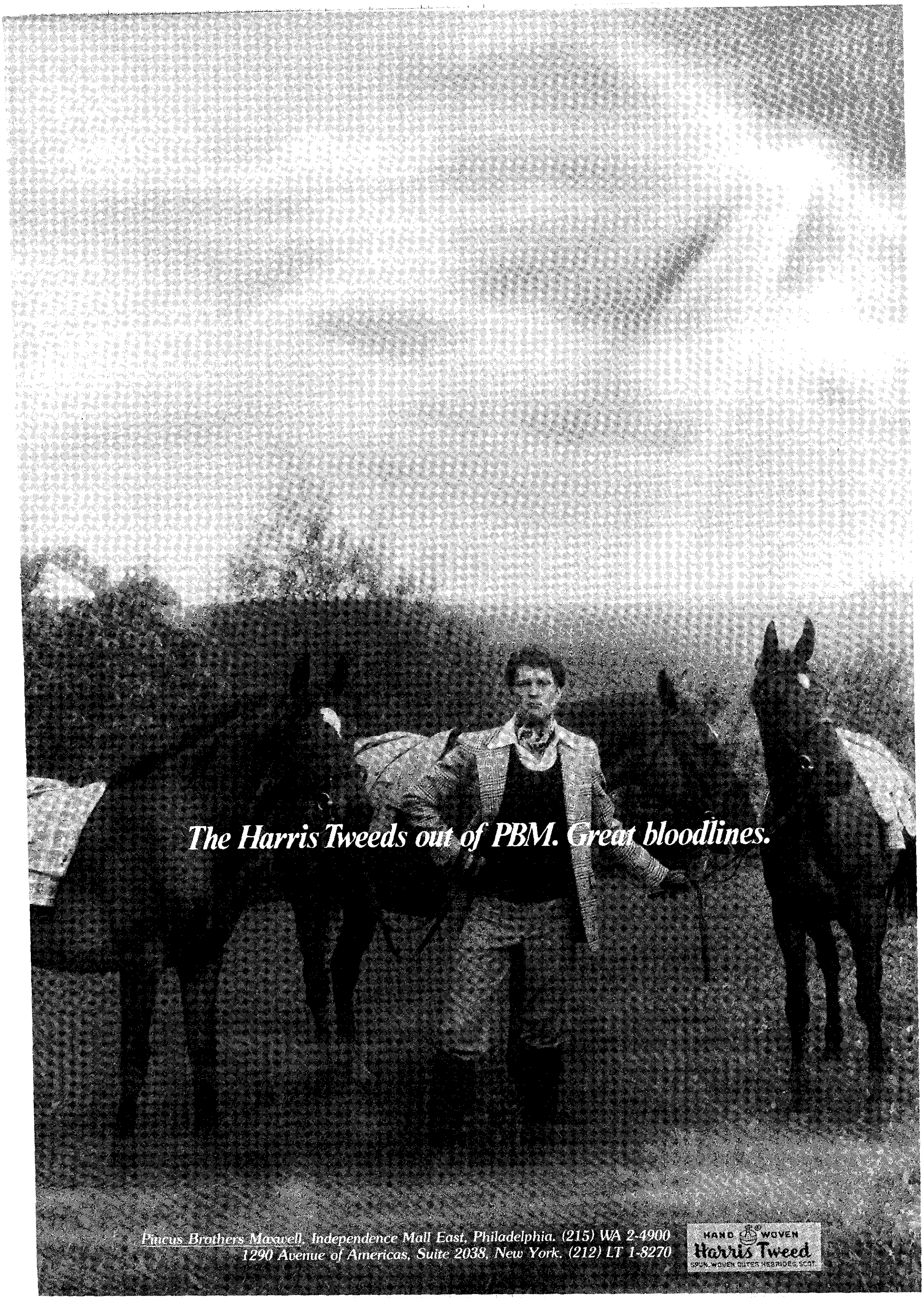
Mrs. Santana's case file from 1961 to the present consists of over seven hundred separate items. It includes letters from the Department of Welfare to Ángel Castillo (whose address, in Puerto Rico, Mrs. Santana had supplied) asking him to support Inocencia, and his reply: he said he couldn't afford to support Inocencia, because he was supporting his daughter Hilda and several younger children. It also includes letters to Rafael Rodríguez's mother, in Puerto Rico, asking for her son's address, so he could be asked to support Felipe. Mrs. Santana had said that she didn't know his whereabouts, and Mrs. Rodríguez claimed that she didn't know, either. There are statements signed by Santana acknowledging paternity of Vicente, Emilio, Gabriel, and María; reports on the children's schoolwork; the estimates from three different stores for wringer washers that Mrs. Santana was required to obtain before she was allowed to buy one; and numerous overdue-account notices and notices of disconnection of service from Con Edison. The Santanas often failed to pay their utility bills, and in 1963 the Department of Welfare "restricted" their utilities; that is, it paid the Santanas' Con Edison bills by making out two-party checks and took their utilities allowance off their budget. At the same time, the Welfare Department removed the rent allowance from their budget, too, and issued them two-party rent checks, which had to be endorsed by Santana and the landlord before they could be cashed.

In 1961, when the Santanas went on welfare, a caseworker from their local welfare center was assigned to them; this was the first of many caseworkers they had over the next ten years. It was her caseworker whom Mrs. Santana went to see whenever she needed something: a special grant, help in replacing a welfare check that had got lost in the mail, help with the paperwork involved in moving from one apartment to another. Part of the caseworker's job was to visit each client—in the sixties, the caseworker had anywhere from sixty to a hundred clients—at home at least four times a year. On these four statutory visits, the caseworker was supposed to review the clients' continued eligibility for welfare and to see how well they were managing. Every three months, the caseworker asked to look at Santana's paycheck stubs and the receipts showing that the Santanas' rent and utility bills had been paid; he also asked whether the family had any financial resources besides Santana's paychecks and their welfare checks. One caseworker after another took Mrs. Santana's word that these were her only resources ("Family advised no concealed resources," they duly recorded), although this was one matter on which Mrs. Santana's word was not always to be relied on. After Santana's mother returned from her visit to Puerto Rico, in December of 1961, and resumed babysitting for her, Mrs. Santana worked on and off in factories, without the Welfare Department's knowledge, until 1963. In the late sixties, she spent a good deal of her time on the street selling numbers, occasionally earning as much as a hundred dollars a day. She was arrested and taken to jail three times and was once fined fifty dollars, but the Department of Welfare never learned of her profitable illegal activities or of her arrest record.



The caseworkers were supposed to take notes on all their clients' visits to the welfare office and on all their own visits to the clients' homes—notes that were later typed up and inserted in the file. Between 1961 and 1971 (when caseworkers were no longer assigned to specific families, and regular home visits were stopped), a series of sixteen young men and women with Jewish, Italian, Irish, or Anglo-Saxon surnames called on the Santanas over periods ranging from a month to two years. Sometimes the Santanas got a new caseworker when they moved and their case was transferred to another local welfare center, but more often their caseworker left the Department of Welfare for another job. By far the most interesting pages in the Santanas' voluminous file are the caseworkers' notes, perhaps as much because of what they show about the Department of Welfare as because of what they show about the Santanas.

The notes indicate that the caseworkers were all fond of Mrs. Santana and of her children: the adjectives most frequently used to describe them are "warm" and "friendly." It is equally clear that the caseworkers were distressed by the family's living conditions and modus vivendi. Whereas some of the caseworkers simply described Mrs. Santana's dismal surroundings—the broken front doors and mailboxes, the overloaded electric sockets, the lopsided stoves with no oven doors, the rodents crawling in and out of holes, the dimly lit and grubby hallways, the cracked bathroom ceilings, the cockroaches and other insects, the


The Harris Tweeds out of PBM. Great bloodlines.
Pincus Brothers Maxwell, Independence Mall East, Philadelphia. (215) WA 2-4900
1290 Avenue of Americas, Suite 2038, New York. (212) LT 1-8270
HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
SPUN, WOVEN OUTER HEBRIDES, SCOT.

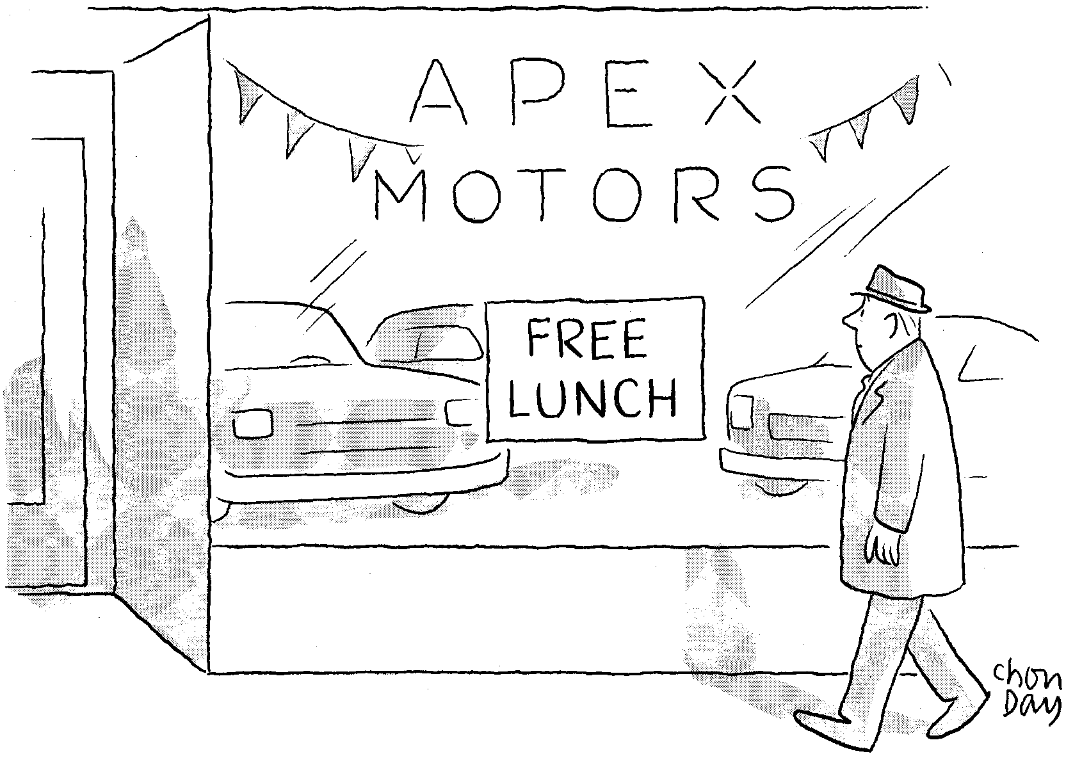
odors in the air, the shaky stairways that lacked bannisters—some of them also noted that "our client does not keep a clean house" and that "the Santana children are rather destructive and there has been much damage done to the walls and floors," and offered Mrs. Santana some housekeeping hints. "We also pointed out to Mrs. Santana her need to clean the stove and advised her how she could clean the burners," wrote one caseworker with a penchant for referring to himself in the first person plural. "The refrigerator, although in use at the present time, had not been washed, and we suggested to the family that they wash the refrigerator using baking soda or some other solvent cleaner."

If anything distressed the caseworkers more than Mrs. Santana's "very sloppy" housekeeping, it was her failure to get her children to school regularly. In this area, too, the baking-soda proponents gave Mrs. Santana the benefit of their advice. Here are four entries made by three caseworkers over one nine-month period:

> Worker visited Mrs. Santana's home and found the children home alone ... with exception of the baby [Gabriel]. Mrs. Santana's son Felipe was preparing to scrub the floor. Felipe who is nine years of age and very small for his age had this big pail of water and had put in some soap detergent. We question him as to ... what he was planning to do and he stated he was going to scrub the floor. We wondered why and he stated he always scrubbed the floor. The children were all playing in the water, even to the baby [Emilio]. We advised Felipe that we wanted him to discard the water as we felt that he was too young to have water without his mother's presence in the home.
>
> We questioned Felipe as to where his mother went and he told us that she went to the hospital. He stated that he stayed out of school to keep the children.
>
> Worker visited Mrs. Díaz in apartment #5. We questioned Mrs. Díaz as to whether Mrs. Santana had inquired as to whether she would take care of the children and she told us that she had not. We inquired of Mrs. Díaz whether she would take care of the children until Mrs. Santana returned to the home. Mrs. Díaz stated she would.
>
> [The same caseworker]: Mrs. Santana in the Welfare Center. She stated that she had to go to the hospital with the baby and she had no one to keep the children. We advised Mrs. Santana that we did not want the children left in the home alone as it was quite dangerous due to fires. She told us that she had done that quite often and she felt that there was no danger involved. We pointed out to Mrs. Santana very serious difficulties, and she stated that she would never leave the children home alone again. She told us that whenever she asked neighbors to keep the children they usually wanted pay. We wondered as to whether she ever did any favors for her neighbors and she stated she did. We suggested that they try and combine their little favors in order to protect the children.
>
> [A new caseworker's first visit]: At the time of this visit, the apartment was very dirty and untidy. There were dirty dishes all over the kitchen and wet diapers and puddles of water on the floors. The beds were unmade. The worker discussed with Mrs. Santana the importance of keeping the apartment clean, particularly in a building which was known to have rats periodically. Mrs. Santana stated that she would try to keep the apartment in better condition in the future....
>
> Client requested clothing for the entire family. At the time of our visit Emilio and Vicente were wearing no clothing, Gabriel was wearing a diaper, Inocencia was wearing a very torn dress and Felipe was wearing very dirty pants with large holes in them and a woolen shirt. Mrs. Santana explained that Felipe had stayed home from school as he didn't have clothing and that the children did not have better clothes to wear. Worker explained to her the importance of school attendance and she agreed to try to see that Felipe went to school every day.
>
> [Another caseworker's first visit]: Felipe is in the fourth grade at PS 61. However, he had not been going to school because Mr. and Mrs. Santana said "he did not have shoes." They meant, though, that he did not have shoelaces. Worker suggested that they buy Felipe shoelaces immediately, and that this was no reason to stay out of school. Worker emphasized the importance of constant attendance in school. Inocencia, the five-year-old girl, has not started kindergarten yet because the school must receive her birth certificate from Puerto Rico. She should be going to kindergarten.

Mrs. Santana's stove is as grimy today as it was a decade ago, and her refrigerator does not look as if it had ever been subjected to a solvent cleaner. As for Felipe Rodríguez, in 1968, when he was fifteen and in the seventh grade, he dropped out of school, and soon became addicted to heroin. Inocencia Castillo dropped out of the seventh grade in October of 1971, when she was thirteen and was three months pregnant with her first child. Vicente Santana is now in the seventh grade—he has failed a year—and may well drop out of school before the year is over.

WHEN caseworkers came to visit the Santanas during their first four years on welfare, Santana was almost always at work; he held the same job with the same leather-goods company from 1959 to 1966. If he happened to be at home during the caseworkers' visits in those early years, they found him "pleasant" but "not very communicative." Whereas Mrs. Santana was willing to talk about her past, Santana was closemouthed about his. He "was unable to give us any information regarding his social history," one caseworker recorded. Another learned only that he had a tenth-grade education. He told a caseworker he was "satisfied" with his job at the factory, believed he was "working at capacity," and "would not be interested in rehabilitation of any kind." Mrs. Santana usually said that the family was "managing fairly well," but from a few



A day, like anything else, starts best with orientation. And after all that's happened around the world while we've slept, it puts things in focus to wake up to the "CBS Morning News with Hughes Rudd and Bruce Morton." It's the first and only hour-long news broadcast on network television.

Rudd and Morton have the overnight newsbreaks—new peace talks in the Middle East, silencing the opposition in India, the decision to destroy Ruffian. Along with hard news, the "CBS Morning News" is an eye-opening flow of interviews, comment, economic highlights—and special-subject reports which it has raised to a journalistic art-form. Through its coverage of world capitals, the concerned citizen has an intelligence service of his own, probing through the maze of government.

Hughes Rudd brings to the morning news the insights of a distinguished career—as correspondent and bureau chief in news centers from Chicago to Moscow, from Cairo to Saigon. He's a straightforward newsman and tongue-in-cheek wit—no autocrat of the breakfast table. Bruce Morton, co-anchorman and top professional in the journalism of government, reports from Washington. They're joined, for on-the-spot reports and analysis, by the worldwide CBS News team of correspondents and cameramen.

The "CBS Morning News" clears the waking mind and helps prepare it for the day's decisions: for commitments to plans and positions and for investments of time and money. Along with other broadcasts of CBS News, it effectively serves the goal of journalism which Walter Lippmann conceived as—*a picture of reality upon which men may act.*

IT'S LIKE RAISING THE SHADE TO SEE WHAT KIND OF A DAY IT IS

Hughes Rudd

Bruce Morton

CBS NEWS

remarks she made to her first caseworkers it was apparent that she didn't find Santana easy to live with. On being informed early in 1963 that the hours of the homemaker who was to take care of the older children while she was in the hospital having Emilio were 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., she warned the caseworker that Santana was "not responsible and returns home all sorts of time around eleven or twelve o'clock every night." Her warnings were later corroborated by the homemaker assigned to the family after María's birth. This homemaker, who stayed with the Santanas longer than her predecessors, because Mrs. Santana had a tubal ligation after María was born and required additional bed rest, objected to "Mr. Santana's frequent lateness in returning home to relieve me." Mrs. Santana also complained about Santana's drinking and mentioned that she was thinking of leaving him. The caseworker counselled Mrs. Santana to visit her local church and ask for advice, and noted, "We further told her that it would be most beneficial to the children if Mr. and Mrs. Santana do not separate."

In August of 1966, Santana quit the job he had held for seven years. A caseworker visited the family a month later and wrote that Mr. Santana had quit "because the foreman, whose name is Johnny, did not like Mr. Santana and Mr. Santana was made to do heavy work, which he did not do due to his health." The caseworker instructed Santana to get a medical examination—he did, and was found healthy enough to do light work—and then to seek a job. On that visit, Santana also said that he and his wife weren't getting along and couldn't live together anymore. Several days later, Mrs. Santana called on her caseworker and said the same thing. In December of 1966, Santana got a job in another leather-goods factory, and for the next year the Santanas didn't discuss a possible separation with their caseworkers. Santana was fired from his job in December of 1967, after missing several weeks of work in November, because, so Santana told the caseworker, "his boss believed he was lazy and did not want to work." Santana was right: when the caseworker queried his boss, the boss said he believed that Santana was "lazy, unreliable, typical relief material." Santana worked in another leather-goods factory from February to July of 1968, quitting because of "an injury to my arm." Mrs. Santana says that Santana quit or was fired from all three of his factory jobs because of his drinking. Santana didn't work regularly thereafter, alternately claiming ill health or inability to find a job, and the Santanas' home life deteriorated rapidly. In 1969, Santana began to desert his family for several months at a time, returning for a few truculent weeks only to leave again. Mrs. Santana says—Santana remains uncommunicative—that in 1967 or 1968 Santana borrowed some money from a loan shark, and that from then on whatever money he got that he didn't spend on beer was turned over to the loan shark. She saw almost nothing of his Home Relief check, and he often pawned the two-party rent check, so she had to provide for the family out of her Aid to Dependent Children check and her numbers earnings—on the occasions when Santana hadn't made off with those, too. Santana, she says, had always had a terrible temper, but his disposition took a turn for the worse after he fell into debt. The case record tends to confirm this. "Mrs. Santana was in the hospital undergoing a tonsillectomy," a caseworker wrote on June 26, 1969. "During the worker's visit the estranged husband of client was looking after the needs of the household. He was extremely brutal and almost violent with the children. He should never be permitted or allowed to have the children trusted with him." For a long time, Mrs. Santana kept the fact that she often had to borrow food to feed the children—"some rice from one relative, some lard from another"—from the Department of Social Services (as the Department of Welfare was renamed in 1967). Finally, she confronted Santana in the presence of a caseworker, whose account of a September 17, 1969, visit reads:

> Mrs. Santana declares that she wants to find another apartment and she is trying to get another one and she is not going to stay with Mr. Vicente Santana . . . because Mr. Santana gives her too much trouble and too many problems staying out all night drinking. . . . The problem is that Mrs. Santana declares that Mr. Santana refuses to give her the biggest part of the check for the family. He spends most of the money and he leaves not much for her to take care of the house. The food is never enough and she has trouble getting the money from him in order to pay a Con Edison bill. The problem of the relationship concerns the management of the money, and Mrs. Santana asked the Worker in front of Mr. Santana to have the Department send the biggest part of the money to her so he wouldn't spend too much money. At this Mr. Santana started an argument, and the Worker asked him not to talk because it would degenerate into a bigger argument. . . . Clients have no resources whatsoever except the welfare check that they receive every 2 weeks. It is being recommended that Clients be kept on welfare rolls and it is recommended also that the biggest part of the check be sent out to Mrs. Santana because it is obvious that Mr. Santana spends all the money. If he were giving the money in a sufficient amount to his wife, this woman would not complain; therefore, Worker recommends that this part of the money be turned over to Mrs. Santana. At this time of the dictation Worker is informed that Mr. Vicente Santana has left for Puerto Rico from Kennedy Airport. . . . Mrs. Santana has informed the Worker of this. Therefore, it is recommended that Mr. Santana, having left for Puerto Rico without informing the Worker, be removed from the welfare rolls.

Santana is scarcely mentioned in the case record after this, though Mrs. Santana's troubles with him were far from over. He remained in Puerto Rico only a few days, and he was furious to find upon his return that "his" check was now in Mrs. Santana's name, and quarrelled with her about this. He came to the apartment a number of times, smashed up the furniture, scattered dirty clothes and garbage all over the living room, and then accused her of being a pig for living in such squalor. Earlier in the year, during one of Santana's prolonged absences from their apartment, Mrs. Santana had begun an affair with Francisco Delgado, a widower who had recently arrived in New York from Puerto Rico and was living nearby with a cousin. She had met Delgado while she was selling numbers on the streets of the lower East Side. Santana felt no compunction about his own comings and goings, and made no attempts to conceal his infidelities—Mrs. Santana once hit him with a pan after he stayed out all night—but he was jealous of Mrs. Santana's relationship with Delgado. He told a neighbor to "take my wife and do whatever you want with her—she's a whore who will sell her favors for a box of Chiclets." On one occasion, Santana saw Delgado patting Mrs. Santana's arm on the street and told him to get his hands off his wife, and then started a fistfight; Delgado trounced him. On another occasion—Mother's Day of 1970—Mrs. Santana's two eldest sons, Rafael and Felipe Rodríguez, gave Santana two black eyes for making their mother's life so miserable in general and for spoiling her Mother's Day in particular. In the summer of 1971, Mrs. Santana and her children quietly left their apartment and moved

The Benihana Cooking and Performing Society.

To join an organization that's become a legend, a man has always needed one quality above all else.

Talent. Sheer talent.

After all, to join Robin Hood's Merry Men you had to be a brilliant archer.

To join the Knights of the Round Table you had to be a brilliant swordsman.

Well, to join Benihana you have to be a brilliant entertainer. To say nothing of being a brilliant chef.

Take the preparation of hibachi steak.

To a regular chef, a sirloin is something to throw into the broiler.

To a Benihana chef, a sirloin is a co-star.

He's got to make his public cheer as his knife dances with it. As he hurls mushrooms at it. And rains sesame seeds on it.

He needs the precision of a juggler. The grace of a sleight of hand artist. The flash of a flamenco dancer.

Is it any wonder that every man who puts on the uniform of a Benihana chef seems to burst with pride?

It's like playing the lead in a Broadway show.

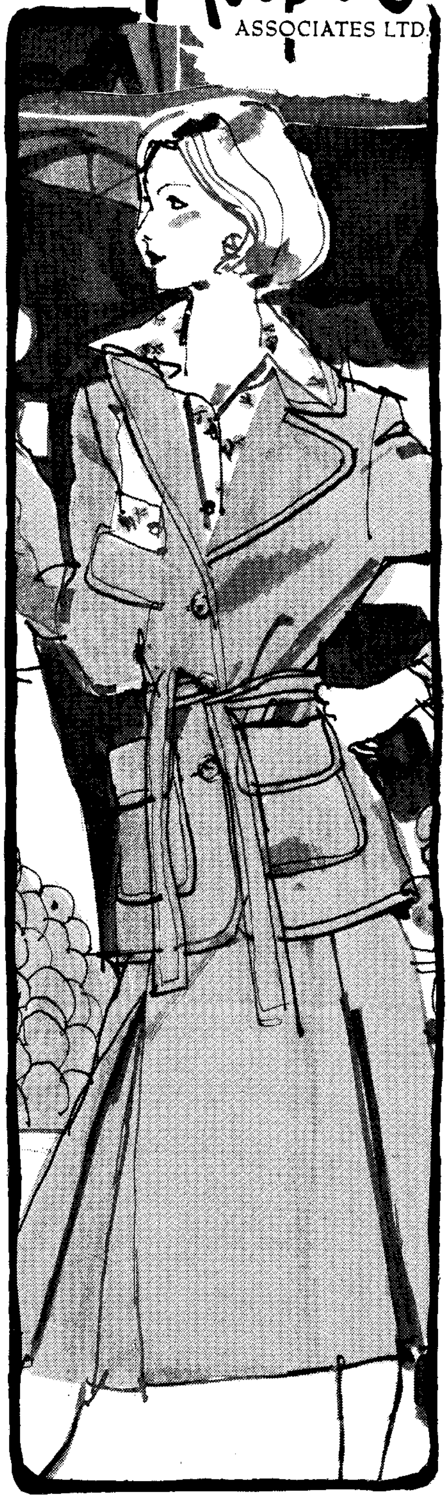
BENIHANA of TOKYO

New York—Benihana Palace 15 W. 44 St., 682-7120 • Benihana East 120 E. 56th St., 593-1627 • Benihana West 47 W. 56th St., 581-0930

Chicago. Lincolnshire, Ill. San Francisco. Las Vegas. Encino. Marina del Rey. Beverly Hills. Scottsdale, Ariz., Seattle, Honolulu. Harrisburg, Pa., Bala Cynwyd, Pa., Ft. Lauderdale. Miami. Portland, Ore., Boston. Bethesda, Md., Houston. Atlanta. Denver. Toronto. Tokyo.

We honor the American Express, Diners Club and Carte Blanche credit cards.

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.



Freshly harvested BLEYLES for fall: smooth double knit wool flannel for the long, tied and pocketed jacket and the snappy, kick-pleat skirt. Garnishing: a piquant, printed polyester shirt. Imported by Hooper Associates. At the best stores. For the nearest one write: 1451 B'way, N.Y. 10036.
In Canada: 1470 Peel St., Montreal 110, Quebec.

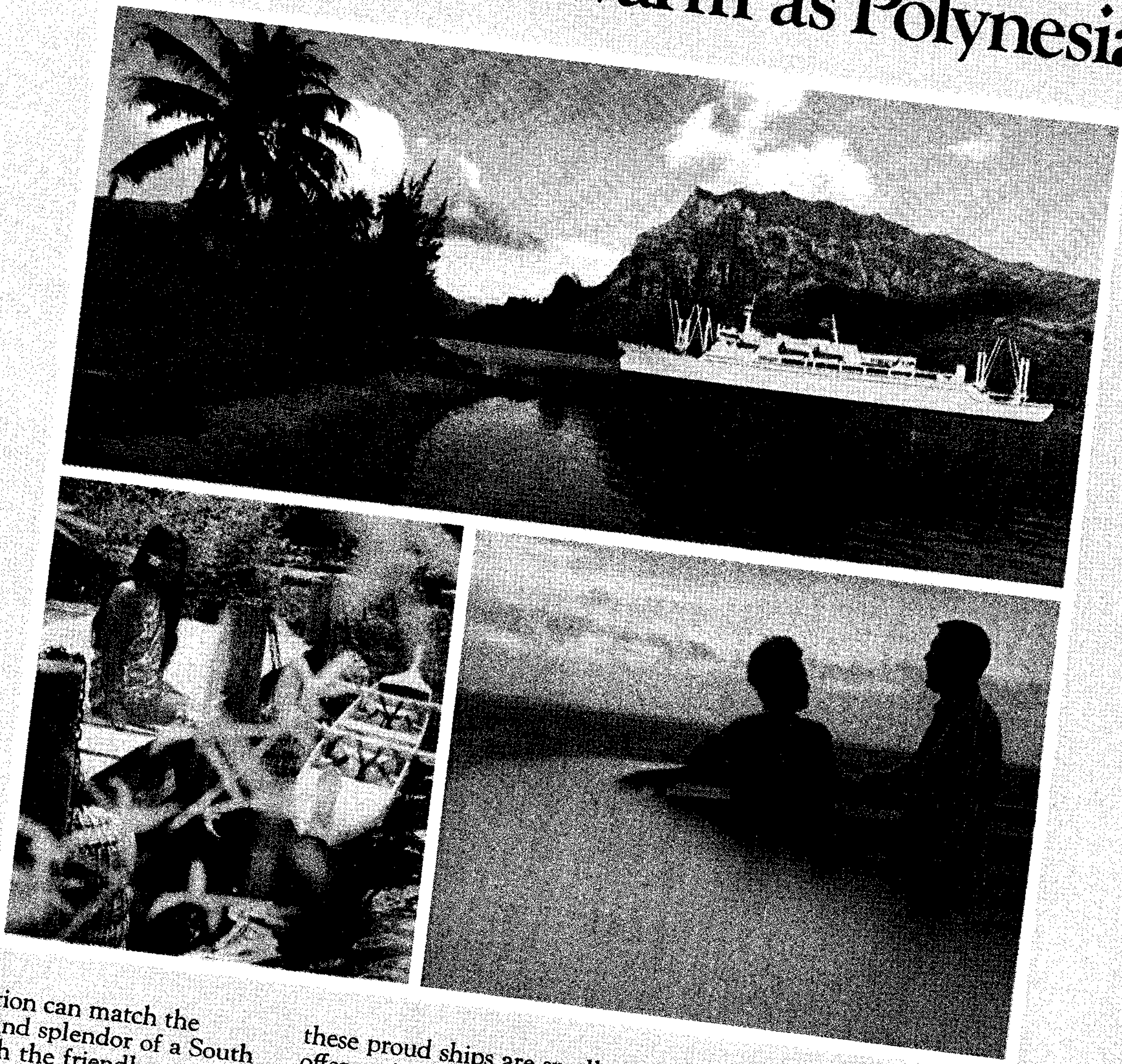
a few blocks away, to the apartment of Rafael's wife. A few blocks is a long distance on the lower East Side, but Santana eventually traced Mrs. Santana and continued to pester her. In September of 1971, Mrs. Santana decided it would be best to put a substantial barrier of space between herself and Santana; although she preferred living on the lower East Side, near her older children, she moved with Delgado and the four younger children to Brooklyn. Santana didn't pursue her.

One of the two main problems in the Santana household has always been money. The other was Santana's treatment of Mrs. Santana's children by her first two husbands. From the time Inocencia Castillo was eleven, Santana made sexual advances to her. He expressed his resentment of Felipe Rodríguez, who always took his mother's side during quarrels, by beating him and by denying him food. When Casilda and Rafael Rodríguez came to New York, in the mid-sixties (until then they had lived elsewhere with their father and their stepmother), he begrudged them food and made them unwelcome in the Santana apartment. Santana often cooked a meal, ate what he wanted, and spit or urinated in any food that was left over. He sometimes threw the pots and pans he had used out the window, leaving no cooking utensils for anyone else, and on several occasions he put a lock on the refrigerator. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Santana's children by Rafael Rodríguez and Ángel Castillo always refer to Santana as "that bastard." Nor are the four Santana children very fond of their father. They sometimes go to see him on the lower East Side, where he now lives in disharmony with another woman and her children by other men, and succeed in cadging a dollar or two from him, but they seem to prefer Francisco Delgado. "Francisco buys us clothes and gives us good presents," Gabriel says. "My father was a pain in the neck. He gave us nothing but trouble."

The Department of Social Services has never attempted to get Santana, who works periodically, to contribute to the support of Vicente, Emilio, Gabriel, and María—maybe because it is understaffed, maybe because its searches for Puerto Rican ex-husbands (whose ex-wives are reluctant to borrow trouble by volunteering their addresses) are rarely fruitful. Mrs. Santana is not the sort of person to bear a grudge. Once Santana had found himself a new woman, he lost interest in harassing her; they nod to each other when they happen to meet on the street nowadays. Still, she acknowledges that he was by far the worst husband she has ever had. "I don't know why I put up with him all those years," she says. "He must have had me under a spell. I've been much better off since I moved to Brooklyn with Francisco."

ON the fifth and the twentieth of every month, Mrs. Santana receives a check from the Department of Social Services for two hundred and ninety-four dollars. Of that sum, eighty-five dollars is for half of her rent (she pays a hundred and seventy dollars a month for her four-room apartment), and the remaining two hundred and nine dollars is the semimonthly grant given to a welfare family of seven people in New York City. Twice a month, Mrs. Santana is also sent the authorization to buy a hundred and fifteen dollars' worth of food stamps. She is able to buy the stamps for seventy-six dollars. Mrs. Santana is cheating the Department of Social Services in two ways. She still receives support for her daughter Inocencia and Inocencia's first child, who was born in April of 1972, although they haven't lived with her since September of 1972. Instead of the grant for seven, Mrs. Santana should be getting only the New York City grant for a family of five, which is a hundred and fifty-nine dollars every two weeks, plus authorization to buy food stamps. (Her food-stamp authorization would be for eighty-nine dollars; that amount of stamps would cost her fifty-seven dollars.) And she has not told the Department of Social Services that she is living with Francisco Delgado, who earns about a hundred and fifty dollars a week working in a factory that makes automobile supplies. If the Department of Social Services were aware of Delgado's existence, it would not hold him responsible for supporting Mrs. Santana (because he isn't legally married to her) or her children (because he isn't their natural father), but it would attempt to make him liable for his share—a sixth—of the rent. Mrs. Santana would also be asked to declare whatever money he gave her as income, and that sum would be deducted from her welfare check. Mrs. Santana has no qualms about "cheating on the welfare." Almost everyone she knows cheats on the welfare. Most of her friends are cheating by continuing to live with men—who in most cases hold jobs and have fathered some of their children—after claiming that the men have deserted

No other cruise offers you the splendor of the South Seas on ships as friendly and warm as Polynesia.



No other vacation can match the enchantment and splendor of a South Seas cruise with the friendly Americans, the SS Mariposa and SS Monterey.

You'll cruise 15,000 miles of peaceful Pacific. Visit ports of call that read from the pages of Captain Cook's log: Moorea, Tahiti, Rarotonga. New Zealand. Australia. Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago. And Hawaii.

And best of all, you'll enjoy a sea life made famous by sister ships over 90 years ago. One that today has become the hallmark of luxury cruising in the Pacific.

The SS Mariposa and SS Monterey are renowned for their friendly hometown hospitality and Aloha spirit. Plus the kind of cuisine, service, accommodations and entertainment Americans love best.

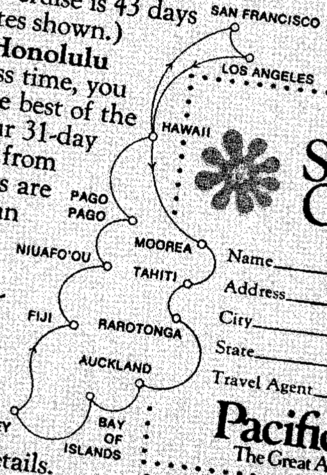
Registered in the United States, these proud ships are small enough to offer an intimate atmosphere, yet big enough to have everything an all first-class ship should have.

If you join us in San Francisco or Los Angeles, the cruise is 43 days round-trip. (Dates shown.)

31 days from Honolulu

If you have less time, you can still enjoy the best of the South Seas on our 31-day cruise round-trip from Honolulu. Sailings are one week later than from California.

Isn't it time you escaped to the sunshine, smiles and splendor of our South Seas cruise? Call your travel agent or send us the coupon for details.



Ship	1975	Ship	1976
Monterey	Oct. 1*	Mariposa	Jan. 2
Mariposa	Oct. 31	Monterey	Feb. 10
Monterey	Dec. 9	Mariposa	Mar. 13*

*Special 49-day cruise with alternate itinerary.

SS Monterey SS Mariposa
The friendly Americans.

South Seas Cruises

Cruise Consultant,
Pacific Far East Line
Pier 35
San Francisco, CA 94133

Please send me information on cruising to: ☐ Hawaii ☐ South Seas ☐ Alaska

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________Zip__________
Travel Agent__________

NY 1017-R1 92975

Pacific Far East Line
The Great American Tradition in the Pacific

Cruising Hawaii · South Seas · New Zealand · Australia · Alaska · Europe

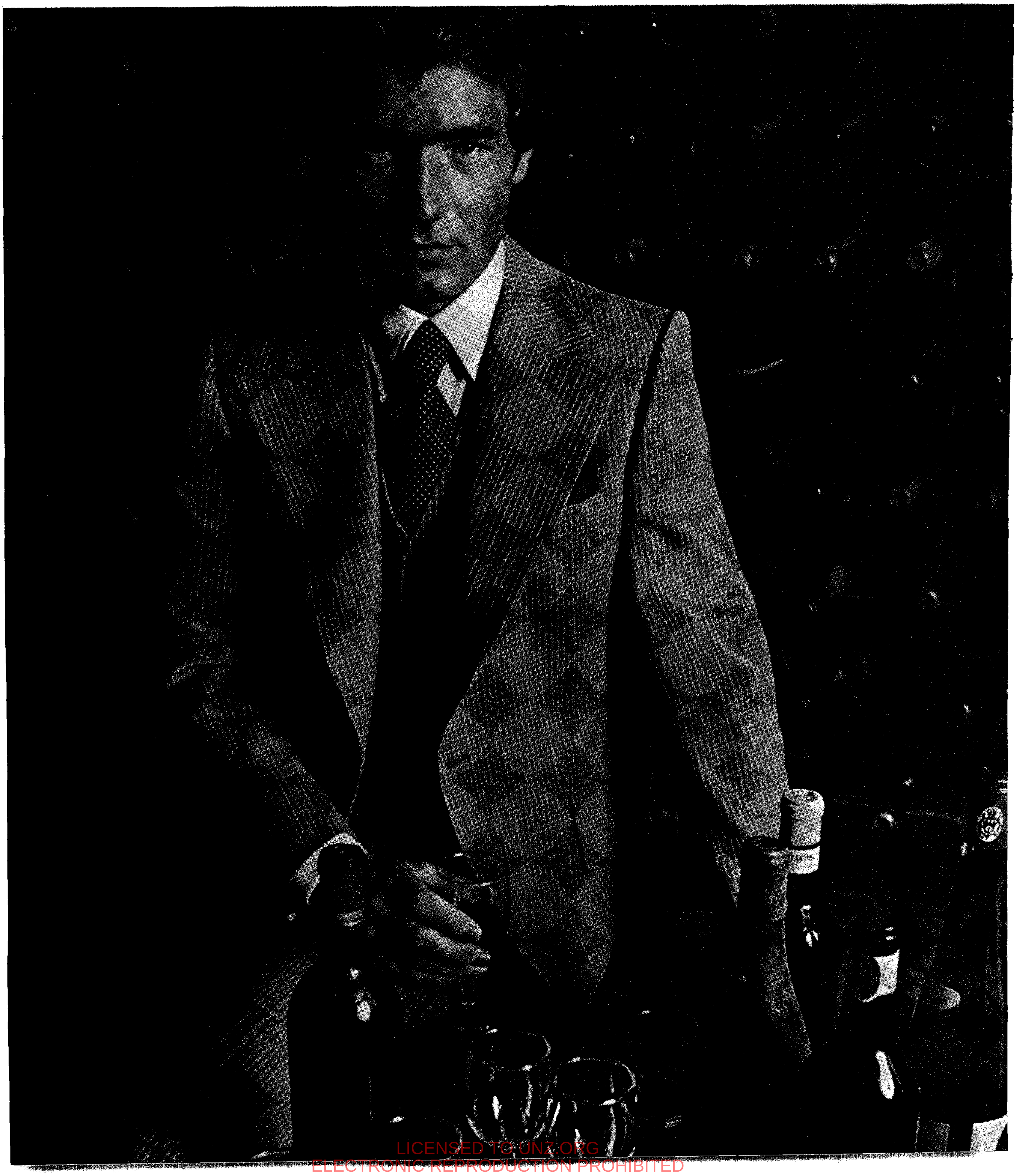
Cricketeer International Stripes. They're making connoisseurs look even more tasteful.

This striped Cricketeer is perfectly suited for the man whose taste demands quality and whose intelligence demands excellent value.

The deep, soft flannel fabric is a luxurious 90% wool/10% nylon. And though the suit has an elegant European Designer look, the cut is definitely American. Yet the price is only about $160. Which will satisfy any connoisseur's taste.

CRICKETEER® **Good taste is our design.**

1290 Ave. of The Americas, N.Y. 10019. A Division of Phillips-Van Heusen Corp.



them. Other friends have undeclared incomes of their own: some have regular factory jobs, some sell cosmetics from door to door. A while back, one of Mrs. Santana's former caseworkers asked eighteen welfare mothers whether they were cheating on the welfare. All eighteen trusted him sufficiently to tell the truth. Twelve of the eighteen admitted that they had unreported incomes. Although the caseworker knows that welfare cheating enrages middle-class workers and threatens to destroy the entire welfare system, he is not inclined to turn anyone in for cheating. "You can't stop the cheating until you give people decent grants," he says. "Welfare grants haven't kept up with inflation in recent years, so a lot of the cheating today is justified. For instance, between September of 1970 and December of 1973, while food prices increased thirty-three and a half per cent here, welfare grants decreased ten per cent." Mrs. Santana considers the welfare grants inadequate. "Welfare gives you only enough money for food and rent," she says. "It's not enough to live on." Mrs. Santana knows of a few women who struggle to get by on just their welfare grants. She doesn't regard their honesty and thrift as virtues, because "they have to do without so much."

Despite the fact that Delgado buys his breakfast and lunch at work, and despite the fact that the four Santana children are entitled to free breakfasts and lunches at school, Mrs. Santana spends almost as much on food and household supplies as her entire legal grant for a family of five would be. Her semi-monthly bill is never less than a hundred and thirty dollars and sometimes runs as high as a hundred and ninety dollars because her grown children and grandchildren eat at her apartment often. If Mrs. Santana knew as much about home economics as the people who draw up welfare budgets, and if she shopped judiciously once a week at the supermarket across the street from her apartment building, she could spend far less. Instead, she frequents a bodega a few doors away from the supermarket, and with good reason: when she runs out of money between welfare checks, as she inevitably does, the bodega will give her credit and the supermarket won't. There are no giant economy sizes, no specials, no money-saving house brands at the bodega, where prices of most items are about twenty per cent higher than at the supermarket, but it has not been Mrs. Santana's experience that saving a few dollars on groceries has appreciably affected her situation.

Mrs. Santana shops the way Puerto Ricans have for generations—meal by meal and sometimes item by item. Early in the morning, she sends one of the children over to the bodega (after María's birth, Mrs. Santana began to suffer from chronic bronchitis, and she doesn't like to go up and down stairs any more than necessary) to buy whatever she thinks she will need for breakfast and lunch: half a pound of Bustelo coffee, a quart of milk, a loaf of Italian bread, a quarter of a pound of sliced ham, a quarter of a pound of sliced cheese, some margarine or mayonnaise, a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. If her children come home for lunch because they don't like the free meal the school is serving and she runs out of something, she sends them across the street to charge another loaf of bread, another quart of milk. After lunch, she buys whatever she thinks she will need for dinner. The children are constantly in and out of the bodega during the afternoon and evening—it is one of their main activities—charging snacks (potato chips, cupcakes, soda, ice cream) or replacements for whatever the household has just run out of: two rolls of toilet paper, a small bottle of cooking oil, a box of soap powder.

On the mornings of the fifth and the twentieth of the month, Mrs. Santana waits at her mailbox in the hall for the mailman to bring her welfare check. On a recent twentieth of the month, the mailman appeared at ten with two pieces of mail for Mrs. Santana. One was her welfare check, the other a letter from the public school attended by Vicente and Emilio saying that they were to be suspended the following week for "dangerous behavior." The letter asked her to come in at the end of the week, with the boys, to "discuss ways to improve their behavior so that they may be returned to school." Mrs. Santana put the two envelopes in her pocketbook and set off immediately for a check-cashing place several blocks from her house, where she waited in line for fifteen minutes. Since the Department of Social Services has stopped sending out all welfare checks on the first and the sixteenth of the month and started staggering the checks, in an attempt to cut down on check-stealing, the line was much shorter than it used to be. Mrs. Santana paid a dollar and fifty-seven cents to have her check cashed. At the same time, she bought two fifty-cent New York State Lottery tickets. There is a bank in her neighborhood that would cash her

BONWIT TELLER

The ideal couple.
Finding fulfillment together or apart. The wrap skirt is nothing short of perfection. Softly gathered wool in the essential black. Handier yet with two slip side pockets. The challis shirt is an enchanting arrangement of wild flowers on a polyester background. Gayle Kirkpatrick's inimitable Tudor Square designs: Skirt, 52.00 Shirt, 38.00 Both for 6 to 16 sizes. Add 1.35 outside delivery area. Sportswear, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York and all Bonwit stores

"THAT'S TANNER."

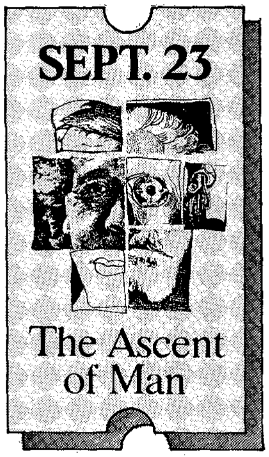
Two-piece dress
with separate scarf.
Wool jersey in navy with camel
or grey with wine.
6-16. $78.
Priced slightly
higher in the West.
Available at
Lord & Taylor, New York.
Stewart's, Louisville.
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.
Or write: Tanner of North Carolina,
530 Seventh Ave., NY 10018.

check free of charge, but it is a few blocks farther away. As soon as she had the money in hand, she put aside eighty-five dollars for the rent in a separate compartment of her pocketbook. Her landlord's representative has made it his business to master the new welfare-check schedule, and he never fails to appear on the mornings of the sixth and the twenty-first of the month to collect the rent. Since her move to Brooklyn, Mrs. Santana has always paid her rent on time, except when something in the apartment is broken and she withholds the rent money as a means of persuading the landlord to repair it. Mrs. Santana also put aside twenty-four dollars to reimburse three acquaintances—her numbers man, her superintendent, a neighbor—from whom she had borrowed five dollars, fourteen dollars, and five dollars to get through the previous week. She walked from the check-cashing place to the bodega. There the proprietor greeted her cordially, turned to the pages of his account book listing all the items the family had charged in the past fifteen days, and told her that her bill came to a hundred and sixty dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Santana sighed, because it was more than she had expected, and scanned the charges. One item—"Seven dollars cash"—displeased her. A few days earlier, she had dispatched Gabriel to the bodega to borrow five dollars; he had obviously asked for seven dollars, given her five dollars, and kept two dollars for himself. She shook her head and told the proprietor she would deal with Gabriel when he came home from school. She gave the proprietor her food stamps, and he deducted a hundred and fifteen dollars from her account, leaving her with a new balance of forty-five dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Santana never entirely wipes out her old balance on check days, but this was a higher balance than she wanted to have. Mrs. Santana's numbers man hangs out at the bodega. On her way out of the store, she gave him the five dollars she owed him and three dollars to play on three different numbers. Mrs. Santana likes to play the numbers. She plays them every day that she is solvent and some days that she isn't. She has never kept track of how much she spends playing the numbers in the course of a year, and so cannot compare that figure with her annual winnings, but she is happy each time she wins a small amount, and can cite every number on which she has won big—three hundred dollars or five hundred dollars—during the past three years. She also remembers the dreams she has had that prompted her to consult a dream book for proper numerical interpretations. Mrs. Santana has never saved a penny of her three-hundred-dollar and five-hundred-dollar winnings, but the windfalls have always been pleasant while they lasted. She has used the money for new linoleum, clothes for herself and the children, jewelry, beer and liquor for parties, trips to Puerto Rico, and deposits on new furniture.

From the bodega Mrs. Santana slowly walked four blocks (her bronchitis was bothering her, and she put the inhaler she always keeps in her pocketbook to her mouth) to a large furniture store. In June of 1974, she had dreamed about eggs, had learned from the dream book that 465 was the appropriate number to play when one had egg dreams, and had won five hundred dollars on 465. She had made a down payment of a hundred and twenty-three dollars and ninety-five cents of her winnings on a washing machine, a coffee table, a lamp, a sofa, two easy chairs, and three plastic covers. The furniture cost a total of eight hundred and seventy-three dollars and ninety-five cents, leaving a balance, including interest, of seven hundred and fifty dollars, which she had been instructed to pay off at the rate of forty dollars a month. One payday in October of 1974, Delgado made a down payment of forty-two dollars and forty-five cents on a bed, a dresser, and a wardrobe costing a total of two hundred and ninety-two dollars and forty-five cents, the balance of which was to be paid off at the rate of twenty dollars a month.

Social reformers decry the exorbitant rates of interest charged in New York City's slums for furniture stores that sell on credit to poor blacks and Puerto Ricans—Mrs. Santana doesn't even know how much of the two large purchase prices represent interest charges. The figures aren't broken down in her furniture-payment books, and she knows only the total purchase prices and the balances owed. Nor does Mrs. Santana resent having to make payments on furniture that is already worn out; she blames her children and grandchildren for the furniture's poor condition, rather than its shoddy construction. All her friends and relatives have the same sort of living-room sets she has, protected by the same sort of plastic covers. Mrs. Santana likes furniture. As soon as she can afford the

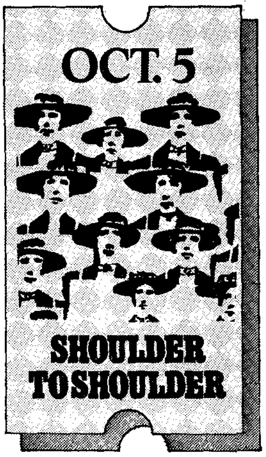
FREE TICKETS TO THIS YEAR'S BEST ENTERTAINMENT.


SEPT. 23
The Ascent of Man

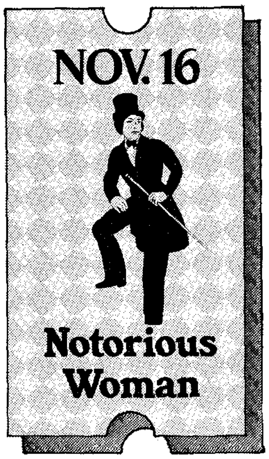
Bronowski's look at man's cultural evolution. Co-funded by Mobil and The Arthur Vining Davis Foundations. **PBS-TV, Tuesdays 9:00PM.**

SEPT. 25
Classic Theatre
The Humanities in Drama

13 great plays ranging from Shakespeare to Shaw. Co-funded by Mobil and National Endowment for the Humanities. **PBS-TV, Thursdays 9:00PM.**


OCT. 5
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

Explores the turn-of-the-century battle by British women for the right to vote. Premiere of Masterpiece Theatre season. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**


NOV. 16
Notorious Woman

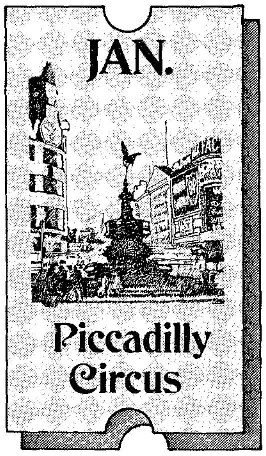
The life of author George Sand, the woman who wore tuxedos and smoked cigars in the 1800's. Masterpiece Theatre. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

JAN. 4
Upstairs, Downstairs

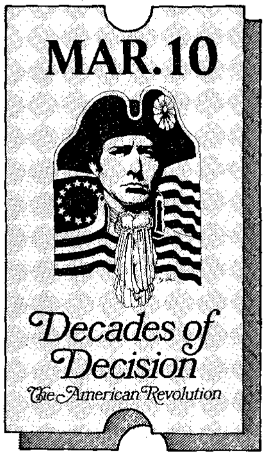
A new 13 weeks of Edwardian drama in this Emmy-award-winning Masterpiece Theatre series. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

JAN. 22
THE WAY IT WAS

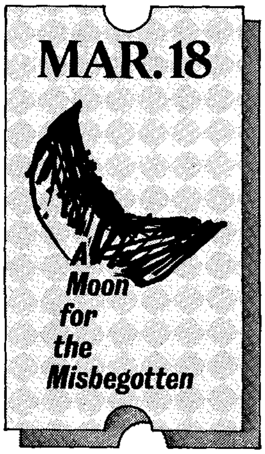
Happy days are here again! The best sports classics in a weekly 13-part series hosted by Curt Gowdy. **PBS-TV.**


JAN.
Piccadilly Circus

A special one-hour treat from London, once a month. The best of a wide variety of sparkling British TV entertainment. **PBS-TV.**


MAR. 10
Decades of Decision
The American Revolution

Tales of the Revolutionary period. Co-funded by Mobil and The National Geographic Society. **PBS-TV, Wednesdays 9:00PM.**


MAR. 18
A Moon for the Misbegotten

A special two-hour repeat of Eugene O'Neill's classic, starring Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst. **PBS-TV, 9:00PM.**

APR. 4
Cakes & Ale

Somerset Maugham's moving story about a beautiful, vivacious barmaid. Masterpiece Theatre. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

APR. 25
Sunset Song

Six evocative episodes about rural Scottish life. Masterpiece Theatre. **PBS-TV, Sundays 9:00PM.**

Again this season, some of the best TV entertainment will come to you on PBS-TV. The "free tickets" for programs shown on this page are made possible by grants from Mobil Oil Corporation. Check local listings for date and time in your area.

Mobil®

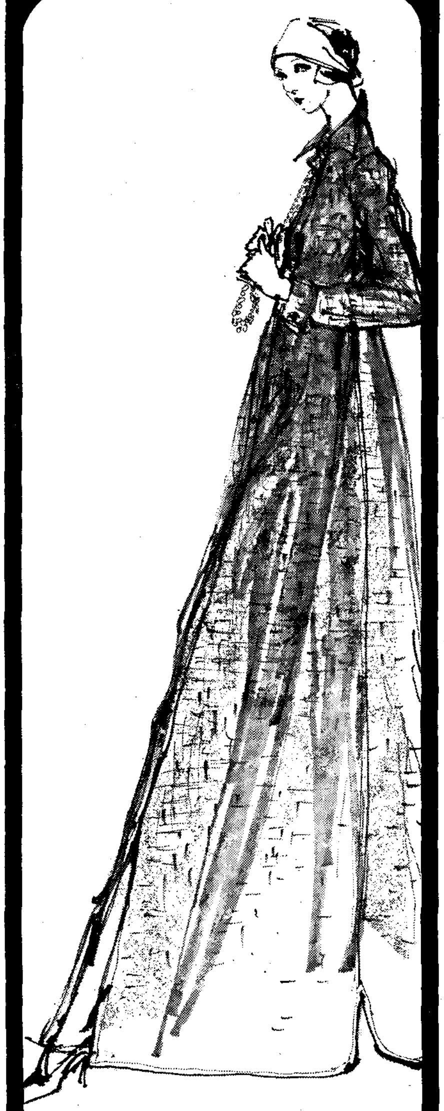
©1975 Mobil Oil Corporation.

down payment on a new set, she looks forward to replacing her green-and-gold sofa and her aqua-and-gold and green-and-gold chairs with three almost identical orange-and-gold and red-and-gold pieces. It has never occurred to Mrs. Santana to save, go to a department store, pay cash, and obtain better value for her money; large department stores confuse her, and, besides, she has never succeeded in saving money for anything. The clerk to whom Mrs. Santana handed thirty dollars and her two furniture books recorded the payments in the books noncommittally. When Mrs. Santana recently skipped two payments in a row, no one at the store expressed concern over the missed payments or threatened to repossess the furniture—no doubt because it wasn't worth repossessing. Mrs. Santana has never worried when she has been short of cash and couldn't meet a payment. When she has had the money, she has paid; otherwise, not.

By the time Mrs. Santana left the furniture store, she had seventy-three dollars and forty-three cents in her pocketbook to cover the next fifteen days. Cash would be needed for food and other household supplies that the bodega didn't stock; for playing the numbers; for spending money for the children, who are always clamoring for a peseta (quarter) here, a peso (dollar) there; for transportation, most of her trips being either to her welfare center (where she has frequent business to attend to) or to the lower East Side (to visit friends and relatives); for emergency loans to friends and relatives (one has to be prepared to lend money to friends and relatives whenever one can, so that one can borrow money from them whenever one has to); and for a visit to the beauty parlor. Mrs. Santana dislikes her frizzy hair, and has it straightened and set as often as possible. Whenever she calls a person "handsome," like her second husband, Ángel Castillo, the person's characteristics invariably include "good" hair—that is, hair that is straight.

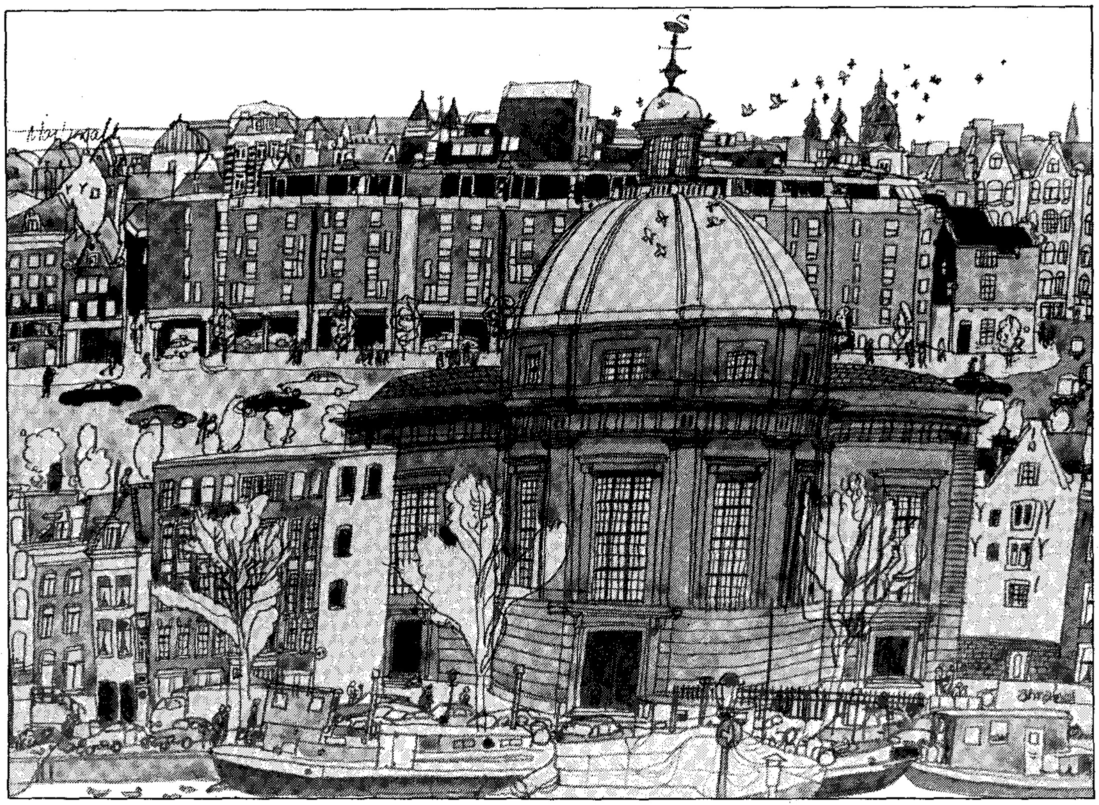
Mrs. Santana's remaining cash wouldn't be sufficient to cover those expenses, much less the expenses Delgado usually took care of. Delgado's paychecks average a hundred and fifty dollars a week. He sends thirty dollars a week to his four children, who live back home in Yauco with his late wife's mother, and keeps a certain amount of money for his personal expenses—carfare, meals at work, clothes, cigarettes, beer, marijuana. He pays the gas-and-electricity bill and the phone bill. (The basic monthly charge for the phone is only seven dollars, but Mrs. Santana's older children often travel and call her long distance collect, so the phone bill sometimes runs as high as sixty dollars a month.) Each payday, he usually gives Mrs. Santana fifty dollars for the coming week for clothes for herself and the children, and for miscellaneous items. On a recent Friday evening, he gave her twenty dollars instead of the customary fifty. She didn't know why and didn't ask any questions.

From the furniture store, Mrs. Santana headed home along Havemeyer Street, one of Williamsburg's main shopping thoroughfares. It is a street lined with small Jewish, Puerto Rican, and Italian shops, which sell clothes, candy, pizza, cheese, fish, liquor, hardware, furniture, fruit and vegetables, and religious statues and other crockery bric-a-brac. In the streets of Mrs. Santana's neighborhood, in the late morning, children who should have been in school amused themselves by jumping on discarded mattresses; young men who could have been working souped up the motors of their Chevrolets or ogled the young women who sauntered along in threesomes and foursomes, inviting their attention; mothers wearily pushed their infants' strollers and held on to their toddlers' hands; scruffy mongrels foraged in the ubiquitous mounds of garbage, and stray cats suddenly ran out from under parked cars and from behind abandoned appliances; drug addicts shot up in vacant lots; heroin pushers went in and out of a local candy store, undisturbed by the cops on the beat, who were presumably being paid off not to disturb them; old men sipped from bottles wrapped in brown bags, or slept off last night's drunk on the sidewalk. Whenever Mrs. Santana spotted an acquaintance in the crowded street, she told her about her bodega bill, successfully soliciting her sympathy over the high cost of feeding a family. As she walked home, she looked longingly at the bright-colored pants suits and see-through nightgowns in the windows of the clothing stores. Mrs. Santana has never subscribed to a magazine, owned a car, a rug, or an air-conditioner, or bought insurance, but she and her children love clothes and spend about two thousand five hundred dollars a year to dress themselves in the latest styles. Mrs. Santana doesn't spend much on any single item for her-



DONALD DAVIES
of dublin
995 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10021
NEW YORK · DENVER · MILWAUKEE
PARIS · LONDON · TOKYO

EVENING SHIRTING
CIRCA '76
The sumptuous shirttail look ...a cuffed long, stunning chemise shirtshape from Donald Davies in pure featherweight wool, slim button-front, graceful back fullness or to cinch with self-sash. In a round dozen of romantic, glorious Donald Davies colors like purple, kelly, scarlet, natural white, etc. $135.00 (slightly higher in the west)



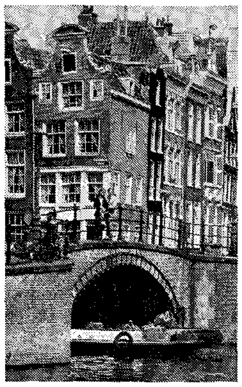
American Express® discovers a brand new 300 year old hotel. The Amsterdam Sonesta.

There's a great new hotel in Amsterdam that's well over 300 years old. The Amsterdam Sonesta. It's a fine combination of modern architecture and centuries-old narrow-fronted houses. The kind you've seen lining canals in storybooks and paintings of old Amsterdam.

The Sonesta Hotel is right in the center of town. And Central Station, the hub of Amsterdam, is just a three-minute walk away.

See Amsterdam by canalboat

Everything—museums, sightseeing, shopping, restaurants and superb entertainment—is just as close at hand.



The Sonesta Hotel is right on the bank of the charming Singel Canal. So climb aboard a canalboat right at the door, and take a tour of the labyrinthine canals Holland is famous for.

The Sonesta Hotel is something old and something new. The something old is the 300-year-old copper-domed Koepelkerk. No longer a church, it's now the site of Sonesta conventions and exciting cultural events.

Luxury and elegance

The something new is all the luxury and elegance behind the old facades of the Monument Buildings and the main hotel.

You'll find luxurious suites, color televisions and well-stocked mini-bars in the five-star-rated Sonesta Tower. Sheer luxury.

The Amsterdam Sonesta is a storybook hotel. So much a part of Amsterdam, you won't find anything like it outside of Holland. So you don't have to leave the hotel to find the essence of Amsterdam. It's right there in the Sonesta.

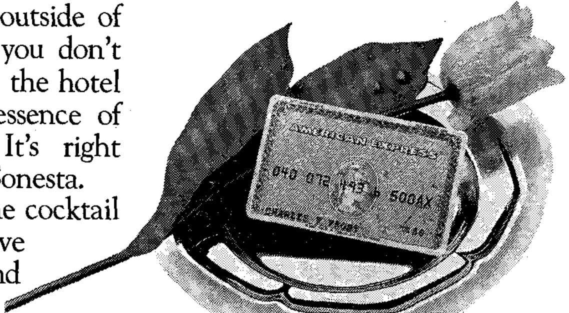
There's the cocktail lounge with live music, pubs and an airy garden café that stays open till the wee hours of the morning.

Dutch treats and the American Express Card

Try Dutch treats like "broodjes," a snack on a roll, and "pils," the famous frothy beer. Don't forget the American Express® Card. It's welcome at the Sonesta.

For reservations for Sonesta Hotels (including Amsterdam), call these numbers toll-free. In the East and Midwest (except Fla., Ala., Miss., Wisc.) 800-225-1351. Elsewhere, 800-225-1372.

AMERICAN EXPRESS®



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

CLASSIC BLAZER

The Classic Blazer returns to favor in 100% all wool flannel tailored in an easy fitting, natural shoulder, three button model by Austin-Hill. Pure wool worsted authentic Tartan trousers complete the ensemble.

Blazer in navy, claret and bottle green about $80.00.

Tartan trousers about $37.50.

Austin-Hill

For a list of discriminating stores
write: Austin-Hill, Ltd. ■ P.O. No. 13304,
Baltimore, Maryland 21203.

self—her dresses cost about twelve dollars apiece—but the pegs in her bedroom hold an extensive collection of slacks, blouses, Bermuda shorts, sweaters, dresses, and satin undergarments. Mrs. Santana has been invited to attend the christening of Delgado's sister's baby. She doesn't look forward to going, because she may not have the money for a new long dress, and the other people who can be expected to attend have already seen all her other long dresses. Just as a light rain began to fall, Mrs. Santana stopped in at a small furniture store a block away from her apartment to look at a forty-dollar wardrobe she had priced many weeks earlier. She has never lived in a place that had closets, and her children had wrecked the last wardrobe she bought—the one on which she is still making payments—months ago. She hoped to have a spare forty dollars to replace the wardrobe before long, but she didn't have it then; perhaps she would hit a good number soon. Her last stop of the morning was at the bodega, where she charged a large white votive candle to her account.

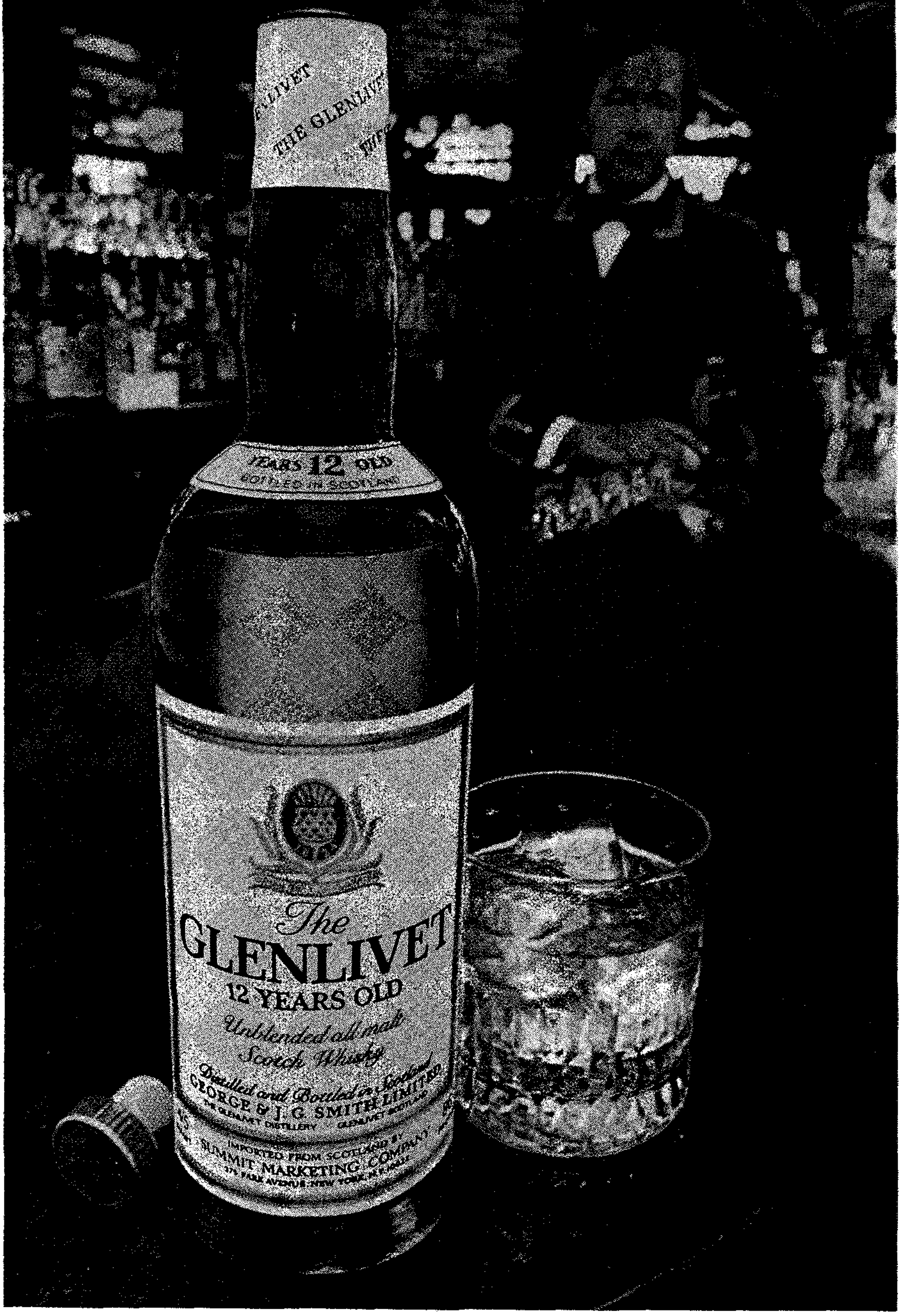
AS soon as Mrs. Santana was back inside her apartment, she consulted the fourteen-carat-gold Bulova watch Delgado had given her the previous Mother's Day. She seemed relieved that she had returned home in time to watch her favorite Spanish-language TV *novela*, which began at noon. She swallowed some cough medicine, turned on the living-room television set Delgado had bought some months before from a man on the street for fifty dollars, without inquiring into its provenance, and settled into one of her frayed armchairs. She watched the latest episode of the *novela* with her customary enthusiasm.

The *novela* installment was followed by a news program. Mrs. Santana turned off the TV, turned on the phonograph to its top volume, and went into the kitchen. At the dinette table, she brushed away a cluster of cockroaches that sat boldly on half a loaf of Italian bread and two small packages of cheese and ham remaining from breakfast, fixed herself a hero sandwich, poured a glass of Pepsi-Cola, and sang along with the popular Spanish crooner whose latest record she was playing. Local human-interest stories—a subway crime, a rape, a sex murder—sometimes caught Mrs. Santana's fancy; most national and international news stories did not. Mrs. Santana rarely watches the news on television or buys a newspaper. She didn't vote for Nixon or "the other one" in the last Presidential election, didn't favor either side in the Arab-Israeli Yom Kippur war, and didn't watch the Watergate hearings. "The Watergate? I don't know what happened over there," she says. She was opposed to the Vietnam war—although she says she doesn't know what happened over there, either—because she had heard that many Puerto Rican soldiers were killed in the fighting. Five years ago, she had worried that her son Rafael, who spent a few months in the Army before going AWOL, would be sent to Vietnam.

At one, Mrs. Santana's oldest daughter, Casilda, phoned from the lower East side to discuss the noon *novela* episode and to bring her mother up to date on her own life, which of late had contained enough dramatic incidents for several *novela* installments. At twenty-seven, Casilda looks and acts very much her mother's daughter. She is gravely overweight (she stands five-five and weighs two hundred and fourteen pounds) but very attractive. She, too, married young, in order to escape from an unhappy home. In 1953, when Casilda was five, she had flown with her brother Rafael from Puerto Rico to Detroit to live with their father, Rafael Rodríguez; his second wife, Fulgencia; and two children that Fulgencia Rodríguez had had by two different men between the time she went out with Rafael Rodríguez in Cayey in 1946 and the time she met up with him in New York seven years later. Fulgencia Rodríguez lavished clothes, toys, and affection upon her own two children. She bought Casilda and Rafael only the necessities and disciplined them harshly. Casilda was made to help with the cooking, the cleaning, and the laundry. Her stepsister was not required to help with the household chores. Rafael Rodríguez earned a good living as a mechanic in Detroit, but one day in 1963 he decided to move back to Cayey; he reached this decision as abruptly as he had reached the decision to leave Cayey for New York. When Casilda started the tenth grade in Cayey, in September of 1965, she was planning to finish high school and become a beautician. A month later, she met Roberto Figueroa, a trim, eighteen-year-old seventh-grade dropout, who worked in his parents' small meat business. Fulgencia Rodríguez disapproved of Casilda's going out with young men. She didn't permit Roberto Figueroa, who had the reputation of being a playboy, to come to the house. In mid-December, the seventeen-year-old Casilda eloped with Roberto Figueroa. They spent a week at his parents' house in Cayey. At the end of the week, Rafael Rodríguez forced the young couple to marry. Casilda Rodríguez and Roberto Figueroa were married on November 25, 1965, in a Catholic church, in a double ceremony with Roberto's older brother, Reynaldo Figueroa, who was to get Casilda's then seven-year-old sister Inocencia Castillo pregnant six years later.

"We were married and lived unhappily ever after," says Casilda, who is given to exaggeration and to borrowing the language of true-confessions magazines, which she likes to read. "Ever after" was two and a half years. Casilda and Roberto Figueroa lived unhappily in Cayey, in Dover, New Jersey, and in New York, where Casilda was reunited with her mother after a ten-year separation, and where the Figueroas' daughter, Helen, was born, on August 22, 1966, almost exactly nine months after the elopement. Roberto Figueroa had trouble keeping a job in New York, because he knew almost no English, so the Figueroas applied for welfare and received checks to supplement his meagre and erratic wages. Wherever they lived, Roberto was unfaithful to Casilda and beat her when she complained about his philandering. In the fall of 1968, the Figueroas separated. Casilda kept Helen and applied for welfare on her own. She has been on welfare ever since. Among the financial resources Casilda has successfully concealed from the Department of Social Services are occasional earnings from selling numbers and holding jobs (packer in a shirt factory, clerk in a discount store) and income provided by Jesús Manrique, a handsome man of thirty-two, with whom she had been living since 1969. Shortly after Jesús Manrique, Jr., was born, in 1972, Casilda decided to report the birth of her baby and the fact that she was living with the baby's father to the Department of Social Services. She told an employee at her local welfare center that Jesús Manrique was earning ninety dollars a week at an electrical-appliance factory and was giving her about sixty dollars a week toward the household expenses. Casilda figured that if "the welfare" paid their rent, of a hundred and eight dollars a month, she and Jesús could get by without her welfare check. The worker calculated that Casilda and Jesús had a budget deficit of only eighty-four dollars a month, and informed Casilda that she would be receiving thirty-nine dollars

The most expensive 12 year old scotch your barman can pour.


THE GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
Unblended all malt Scotch Whisky
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
GEORGE & J. G. SMITH LIMITED
IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND BY SUMMIT MARKETING COMPANY

The Glenlivet is the most unusual Scotch you'll find at your favorite bar or restaurant.

And the most expensive.

Because The Glenlivet is the father of them all. The original unblended Scotch.

The finest and costliest blended Scotches use our kind of whisky to achieve their basic character and quality.

The Glenlivet is made only of this most desirable and most expensive kind of whisky. So you get the highest possible character and quality.

The Glenlivet. Unblended and unmatchable. Taste it at your bar before you buy a bottle.

The Glenlivet.

86 proof, unblended Scotch Whisky. Imported from Scotland by the Summit Marketing Co., New York, N.Y. 10022

Why settle for an imitation Grand Prix when we've just mad

Pontiac's Grand Prix has always been a leader. In styling. In personal comfort. In performance.

But for 1976, it leads in another way...with a new, *more affordable price.*

Which means now you can own Grand Prix quality for what you'd pay for a mid-sized imitation.

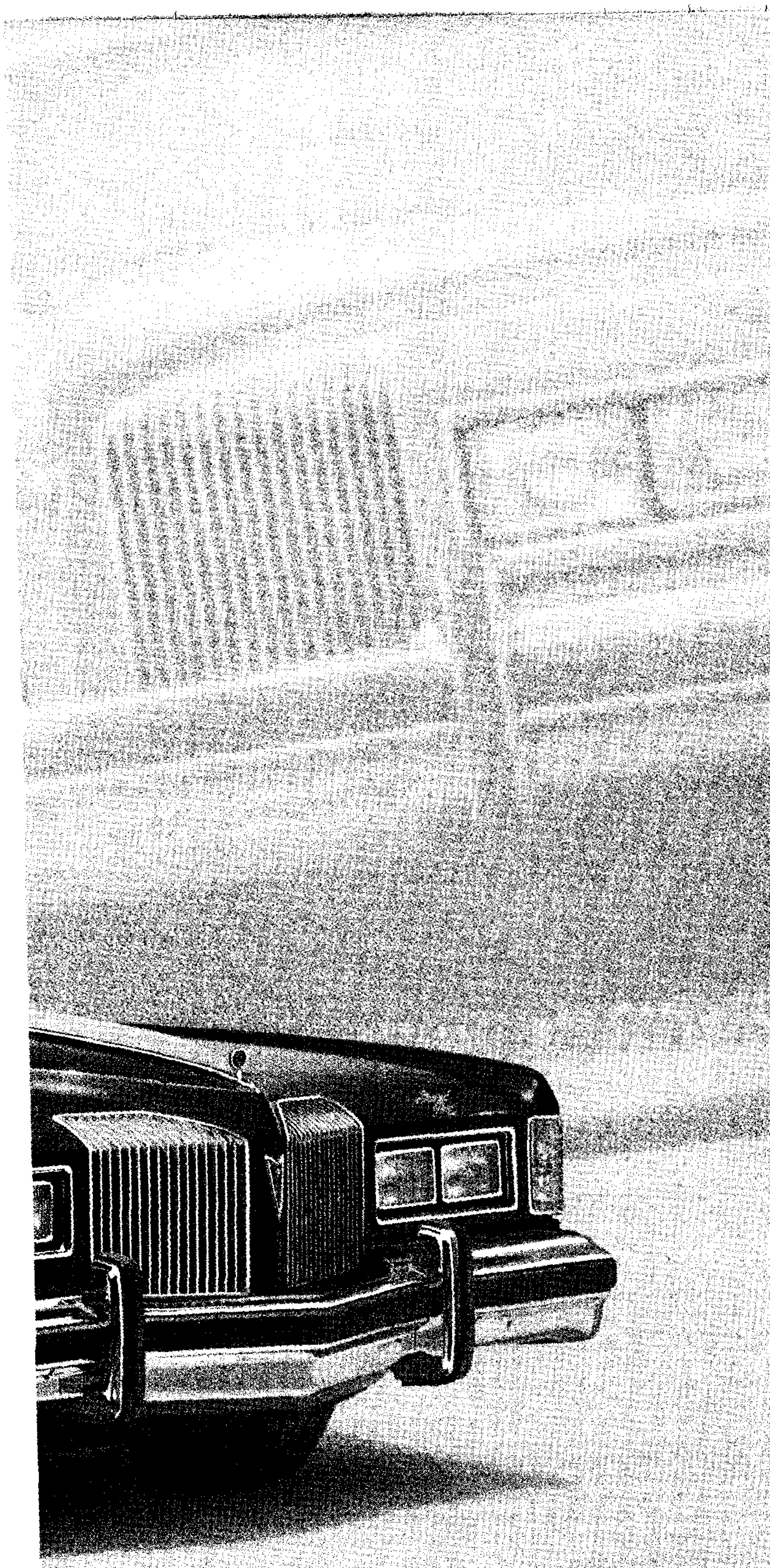
You can have that classic Grand Prix styling. Dramatic new grille. Formal rectangular headlamps.

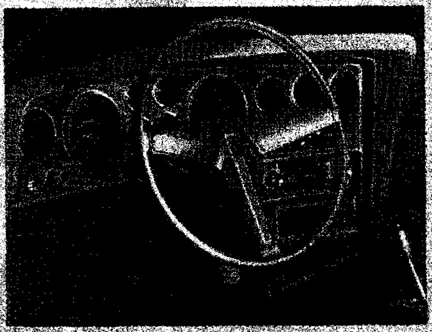
You can have Grand Prix's many personal comfort
Deep foam seats. Rich upholsteries. Custom cushio
steering wheel. Electric clock. And much, much more

And you can have that great Grand Prix perfo
mance. A 350 V-8. And Pontiac's famed Radial Tune
Suspension.

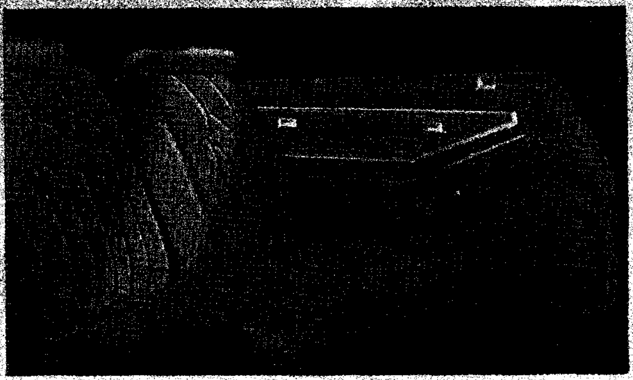
Ready for the real thing? It's waiting for you at you
Pontiac dealer's now.

*Base manufacturer's suggested retail price including dealer new-vehicle preparation charges. State and local taxes, available equipment and destinat
sport mirrors $29.00 and upright front bumper guards





Grand Prix's cockpit-style instrument panel.



Slip into something comfortable . . . this standard cloth and Morrokide full-width seat.

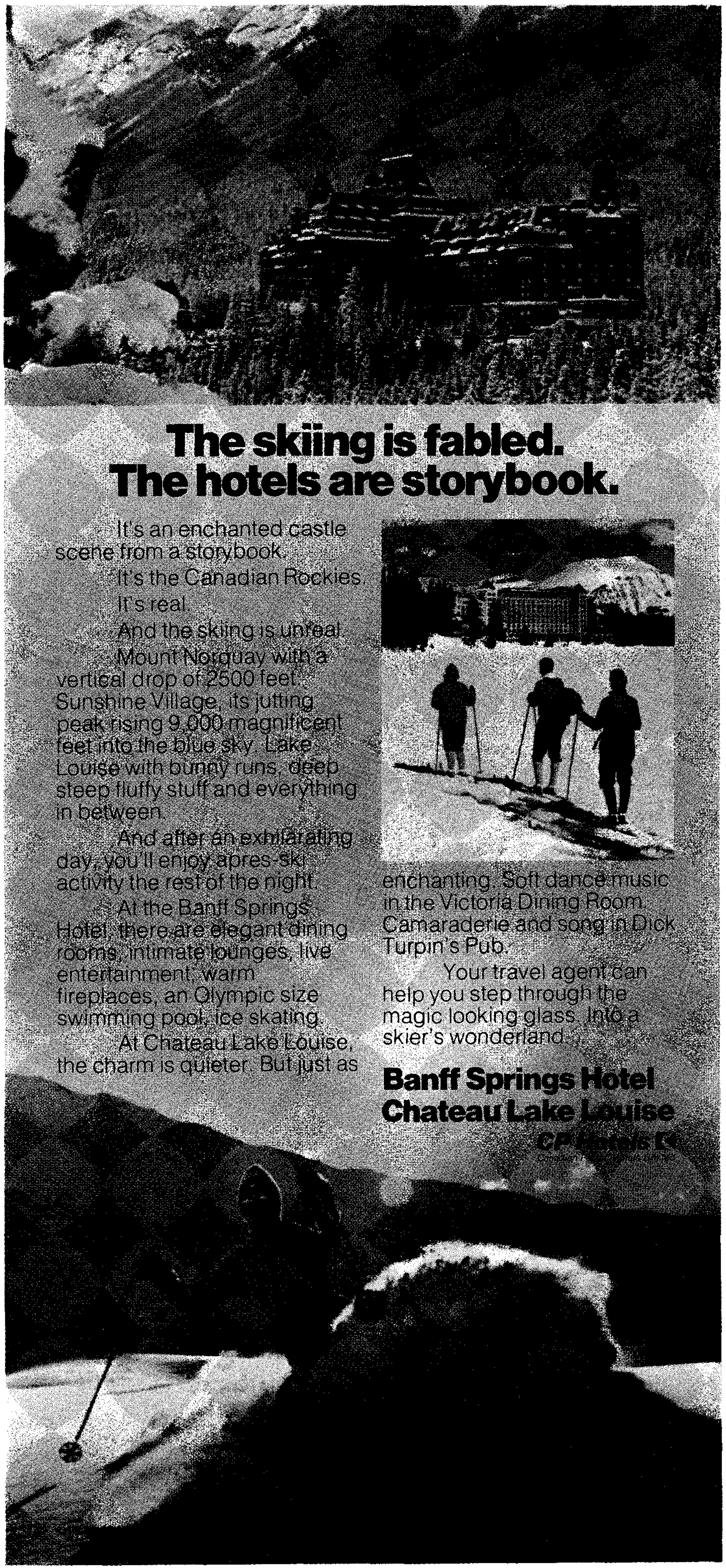
Supple leather bucket seats are available.

real thing so affordable! 1976 Pontiac Grand Prix. $4798.*

PONTIAC The Mark of Great Cars.

It stands for quality. Value. A sense of responsibility. To you and your needs. ☐ It stands for innovation. In our products. In every facet of our business. ☐ Perhaps most important, it stands for integrity. Never to compromise our philosophy that every Pontiac owner deserves to get his money's worth. ☐ Every Pontiac must live up to the mark. Anything less would be less than a great car. And Pontiac exists to produce great cars. ☐ The Wide-Track people wouldn't have it any other way.

are additional. Price does not include the following available equipment shown; deluxe 15" wheel covers $32.00, whitewall tires $37.00, body-colored
our California Pontiac dealer for applicable prices.



The skiing is fabled.
The hotels are storybook.

It's an enchanted castle scene from a storybook.

It's the Canadian Rockies.

It's real.

And the skiing is unreal.

Mount Norquay with a vertical drop of 2500 feet. Sunshine Village, its jutting peak rising 9,000 magnificent feet into the blue sky. Lake Louise with bunny runs, deep steep fluffy stuff and everything in between.

And after an exhilarating day, you'll enjoy apres-ski activity the rest of the night.

At the Banff Springs Hotel, there are elegant dining rooms, intimate lounges, live entertainment, warm fireplaces, an Olympic size swimming pool, ice skating.

At Chateau Lake Louise, the charm is quieter. But just as enchanting. Soft dance music in the Victoria Dining Room. Camaraderie and song in Dick Turpin's Pub.

Your travel agent can help you step through the magic looking glass. Into a skier's wonderland.

Banff Springs Hotel
Chateau Lake Louise
CP Hotels

If you prefer to make reservations direct, in the U.S. call 1-800-323-9111 (Illinois 1-800-942-7071); in Canada call CP Hotels Reserve-A-Room Service.

every two weeks toward the rent. For two months, the thirty-nine dollar semimonthly checks failed to arrive. Casilda had to spend two days out of every fifteen at the local welfare center tracking them down. After two months of having to go to the welfare center and of being unable to make ends meet, Casilda came to the conclusion that honesty didn't pay, and reported that Jesús had deserted her. Since then, she has been receiving the grant for a family of three and her entire rent.

For six years, Casilda had been content with her life with Jesús. Although he suffered from an ulcer and she found him an inadequate lover, he was quiet, neat, and handy around the house. He didn't beat her, and he treated Helen kindly. Casilda's contentment had ended a couple of months earlier, when she discovered that Jesús was having an affair. For a while, Casilda tried to pretend that the affair was not taking place. Though Jesús gave her less money on payday than had been his custom, she didn't protest. One of her friends, whose husband worked with Jesús, asked her why she phoned Jesús so often at the factory; she didn't reply that she hadn't been calling him at all, nor did she ask Jesús about the calls. When Jesús started coming home late at night, she didn't challenge his unconvincing alibis. But when an expensive-looking bottle of men's cologne appeared on Jesús's dresser Casilda couldn't refrain from asking him where he had got it. He said he had bought it at the drugstore for four dollars. The next morning, she priced the cologne at the drugstore; it cost twelve dollars. That afternoon, before she could confront Jesús with the discrepancy, Casilda discovered a pile of love letters under the bedroom linoleum, where Jesús had hidden them. What particularly hurt her feelings, she told her mother, was that the author of the letters was Aida González, her next-door neighbor and supposedly a good friend. Aida visited Casilda practically every day while Jesús was at work, and often came by in the evening to see them both. The letters made it clear that Aida and Jesús had gone to elaborate lengths to keep the affair from Aida's husband. In one letter, Aida instructed Jesús to give a thirty-five-dollar ring he had bought for her to one of her trusted girl friends, who could then offer to sell it to Aida's husband at a low price; her husband would be sure to buy it for her, and she would thus be able to wear it without arousing his suspicions.

That evening when Jesús came

home from work, Casilda threw the letters at him and told him to leave. Later, when Aida came to visit them, Casilda started to beat her up. Jesús stopped her. He was unable to stop her from calling Aida's husband to apprise him of the affair. Jesús tearfully begged Casilda's forgiveness and sought to justify his conduct: Aida had flirted with him, and he had had to prove his manhood by going to bed with her. He had bought her the ring only because she had bought him the cologne. Casilda accepted the rationale. "When a woman bothers a man, he has no alternative but to act like a man," she says. Even her mother considered her partly to blame for the affair: Casilda had seen Aida making eyes at Jesús and hadn't taken action immediately. Jesús agreed to stop seeing Aida and to move with Casilda to another apartment, on East Sixth Street, six blocks away from temptation. Partly at her mother's urging, Casilda agreed to give Jesús a second chance. For two months, Jesús was a model husband. He brightened up the crumbling walls of their fifth-floor walkup with gold-and-green flocked Con-Tact paper, and he was properly jealous when Casilda stayed out until four in the morning, playing bingo at a friend's house. Jesús hadn't made love to her in several weeks, and when Casilda finally persuaded him to do so, she discovered that the affair had begun again. Jesús didn't want to take off his T-shirt. Casilda took it off for him. She immediately noticed a love bite on his chest. When she tried to put a similar mark of affection on his neck, he wouldn't let her. "Either I do what I want with you, like Aida, or you can go!" Casilda had screamed. Jesús had ignored the ultimatum. For ten days, they had scarcely spoken.

Now, Casilda said, her voice trembling, the climactic moment had arrived. For last night Jesús hadn't come home. Casilda had phoned him that morning at the factory and had been told that he hadn't shown up for work. She was calling to ask what her mother thought she ought to do. "Get drunk," Mrs. Santana said. In the days since the quarrel over the love bite, Casilda had picked out a prospective new husband, one Alfonso Ortiz. Mrs. Santana hadn't yet met Alfonso, but she didn't like anything Casilda had told her about him: he was three years younger than Casilda, he was unemployed, and his last wife had just thrown him out of the house. Mrs. Santana believed that Casilda would be better off staying with Jesús. Casilda didn't care for her mother's advice. "The trouble with you, *Mami*, is that you don't take life seriously," Casilda said. "Getting drunk won't help. I feel so low I could sink in a glass of water."

Mrs. Santana, on whom Casilda's histrionics were wasted, replied, "Casilda, the trouble with you is that you're just like me. You don't have good luck with men. Rafael Rodríguez left me with three children. He's stuck with his second wife for over twenty years. Ángel Castillo had no money for me—he was just a field worker when I was with him. Now he's high up in the numbers business in Cayey and lives with his third wife in a fancy house."

This time, Casilda regretfully concurred with her mother. "When I was with Roberto Figueroa, we travelled around like gypsies and we had nothing," she said. "Now Roberto is selling heroin and he's already made twenty thousand dollars. I'm glad I never got around to divorcing him. If something happens to him, I'll be his legal widow."

Mother and daughter turned from Casilda's troubles to family gossip. Casilda had heard that Inés Pérez, Roberto Figueroa's latest wife, was pregnant; Inés claimed that the baby was Roberto's, but Roberto was going around denying it. Casilda had also learned that Fulgencia Rodríguez's son, Martín, a Navy officer, had recently been transferred to Japan, where his wife had "a genuine maid." Mrs. Santana told Casilda that Vicente Santana had given his wife a severe beating; she had been seen on the street with numerous bruises. The latest news about other members of the large Rodríguez, Castillo, Santana, Delgado, Figueroa, and Manrique families kept Casilda and her mother on the phone for fifteen minutes longer.

RESTED from her conversation with Casilda—she had lain down on her bed while they talked—Mrs. Santana got up, put a large pot of beans on the stove to simmer, and mopped the floors. Her bed is always unmade and she never dusts, but she mops the apartment several times a day. She took a load of clean sheets, towels, and clothes out of the washing machine and hung them up to dry on lines that cobwebbed the living room and the narrow front hall. If it hadn't been raining, she would have used outside lines that link her windows to the fire escape

antartex
sheepskin coats from Scotland

No.34: $265
curly lambskin

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond– model Louise Macdonald. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women–31 styles, 9 skin colours, 8 sheepskin types–from $110.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs, mitts, handmade knitwear. We supply Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS

New York City: 903 Madison Avenue (at E.72) 10021. 212 535-9079.
14 West 55th St. (at 5th) 10019. 212-765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich Ave. 06830. 203-661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston St., Harvard Sq., 02138. 617-868-6083
Minneapolis, Minn: 928 Nicollet Mall, 55402. 612-339-1276
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E-W Tollway to 31) 60134. 312-232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertsons
240 E. Deerpath, 60045. 312-CE 4-9100
Philadelphia: 80 E. Wynnewood Rd., Wynnewood, Pa. 19096. 215-Mi 9-5722
Pittsfield, Mass: 15 North St., 01201. 413-442-2171
Washington, DC: Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' St. North, 20007. 202-338-8078
Montreal, Quebec: 1522 West Sherbrooke St., 514-935-4142

For your catalogue and real sheepskin samples, send $1 (credited to your order) along with your name and address to:

ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP AT1
120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich Conn: 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

The best from the world's finest hotels in a personal size

and until now, it's been one of the best kept secrets in Los Angeles

just the right dimension to accentuate privacy, discretion and personal service

extravagantly appointed one, two, or three bedroom suites

sophisticated dining, cocktails in unhurried surroundings

swimming pool and a health spa for men and for ladies

executive meeting facilities for 10 to 100

ideally situated, a quiet reach from fashionable Westwood Village

around the corner is Beverly Hills...down the street, U.C.L.A... only 20 minutes from Los Angeles International Airport

WESTWOOD HYATT HOUSE

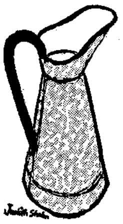
When you visit Los Angeles, someone should make you feel that you are not lost in the crowd

800-228-9000
Gets You Hyatt
Worldwide. Toll Free

For Meetings: Director of Sales,
930 Hilgard, Los Angeles 90024,
213-475-8765

of the burned-out building across the courtyard. She set the new white candle on a saucer, lighted the candle, and put saucer and candle on the bedroom floor in front of a small table covered with china figures that Delgado and the children had given her over the years. On the table were two plump Buddhas, the head of an American Indian (Mrs. Santana believes that Buddhas and Indians bring good luck), and statues of Christ, St. Barbara, and St. Martín de Porres, a seventeenth-century half-caste, who is her favorite saint. Her son Rafael was supposed to drive from Dover, New Jersey, to New York that day. The last time he had made the trip, it had rained and he had wrecked his car. Mrs. Santana feared for his safety. The candle was her appeal to Santa Clara, the patroness of good weather, childbirth, and television, to stop the rain. Rafael had spent the past year shuttling between two wives. One wife—Diana López, eighteen, a niece of Casilda's ex-husband, Roberto Figueroa, and of Inocencia Castillo's husband, Reynaldo Figueroa—was currently living in Dover. The other—Rosa Cruz, a sixteen-year-old former classmate of Inocencia Castillo's—lived in Brooklyn. Rafael had recently been taken into the heroin business by Roberto Figueroa. With part of his earnings, he had rented and furnished apartments for both his wives.

Shortly after two, Gabriel Santana bounded into the apartment. He had been released from school an hour early to attend a catechism class. He finds religious-instruction classes dull and usually cuts them. His mother doesn't care. She lights an occasional votive candle, and on welfare and hospital forms that ask for her religion she states that she is a Catholic, but she attends Mass only at Christmas and Easter, and doesn't hold the clergy in high esteem. "Once the priests started marrying, we saw that they were just as bad as the rest of us," she says. Mrs. Santana could just as accurately have put on the forms that she is a spiritualist, for she believes in the efficacy of curses and spells. It was a spell that had made her leave her favorite husband, Ángel Castillo (she suspected his mother of having cast it), and a spell that had made her remain with Vicente Santana, her least-favorite husband, for ten years. Gabriel remembered that it was the twentieth of the month, and asked his mother for the money she had promised to give him on check day for a karate outfit. He had forgotten that check day would be his day of reckoning. He looked puzzled and then sheepish when his mother accused him, at the top of her voice, of misappropriating two dollars from the bodega. Gabriel made no excuses. He carefully put a row of Delgado's mod drip-dry shirts and flared slacks between him and his mother.



When Mrs. Santana is angry, she often swats her children; they have learned to keep their distance and remain silent until her anger subsides. Gabriel is considered by his mother the best-looking of the four Santana children. Emilio, Vicente, and María have inherited their parents' mulatto complexions, broad noses, puffy lips, and kinky hair. Gabriel bears a closer resemblance to Vicente Santana's white father and to Mrs. Santana's white grandfather. He has fine features, wavy black hair, and light skin. He is taller and slimmer than his older brothers. Gabriel is also the most high-strung and temperamental of the Santana children. When someone says something that offends him, he becomes enraged and throws the nearest available object at the offender. (He is still greatly admired within the family for having had the nerve to throw a can of corn at his father in 1969.) He boasts of his light skin, taunting other members of the family for looking like blacks. When Mrs. Santana was pregnant with Gabriel, two-year-old Vicente had toppled over a rickety hall railing and fallen two floors, breaking a leg and requiring eight stitches in his head. She attributes Gabriel's nervousness to the shock she suffered over Vicente's fall. Several years ago, Mrs. Santana had been persuaded to take Gabriel to a hospital for neurological tests. She went to the hospital with him twice, but it was a long, tiring journey from her apartment and she stopped going before his condition had been diagnosed.

At three, María Santana came home from school in the company of her friend Lillian Álvarez, who had been waiting patiently on the front stoop for her for hours. Lillian's mother, Margie Mendoza, an Italian woman whose husbands have included blacks and Puerto Ricans, didn't believe the public schools were good enough for her three comely daughters. She couldn't afford to send them to parochial schools, so she let them stay home. María, a slender ten-year-old tomboy with a fetching smile, the vocabulary of a roustabout, a habit of sucking her thumb, and a precocious knowledge of

Television presents the many faces of the American woman.

Television has long remembered Mama and loved Lucy.

But today's television recognizes that women have also helped shape America's history and culture. And women are making greater contributions than ever to television—on camera and off.

For example, during October and November, you'll be seeing *First Ladies' Diaries: Martha Washington. Babe,* a portrait of sports immortal Babe Didrikson Zaharias. *Sounder,* Emmy-winning Cicely Tyson's portrayal of the struggles and spiritual triumph of a black woman. And a documentary on the role and status of European women.

More and more women are on camera broadcasting the news. And behind the scenes gathering it. They're executives, writers and technicians. And, more than ever, stars of their own shows.

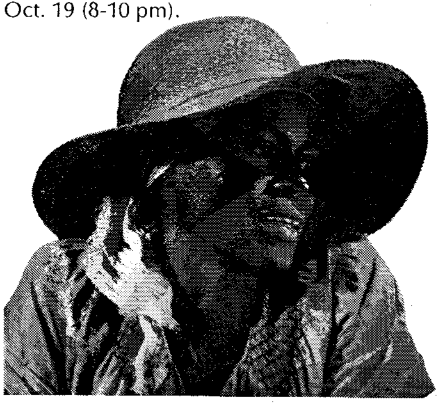
So here's to Cicely and Carol, Barbara and Mary. To Rhoda and Fay, Maude and Cher and Dinah. To the lawyers, doctors, and women in blue. And to all the others who bring wisdom and laughter and a proud sense of their potential and achievement to all of us.

Fear on Trial. Factual account of John Henry Faulk's blacklisting in 1950's. Thursday, Oct. 2 (9-11 pm).

Country Music Association Awards. Honors outstanding achievements in country music field. Monday, Oct. 13 (10-11 pm).

What's It All About? What's Communism All About?; What's a City All About? Documentaries for young viewers. Saturdays, Oct. 18; Nov. 22 (1:30-2 pm).

A Home of Our Own. True drama of priest who founded "Our Little Brothers and Sisters" shelters, based on security, love, work and responsibility. Sunday, Oct. 19 (8-10 pm).



Sounder, starring Cicely Tyson

Special Treat. Soul and Symphony—Detroit Symphony explains musical forms. Tuesday, Oct. 21 (4-5 pm). **Fuji**—Hang-gliding in Japan. Tuesday, Nov. 11 (4-5 pm)

First Ladies' Diaries: Martha Washington. Second in series on Presidents' wives. Thursday, Oct. 23 (1:30-3 pm).

Babe. Life of great athlete Babe Didrikson Zaharias. Thursday, Oct. 23 (9-11 pm).

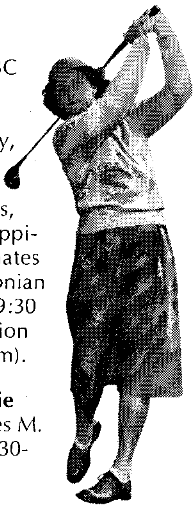
The Weekend Athlete. ABC News Closeup examines problems of middle-aged athlete. Thursday, Oct. 23 (10-11 pm)

Sounder. Acclaimed film of Southern black family during the Depression. Friday, Oct. 24 (9-11 pm).

The Missiles of October. ABC Theatre—Dramatic account of confrontation between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. Sunday, Oct. 26 (9 pm-midnight).

Life. First of three-part series, "Life, Liberty, Pursuit of Happiness." David Brinkley evaluates Americans' lives and Jeffersonian ideals. Tuesday, Oct. 28 (8-9:30 pm). Special children's version Saturday, Nov. 1 (12:30-1 pm).

You're A Good Sport, Charlie Brown. New story by Charles M. Schulz. Tuesday, Oct. 28 (8:30-9 pm).



Babe

We Interrupt This Broadcast! Re-creation of Orson Welles' broadcast of H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds.* Friday, Oct. 31 (9-11 pm).

Eric. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Factual story of young man's struggle against cancer. Monday, Nov. 10 (9-11 pm).

The Grand Ole Opry at 50. Hal Holbrook hosts Nashville celebration of unique American institution. Tuesday, Nov. 11 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Wednesday, Nov. 19 (4:30-5:30 pm).

CBS Reports: The Assassins. First of 3 inquiries into political assassinations. Thursday, Nov. 20 (Time TBA).

A Man For All Seasons. Oscar-winning film starring Paul Scofield. Thursday, Nov. 27 (12:30-3 pm).

Living Free. Sequel to *Born Free.* Thursday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

NBC News Special. The Social Security structure and how it works. Thursday, Nov. 27 (10-11 pm).

Steve and Eydie: Our Love is Here to Stay. Tribute to the music and lyrics of the Gershwins. Thursday, Nov. 27 (10-11 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and Tigger Too. A.A. Milne's charming children's classic. Friday, Nov. 28 (8-8:30 pm).

Consumerism. Boon or Bust? ABC News Closeup on consumer achievements. Saturday, Nov. 29 (10-11 pm).

A Determining Force. Documentary on role of women in European society. Sunday, Nov. 30 (5:30-6:30 pm).

The Legend of Valentino. Franco Nero portrays the silent film idol. Two hours. Date to be announced.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/AM America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers/Electric Company/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Emergency + 4/Land of the Lost/The Shazam-Isis Hour/Westwind/Lost Saucer/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO-USA/CBS Children's Film Festival/Weekend (first Saturday each month).

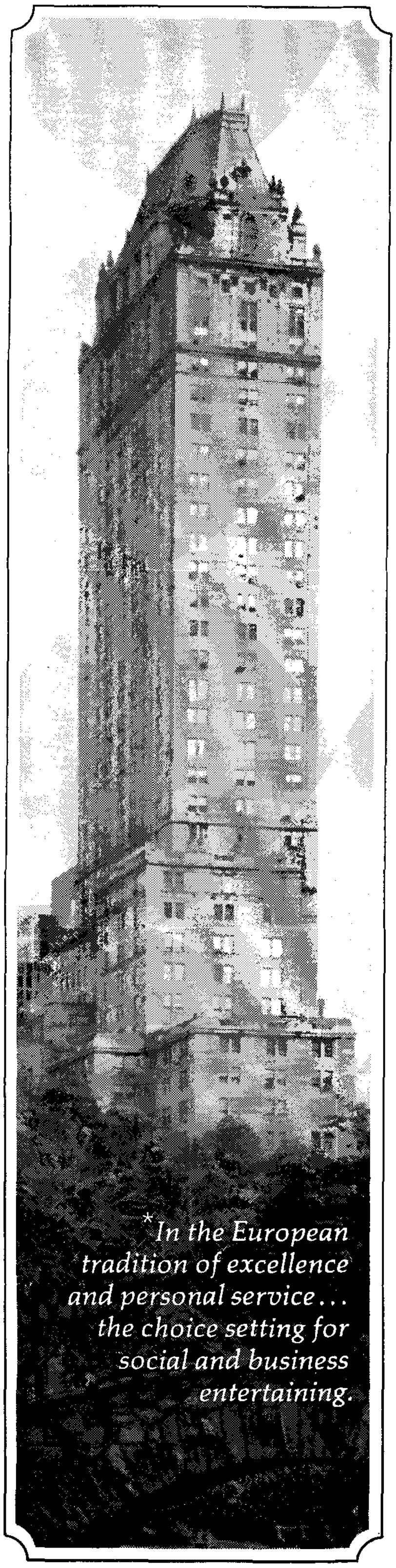
First Ladies' Diaries:
Martha Washington

Sunday: Vegetable Soup/In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/These Are the Days/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

The Pierre



*Awarded The Grand Prix
De L'excellence Europeenne 1974

5TH AVE. & 61 ST. N.Y. 10021
212-838-8000

Managed by Trust Houses Forte Ltd.

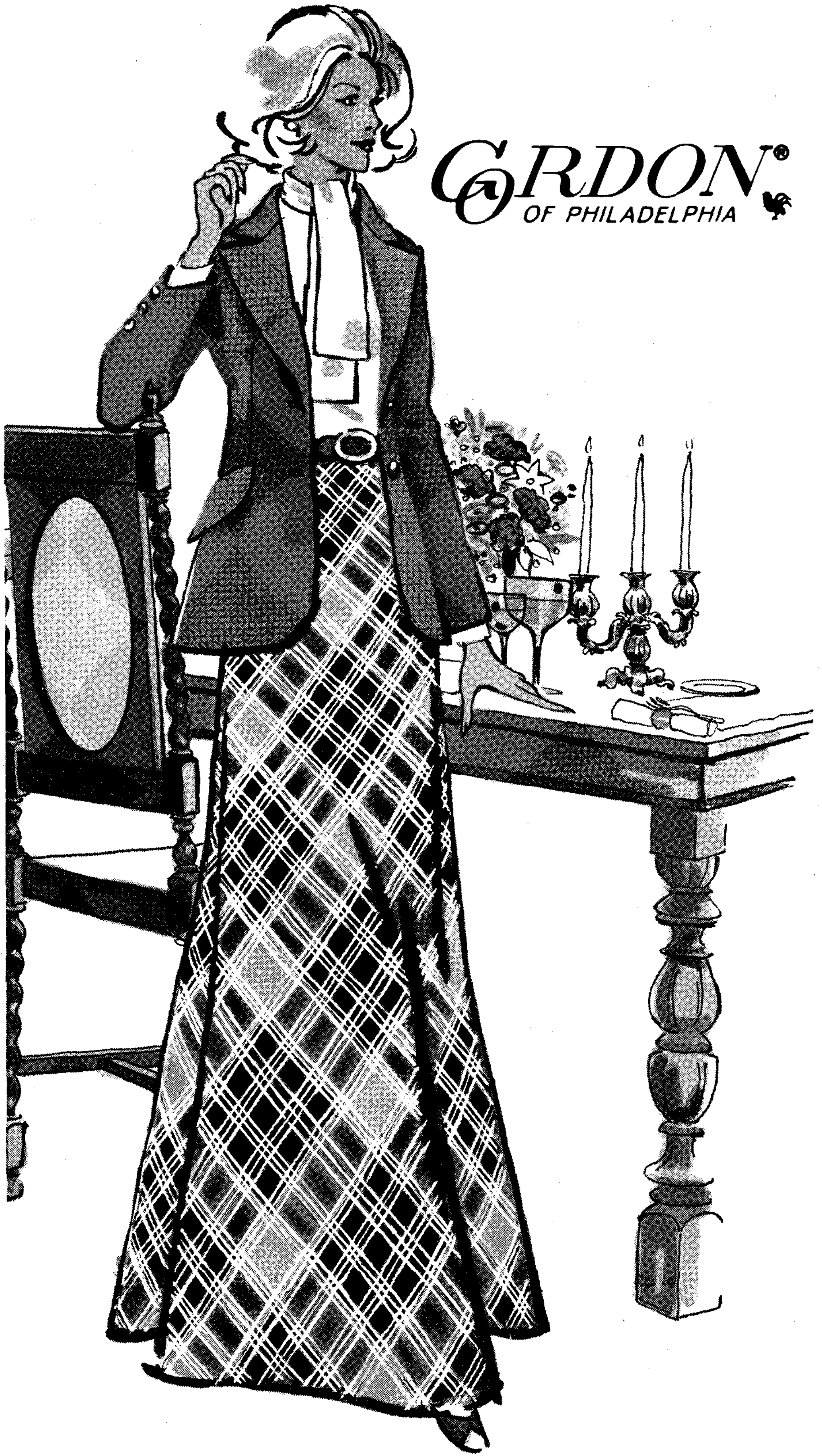
the facts of life (at the age of seven she had startled one of her mother's caseworkers by asking him, "Will you make me a baby?"), handed her mother a note she had been given at school, and her notebook. Mrs. Santana read the note. It requested her to take María to an ophthalmologist for an eye examination. She put the notebook down on the coffee table without opening it. The notebook was filled with sentences that seemed to have little relevance to Puerto Rican life in New York City's slums. Among them were the sentences "Father takes the short road home" and "Mother and Father laughed at Billy and Bobby," which María had been told to copy ten times. María enjoys copying, and she had done her work neatly, misspelling "road" and "laughed" ten times apiece. At the top of the page she had printed "María do good work. María right good." The four Santana children speak fluent, albeit slangy and ungrammatical, English with a Spanish inflection, but they all have difficulty reading and writing English. María, the only Santana child who has never been suspended from school, is in 5–4, an average fifth-grade class. (The best is 5–1, the worst is 5–9.) She attends school about four days a week, receives satisfactory marks, and reads on a first-grade level.

Having decided to serve pork chops for dinner with the beans that had been simmering and the rice that she would soon put on to boil, Mrs. Santana sent María to the bodega with instructions to charge some pork chops to her account. María and Lillian returned in five minutes with a bag of Fritos, which they shared with Mrs. Santana and Gabriel, and the news that the bodega was out of meat—a situation that would have meant a meatless dinner on a day when there was no cash in the house. Mrs. Santana took five dollars from her pocketbook and told María to buy a package of pork chops at the supermarket. The Santanas prefer Puerto Rican food to American food. Their evening meal usually consists of rice and beans with chicken, dried codfish, or some part of a pig (pork chops, pigs' feet, pigs' knuckles, pigs' ears, pork heart). Mrs. Santana sometimes cooks crab or octopus. She rarely serves beef. She and her family like *yautías* (a tuber) and *plátanos* (green bananas); they view green vegetables with alarm.

As soon as thirteen-year-old Vicente Santana turned up, at 3:30, Mrs. Santana yelled at him about the suspension notice. Vicente did not look contrite. A stocky boy with a husky voice, he finds school boring and often plays hooky without his mother's knowledge. He once spent a summer picking tomatoes and lima beans near Dover (where Roberto and Reynaldo Figueroa's parents had bought a house), and he prefers field work to schoolwork. He also prefers women to book learning. When Vicente was twelve, Mrs. Santana caught him in her bed with Lillian Álvarez's older sister Delfina. His latest girl friend is sixteen years old and uses drugs. Mrs. Santana doesn't worry about Vicente's getting the girl pregnant—that is the girl's mother's concern—but she fears that the girl may get Vicente started on drugs. Mrs. Santana attributes her son Felipe Rodríguez's heroin addiction to his wife, Georgina Herrera, who is five years older than he, and who was using drugs when they started living together, four years ago. Mrs. Santana's anger with Vicente quickly waned. She asked him where his brother Emilio was. Vicente said that Emilio had gone straight from school to the lower East Side to see some friends. Three of Vicente's buddies came to the apartment looking for him. One of them said he was hungry. Vicente fixed him a bread-margarine-and-jelly sandwich. The rain had stopped, with or without Santa Clara's intervention, and the four boys ran off to play ball.

Despite Williamsburg's high crime statistics, Mrs. Santana isn't afraid of robbers and rapists, and locks her door only when no one is at home. For the next hour, her front door opened and closed several dozen times as the Santana children and their friends entered and left. Gabriel went out with his shoeshine box, earned fifty cents, and returned with a package of assorted foreign stamps he had bought for his stamp collection. Margie Mendoza, who is one of Mrs. Santana's very few non-Puerto Rican friends, stopped by to use the phone. The building superintendent came to repair a leaking faucet in the bathtub, and to gossip. María and Lillian brought in a friend's new talking doll to show Mrs. Santana, who laughed even harder than the two ten-year-olds when she pulled its cord and the doll said, "Can you wiggle your nose? I can," in a tiny voice. Emilio, a self-contained, self-confident twelve-year-old, came home from the lower East Side and was briefly castigated for the suspension notice. He reported that he had visited Casilda and had found her in her apartment dancing with Alfonso. One of the children had turned on the television set, and it stayed on all afternoon. Mrs. Santana gave half her attention to her children's comings and goings and half to a quiz show. She didn't understand the questions and answers, but she admired the female contestants' dresses and hairdos and exclaimed over the sets of matched luggage, the strands of cultured pearls, and the trips for two to Hawaii that they won or failed to win. The quiz show was followed by a cartoon program; Mrs. Santana is an ardent fan of "Bugs Bunny," "The Flintstones," and "Huckleberry Hound."

At five, when Emilio and Vicente said they were hungry, Mrs. Santana rinsed off two forks and two plastic plates, put a pork chop on each plate, and surrounded the chop with rice and beans. The boys helped themselves to bread and soda, and watched TV as they ate at the dinette table. Mrs. Santana prepared two more plates of food for Gabriel and María, who ate on the living-room sofa. Francisco Delgado usually returned from the automobile-supply factory around five. He had cut his arm on a sharp-edged machine the previous week and had a five-o'clock doctor's appointment that day, so Mrs. Santana put a large pork chop and a generous helping of rice and beans on a plate and set it aside for him. Delgado walked in at six-fifteen. Instead of kissing Mrs. Santana on the mouth, his customary greeting, he took thirty-five dollars out of his pocket and handed her the money, wordlessly. Mrs. Santana looked at the bills and stuffed them into her bra. "Tell him thank you," said Gabriel. Instead, Mrs. Santana reacted as she had when Delgado gave her twenty dollars instead of fifty the previous week; she said nothing. She put Delgado's plate of food down on the table, rinsed off the plate and the fork Vicente had used (the household is chronically short of cutlery and plasticware), and helped herself to a modest portion of rice and beans and the smallest of the three pork chops left in the pot. She sent Emilio to the bodega for a quart of beer for Delgado and sat down to eat. For a few minutes, Mrs. Santana and Delgado ate in silence. Delgado never tells Mrs. Santana about his work (she has only a vague notion of what he does at the automobile-supply company), and Mrs. Santana doesn't inform Delgado of the children's misdeeds. When they first set up housekeeping in Brooklyn,



GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

for graceful fall living. The riding blazer in 100% cotton velveteen, tailored to perfection, about $72. The long skirt in 70% wool-30% polyester, belted in suede, about $50. Both fully lined, both in sizes 6-18.

Activair® makes the stock tie shirt in 100% polyester crepe. Sizes 8-16, about $25.

At B. ALTMAN & CO., all stores; HALLS-PLAZA, Kansas City, Mo.; OUTDOOR TRADERS, Greenwich, Conn.; TEPPER'S, Plainfield, N. J.; CROSS COUNTRY SHOPS, Pa., Del. and N. J.; LIL'S of BELCARO, Denver; or for the store nearest you, write Gordon Sales Associates, 1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

The Original One and Only

Fruit-of-the-Month Club®

from 'way out in Oregon

Christmas	January	February
Royal Riviera® Pears	Crisp Mountain Apples	Royal Grapefruit
March	**April**	**May**
Royal Oranges	Hawaiian Pineapples	Wild 'n Rare® Preserves
June	**July**	**August**
Home-Canned Fruit	Giant Kiwi Berries	Exotic Nectarines
September	**October**	**November**
Oregold® Peaches	Alphonse LaValle Grapes	Spanish Melons

A dozen dazzling gifts — all year

You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name.

3-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 111 . . . $24⁹⁵ delv'd Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!

5-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 141 . . . $39⁹⁵ delv'd Keeps coming and coming! Christmas, January, February, May and September!

8-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 151 . . . $66⁹⁵ delv'd Delight 'em to pieces, again and again — Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, Aug., Sept., Oct., and November!

12-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 201 . . . $95⁹⁵ delv'd A Gift Box every month, all year around!

EASY TO ORDER: Send list of names plus check or money order. *(No C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign greetings.* Everything's beautifully packaged.

Send your orders to:

Harry and David®
Box 503-B Medford, Oregon 97501

WE GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

WANT OUR FREE CATALOG? IT'S DELICIOUS! See more of our farm fresh Christmas Gifts and Fruit-of-the-Month Clubs in honest-to-gosh full color. Just send off the coupon right away.

Harry and David®
Box 503-B Medford, Oregon 97501

PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG TO:

NAME________________

STREET________________

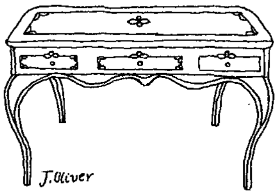
CITY________________

STATE__________ ZIP__________

©1975, Harry and David

Delgado had tried to discipline the children, but he had quickly learned that Mrs. Santana didn't like anyone but herself to hit them or correct them. Presently, Mrs. Santana told Delgado what numbers she had played that day (an hour later, the numbers man stopped by to inform her that she hadn't won), and passed along some of the gossip she had acquired from Casilda, Margie Mendoza, and the superintendent. Mrs. Santana and Delgado had just finished eating when her son Felipe Rodríguez walked in, accompanied by five scruffy, weary-looking children.

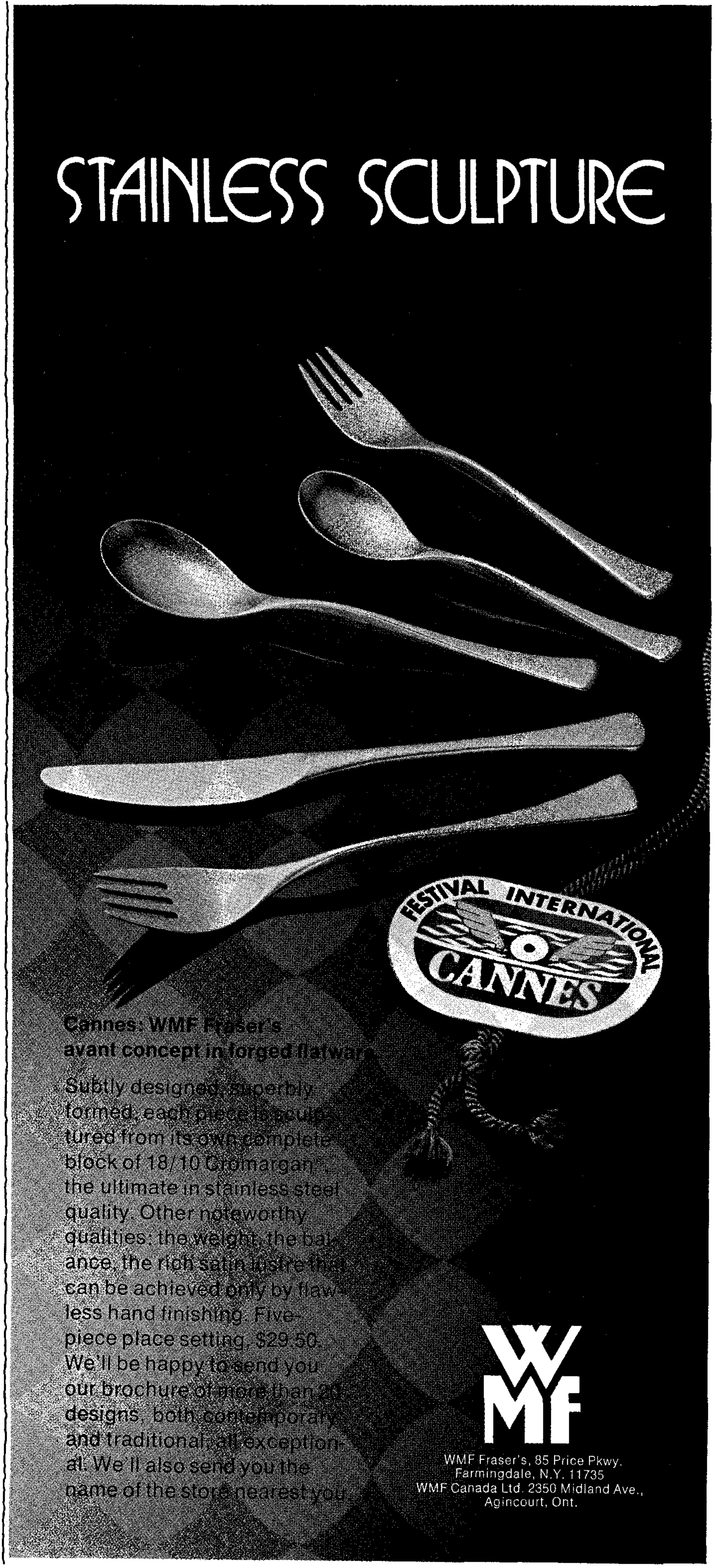
The four older children, ranging in age from four to eight, were Georgina Herrera's by two other men; the baby was Felipe's and Georgina's year-old son, Felipe Rodríguez, Jr., called Junito. Felipe and Georgina had been evicted from their apartment in Williamsburg several days before for nonpayment of rent. They had paid the rent, but their landlord hadn't cashed their check, because, as Georgina put it, he "had this prejudice against drug addicts." They had found an apartment on the lower East Side and were living more or less on the streets until they could move in. Mrs. Santana saw the children staring at her empty plate and sent María to the bodega for a jar of baby food for Junito. She rinsed off four plates, divided up the two pork chops and the last of the rice and beans, and handed the plates to the four older children. She heated the jar of strained spaghetti María had fetched for Junito, took him on her lap, and fed him. Junito finished his meal quickly, which pleased Mrs. Santana; in her family a fat baby is much more highly regarded than a thin one. She sent María back to the bodega for a second jar of baby food and a box of Pampers. After Junito had bolted a jar of pureed macaroni, María changed his diaper. She and Lillian then took Georgina's four-year-old daughter, Dorothy, downstairs. They were proud of Dorothy's bilingual vocabulary of four-letter words and her ferocious knack for biting other children, and they wanted to show her off to their friends.



Felipe Rodríguez, a short, very slight man of twenty-two, with narrow eyes, a mustache, an Afro, and a dark complexion, had declined his mother's offer of food. For the past four years, he has shown little interest in eating, or in anything except drugs. In a voice that was slurred and barely audible, Felipe said he had come up to the apartment to take a bath, and shuffled to the bathroom like a sleepwalker. Mrs. Santana doesn't want her younger children to follow Felipe's example; she refuses to let him shoot up in their presence. In spite of the bad example he sets as an addict, she is always glad to see him and always speaks fondly of him. When he was seven, Felipe Rodríguez had flown from Puerto Rico to New York to join his mother and his new stepfather. Vicente Santana took an early dislike to Felipe for siding with his mother whenever they fought, and gave him frequent undeserved beatings. Santana often predicted that Felipe would drop out of school and become a drug addict—a prediction that Casilda believes was self-fulfilling. Felipe picked up English fairly easily after his arrival in New York, but he got off to a late start in school and never caught up. He was put in classes for slow learners and was kept back twice. In 1968, when he was repeating the seventh grade, he was told he would be kept back again. "Either promote me or I quit," he said. He was not promoted. He quit and got a job as a clerk in a bodega. Six months later, he was caught sniffing glue and was fired. In 1970, Mrs. Santana's caseworker prevailed upon Felipe to sign up for a Work Incentive Program, administered by the New York State Department of Labor. His nine-to-five program consisted primarily of reading lessons. After a few months, Felipe was mistakenly dropped from the program—someone had got him mixed up with another Felipe Rodríguez—but by then Felipe had met Georgina and had had enough of the program anyway. "If I had to learn to read, why didn't they promote me and let me learn to read in ninth grade with my friends?" he says. "At least school let out at three. Reading until five! Man, that was one hell of a drag."

In 1971, Felipe moved in with Georgina Herrera, who was on welfare and on heroin. Before long, Felipe was snorting cocaine, then skinning heroin, then mainlining heroin. Georgina supports her habit—and Felipe's—by stealing and prostitution. Felipe remains at home and takes care of the children. Georgina is a versatile thief. She steals welfare checks from broken mailboxes and money from supermarket cash-register drawers while the cashier's back is turned, but her specialty is shoplifting. When, as she says, she "needs" small items, she puts on a bulky coat with a special lining, enters a store, and comes out with a liningful of shoes, jewelry, or children's clothes. When she needs a large item, she goes to a store, picks up a sewing machine, a portable TV, or a coat, and boldly carries it out; so far, she has never been caught. Georgina has no more compunction about stealing from acquaintances than she has about stealing from strangers. Once, at a party at Casilda's house, she took another guest's welfare check from her purse; at a medical clinic she picked her doctor's pocket. Recently, Georgina stole a pair of María's earrings from Mrs. Santana's top bureau drawer. Mrs. Santana saw her superintendent's wife wearing some gold earrings and remarked that they looked exactly like the thirty-dollar earrings María's godmother had given her when she made her First Communion. The super's wife told Mrs. Santana that her husband had bought the earrings from Georgina for five dollars. Mrs. Santana bought them back, told Felipe what Georgina had done, and declared her apartment off limits to Georgina. The five dollars had helped buy a fix for Felipe, but Felipe would have lost face with his family if he had condoned a theft from his baby sister, so he gave Georgina a beating.

Georgina, who had been banned on a previous occasion for stealing one of Mrs. Santana's rings, took her obligatory beatings and banishments in stride. While her children ate dinner and her husband bathed, Georgina sat on the front stoop of the building and chain-smoked. There were dark circles under her hazel eyes, but she was alert and talkative with passersby. She had on a pair of rumpled bluejeans, a skimpy top that revealed the stretch marks on her stomach, and clunky shoes. She wore her dirty-blond hair in two bunches and looked younger than her twenty-seven years. Georgina and Felipe both speak openly about their drug addiction and about Georgina's stealing. Georgina is proud of her ability to march merchandise confidently past store guards; neither she nor Felipe feels that stealing is morally wrong. "In this world, you got to do everything—cheat, lie, whatever comes up—to live," Felipe says. His reasons for not wanting his children to steal are purely pragmatic: they might not be as good at it as their mother, and so might get caught. Georgina and Felipe are less forthright about Georgina's other sideline. Whenever Georgina stays out all night and



STAINLESS SCULPTURE

Cannes: WMF Fraser's avant concept in forged flatware

Subtly designed, superbly formed; each piece is sculptured from its own complete block of 18/10 Cromargan®, the ultimate in stainless steel quality. Other noteworthy qualities: the weight, the balance, the rich satin lustre that can be achieved only by flawless hand finishing. Five-piece place setting, $29.50. We'll be happy to send you our brochure of more than 20 designs, both contemporary and traditional, all exceptional. We'll also send you the name of the store nearest you.

WMF

WMF Fraser's, 85 Price Pkwy.
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735
WMF Canada Ltd. 2350 Midland Ave.,
Agincourt, Ont.

The Bourbon Smoke

Good Kentucky Bourbon actually softens the taste of pipe tobacco. Subtly adding flavor without disguising it. Amazingly, the Swedes discovered it.

The result is Borkum Riff. A unique, definitely rich smoke that won't bite. Burns evenly. Stays lit. Because it's riff cut to pack perfectly.

You'll like it. Borkum Riff, the Bourbon Smoke. From Sweden. Where fine tobacco is a fine art.

BOURBON
BORKUM RIFF
BORKUM RIFF
riff cut mild mixture

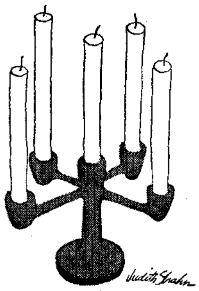
Borkum Riff.
One of life's simple pleasures.
Imported by United States Tobacco Company.

returns with several hundred dollars, she tells Felipe that one of her stepfathers, a bail bondsman, gave her the money. Since Felipe chooses to accept the generous-stepfather lie, Mrs. Santana, who understands and respects the macho principle, is careful to look around the room and make sure that Felipe is not in it before she calls Georgina a whore. She and her older children have attempted to introduce Felipe to other women, in the hope that he will leave Georgina. They bad-mouth Georgina to their friends, and they insist to one another that they tolerate Georgina only because she is their well-loved Felipe's wife, but their attitude toward her shoplifting is ambivalent. Georgina recently stole a pair of sneakers that proved to be too small for Felipe. She offered them to Emilio. They fitted him perfectly, and he was happy to have them.

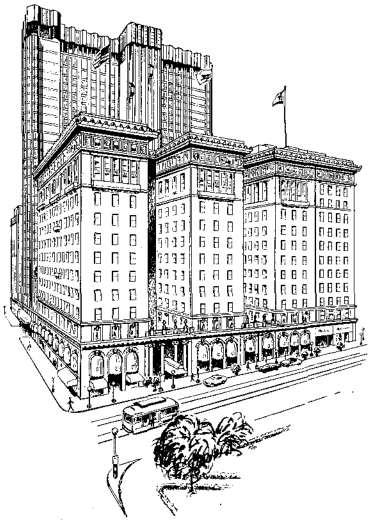
At 10 P.M., Felipe, Georgina, and the children departed. Mrs. Santana told María, Gabriel, Emilio, and Vicente that it was time for bed. They continued going in and out—to the bodega, to friends' apartments—as if they hadn't heard her. An hour passed. Mrs. Santana raised her voice and threatened them with a beating if they didn't go to bed. The four children settled down in the living room, where Delgado and Mrs. Santana were sitting on the sofa drinking their third quart of beer and watching a nineteen-forties movie. At one o'clock, Delgado got up, went into the bedroom, and fell asleep on top of the unmade bed with his clothes on. The apartment was still except for the mellifluous voice of Cary Grant, but that was often drowned out by the crowing of roosters that were being raised for cockfights in cages on nearby fire escapes and by the smashing of bottles thrown out of other people's windows. The children climbed into their bunks at two-thirty. It was three o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Santana changed into her nightgown, in the dark, and lay down next to Delgado. She immediately fell asleep.

DURING the week of Emilio's and Vicente's suspension from school, a neighborhood exhibitionist exposed himself to Emilio and attempted to force him to commit fellatio, and a local drug pusher gave Vicente a snort of cocaine. Mrs. Santana is aware that the lower East Side is no more free of sexual deviates and pushers than Williamsburg, but, having made only a few friends in Brooklyn and having thought for some time of moving back to the lower East Side to be closer to the many friends and relatives she has there, she regarded the boys' misadventures as an additional inducement. When Casilda mentioned to her on the phone one afternoon that there was a five-room apartment in her building for rent at a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, Mrs. Santana called Casilda's landlord and told him she wanted the apartment. Throughout the nineteen-sixties, welfare clients like Mrs. Santana had been permitted to move almost as often as they pleased. It had pleased many of them to move from one tenement to another very often indeed; in 1968 Mrs. Santana had moved four times. When a welfare client moved, the Department of Social Services usually paid for the moving van and paid a one-month security deposit and a broker's fee. To halt these frequent changes of residence at the taxpayers' expense, the Department of Social Services had decreed in 1973 that unless a welfare client had an exceptional reason for moving, he or she would have to remain in a given apartment for a minimum of two years. Mrs. Santana was well aware of the two-year regulation; though she made no effort to keep up with the news, she noted at once every change in the welfare system. Having been in her present apartment for four years, she felt confident that she would be permitted to move.

At nine o'clock one Thursday morning, Mrs. Santana set off with Gabriel for her welfare office, in the Borough Hall section of Brooklyn. Whenever she had to go to a welfare center, Gabriel stayed home from school to shepherd her up and down the subway stairs and to keep her company. At the subway station a few blocks from her home, Mrs. Santana bought a token. Until late 1968, welfare had provided the money for travel to and from the center; then the travel policy had been rescinded. While no one was looking, Gabriel leaped over the turnstile; he and his brothers never pay to ride the subway. At 9:45, after a three-subway-train journey, Mrs. Santana and Gabriel arrived at the welfare center. They made their way to a large, crowded waiting room. Mrs. Santana gave her name and case number to a receptionist at the front desk. She and Gabriel found two empty chairs in the back of the room and sat down. Most of the hundred and fifty chairs in the room were occupied by young and middle-aged black and Puerto Rican women and their children. The babies slept, drank their bottles, and fussed. The toddlers ran up and down the aisles sucking their pacifiers. Few of the women or the school-age children chatted, and none of them read. They just sat, as Mrs. Santana and Gabriel did, staring into space. At noon, Mrs. Santana gave Gabriel some money to go out and buy himself a sandwich. Mrs. Santana was low on funds, so she went without lunch. At two, Mrs. Santana's name was called over a loudspeaker. A stylishly dressed middle-aged woman led her to her desk, told her to have a seat, and asked what had brought her in. Mrs. Santana explained that she wanted to move from her present four-room apartment in Brooklyn to a five-room apartment on the lower East Side. The woman listened while Mrs. Santana told her that her present rent was a hundred and seventy dollars a month, the new apartment would be a hundred and ninety-five dollars a month, the security deposit a hundred and ninety-five dollars, the broker's fee a hundred and ninety-five. After Mrs. Santana finished reciting these figures, the woman told her that no one had been able to find her case record, that the rent sounded excessive to her, and that she should return in a few days with some valid reason for moving.



On the following Monday, Mrs. Santana and Gabriel returned to the welfare center. This time, after another long wait, a male welfare worker escorted her to his desk. He had her case record in hand, and he seemed more affable than the woman she had seen previously. When he asked her why she wanted to move, she said nothing about wanting to be nearer her friends and relatives. She just said that there were bad people in her building trying to foist drugs on her children. Years of dealing with the welfare had taught her what the welfare wanted to hear. The man nodded sympathetically. He didn't say that the rent was excessive—a hundred and ninety-five dollars was below the maximum allowed for a family of seven, which was what the Santana family claimed to be. The welfare worker said that before he could approve the move Mrs. Santana would have to produce a two-year lease for the new apartment from the broker. On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Santana went to the broker's office on the lower East Side and obtained a two-year lease. She took it



StF

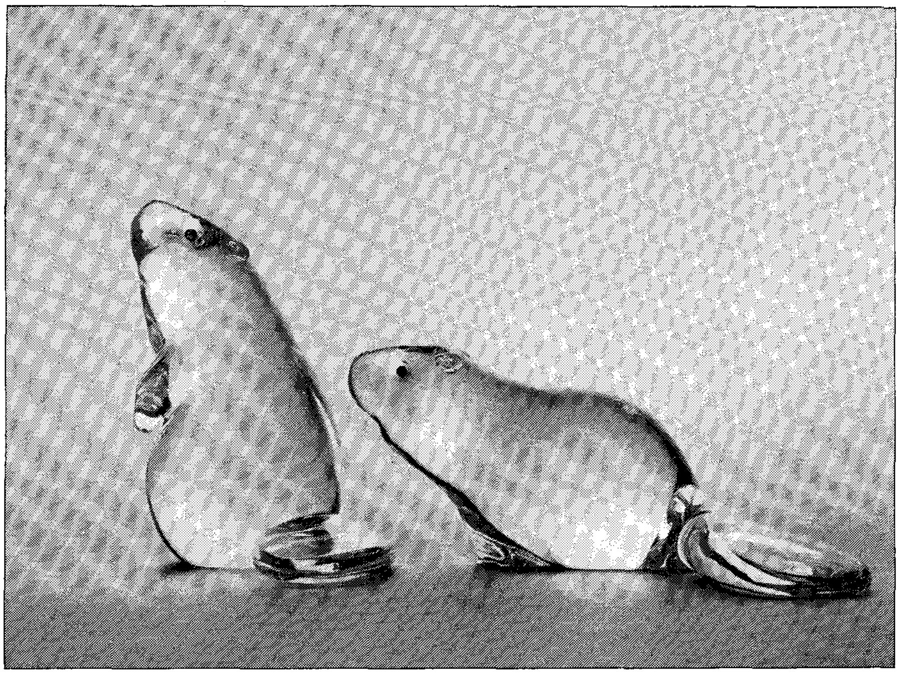
San Francisco
The St. Francis
as low as $28*

800-228-3000
toll free

In the heart of San Francisco
on Union Square.

*Price based on single occupancy, per night. Subject to state and local taxes.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines



CRYSTAL BEAVERS WITH GARNET EYES
Upright 9″ high • Sitting 9¼″ long • $265.00 each

STEUBEN GLASS
A PART OF CORNING GLASS WORKS SINCE 1918
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441

Knit up a tweedy companion

Great way to get through your kind of do-a-hundred-and-one things day. And take you away for the weekend, too. Our three-piece dressing swings into action with pleated skirt, topped by sleeveless turtled shell. V-neck, button up cardigan is twin-pocketed. In unmussable polyester, acetate and rayon, blue and brown for 6 to 14 sizes, $78. Sportdress Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue

to the welfare center in the afternoon. Another worker—the third in a row that Mrs. Santana had never seen before—told her that while the lease looked all right, she would have to bring in a copy of the broker's license before she could move. Mrs. Santana spent most of Wednesday obtaining a copy of the broker's license. She planned to return to the welfare center on Thursday, but she had bronchitis again and spent the day in bed. On Friday, it rained hard, so again she stayed home. A few days later, when she returned to the center, the man to whom she handed the copy of the broker's license reviewed the matter and informed her that she needed still another piece of paper: a declaration from the broker to the effect that there was no conflict of interest between him and the landlord—that he had no financial interest in the apartment building.

Mrs. Santana sighed and observed to the man that this was the fourth time she had come to the welfare center about the move. She wasn't complaining, she was just stating a fact. She had resigned herself to making yet another trip to the broker's office when the worker said to her, in a nasty tone, "I don't care if you have to come here fifteen times. It's not my problem. You people always think you can get something for nothing." Mrs. Santana is a cheerful, considerate, unmalicious woman. Most people with whom she comes in contact respond warmly to her good nature. She was unprepared for the man's harsh attitude, and was stunned by his harsh words. Impulsively, she tore up the broker's license, threw it into a nearby wastebasket, called the man the worst obscenities she could think of—in English, so he would be certain to understand them—and walked out of the center, thinking how much better the pre-1971 system of having a particular caseworker assigned to her had been than the present one of having to deal with a series of indifferent strangers. Mrs. Santana had not viewed the caseworkers' home visits as an invasion of her privacy. Unlike some of her friends on welfare, she had never been paid any post-midnight surprise visits by caseworkers checking up on her; on the contrary, her caseworkers had almost always dropped her letters to inform her in advance of their next visits, which always occurred between the hours of nine in the morning and five in the afternoon. She had had no trouble concealing from them whatever she wanted to conceal (her occasional factory jobs, her numbers activities and arrests), and she hadn't minded answering their personal questions; they were the only people who had ever asked her about herself. She hadn't minded listening to their advice, either, although she had rarely followed it. She had found the college-educated caseworkers far more responsive to her troubles than the high-school-educated clerks she had had to go to the welfare center to see since 1971, when the caseworkers were transferred to other jobs.

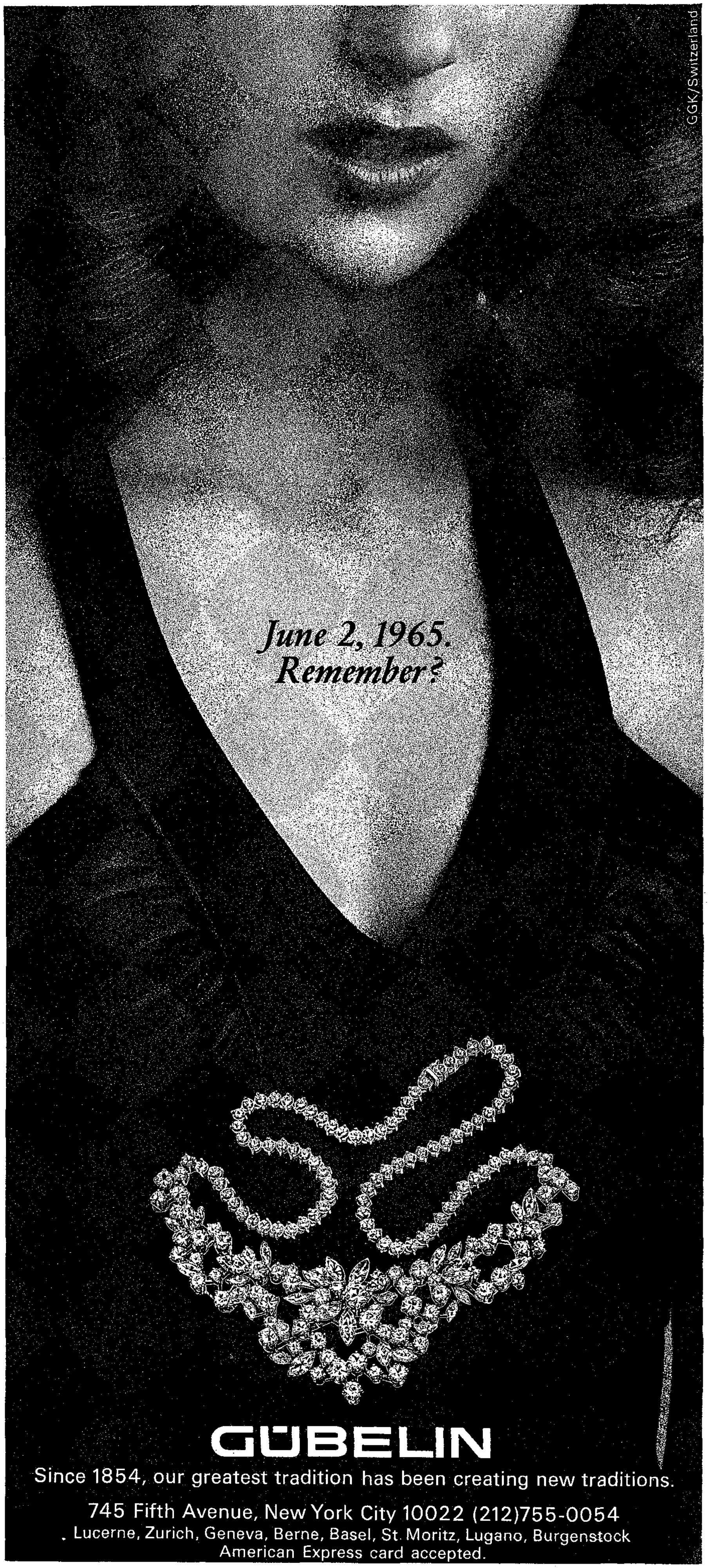
When Casilda called her mother later in the day and learned that she was not going to move, she said she was sorry; actually, she was relieved. With Jesús absent (who knew for how long?), Casilda felt lonely. Thinking at first that it would be nice to have her mother nearby for company, she had told her about the apartment that had become available; then she had begun to fear that if her mother moved there and Jesús returned, her mother and her four undisciplined children, who would always be running in and out of Casilda's apartment and raiding her icebox, would get on Jesús's nerves and might drive him away permanently.

Mrs. Santana and Gabriel were back at the welfare center within twenty-four hours. In the process of trying to move, Mrs. Santana had received a letter that read:

> The employment section in your center is interested in helping you to find employment. An appointment has been arranged for you on . . . Please bring this letter, your NYSES registration book, and your Social Security card. . . . You are expected to keep this appointment in compliance with the Social Services Law 131.4. If it is impossible for you to do so, please telephone me. . . . Failure to do so or to communicate with this office may affect your continued receipt of public assistance.

The letter was signed by a man with the title of Employment Specialist, and the appointment was for 10 A.M. on the day following Mrs. Santana's unhappy confrontation with the welfare worker. Mrs. Santana wasn't troubled by the letter; she had received several similar letters in the course of the year. When she left the house, she took along a note that she had obtained some time earlier from a doctor she saw once or twice a week about her bronchitis.

There were no lines in the employment section, which was a floor below the main waiting room. A woman led Mrs. Santana in to see an employment specialist. Mrs. Santana handed him the letter she had received, her New



GÜBELIN

Since 1854, our greatest tradition has been creating new traditions.

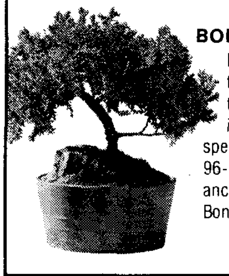
745 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10022 (212)755-0054

. Lucerne, Zurich, Geneva, Berne, Basel, St. Moritz, Lugano, Burgenstock

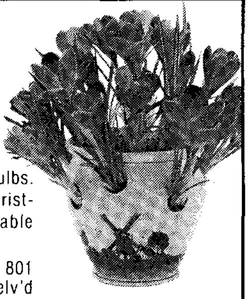
American Express card accepted.

Shopping for Surprises with Harry and David®

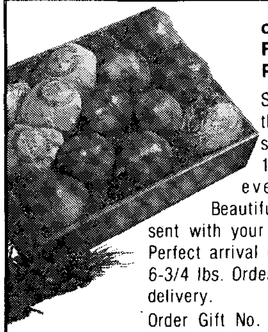
Creators of the Fruit-of-the-Month Club®



BONSAI JUNIPER
Nature in miniature — this little tree is already three years old, yet just 6 inches high. Planted in a special clay pot; comes with 96-page handbook on the ancient and subtle art of Bonsai. Available all year.
Order Gift No. 261 . . . $13.95 delv'd



CHRISTMAS CROCUS
Completely pre-planted and ready to grow in a genuine handpainted Delft planter! Nothing to add but water — includes 12 top size bulbs. Do order NOW for Christmas delivery! Available Dec. 10 to Feb. 14.
Order Gift No. 801 . . . $10.95 delv'd

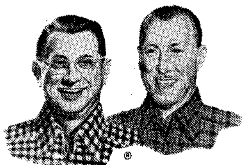


our famous **ROYAL RIVIERA® PEARS**
So big and juicy they'll eat 'em with a spoon — so rare, not 1 person in 1000 has ever tasted them! Beautifully gift packed and sent with your personal greetings. Perfect arrival guaranteed! Net wt. 6-3/4 lbs. Order now for Christmas delivery.
Order Gift No. 1 . . . . . $8.95 delv'd

WE GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Every year folks write to tell us how pleased their friends are with gifts from Harry and David. Our "secret"? It's the personal touch that's part of every gift we make. If you could see the care with which our gifts are put together, you'd know why the quality is guaranteed.

EASY TO ORDER Just send us your list. Enclose check or money order (no C.O.D.'s please). Tell us how to sign your greetings for each gift. All prices include delivery.



Send your orders to:

Harry and David®
Box 503-Q Medford, Oregon 97501

©1975 Harry and David

York State Employment Service book, her Social Security card, and her doctor's note, which read, "Carmen Santana has severe bronchitis. She is not capable of doing hard physical work, nor can she work in a dusty environment." It took but a few seconds for the man to record the fact that Mrs. Santana had complied with Social Services Law 131.4 by keeping the appointment. He said, "Thank you very much for coming," and indicated that she was free to leave. Sometimes, when being on welfare seems more arduous than working, Mrs. Santana thinks about getting a job. The children are her main reason for not wanting to go back to work at present. She knows a number of women who have young children and who work. Their children run wild and get into far more serious trouble than Vicente, Emilio, Gabriel, and María do.

Mrs. Santana is unaware of the resentment felt by many taxpayers against people living on welfare. Her own attitude about being on welfare is clear. She doesn't feel embarrassed or degraded by it. For one thing, the majority of the people she knows are welfare recipients. For another, friends and relatives who have never been on welfare—her brother Jaime Ramírez, for instance—don't act as if they considered themselves superior to her because they have found jobs that enable them to support their families and she has not. Nor does she feel militantly pro-welfare; she has never joined a welfare-rights organization to demand increased benefits. She came to the United States in 1959 because salaries in New York were higher than salaries in Puerto Rico. She worked for two years and had no fault to find with her factory jobs. She learned about welfare only after she came to New York, and turned to it in 1961 only when she couldn't find a babysitter she could afford on her salary and when her husband, Vicente Santana, was laid off. Mrs. Santana takes welfare as matter-of-factly as she takes everything else in her life. Although she has been the beneficiary of thousands of dollars of welfare for fourteen years, she doesn't consider welfare the only thing that stands between her and starvation. Because welfare exists, she avails herself of it. She believes that if there were no welfare she would find some means of surviving. Mrs. Santana thinks she will probably go back to work when María is grown. She has no idea what jobs there may be in New York City that will pay a living wage to a middle-aged Puerto Rican woman with an eighth-grade education who speaks so-so English, possesses no skills, and suffers from bronchitis. Other welfare mothers of her acquaintance regularly receive letters from employment specialists and don't have bronchitis, but they never receive job offers, so she suspects that jobs are scarce.

AS a consequence of her many tiring trips to the local welfare center, Mrs. Santana didn't get around to having Emilio and Vicente reinstated in school at the end of their week's suspension. Then, after the boys had enjoyed an extra ten days of liberty, Mrs. Santana set off with them for their school. The boys were uncharacteristically subdued during the five-block walk. "The teachers pick on us just because we're Puerto Rican," Vicente said, without much conviction, as they approached the school. A shrug of Mrs. Santana's shoulders served to indicate her skepticism. She knew—and she knew that Vicente knew—that ninety per cent of the pupils in his school were Puerto Rican, and that some of them were A students and were never suspended.

At the school, Mrs. Santana gave her name to a secretary in the principal's anteroom. After ten minutes, she and the boys were ushered into the principal's office and invited to sit down at a long table with the principal, a benign-looking, bespectacled middle-aged man with an Italian surname. Also present was one of the school's guidance counsellors, a pleasant-faced man of about thirty-five with a Jewish surname. The guidance counsellor went right to the heart of the matter by reading the bill of complaints against Emilio that had resulted in his suspension: "Refused to sit down when teacher told the class to sit down; disruptive in class; deliberately whistled after told numerous times to be quiet. Threw milk on the floor of the lunchroom. Sent to detention class but no improvement in behavior there. No attempt to do any class assignments. Late to school twenty-three times without any explanation in last three months." With hardly a pause, the guidance counsellor began to read the charges against Vicente, in a monotone, keeping his eyes on the piece of paper, so that they wouldn't meet Mrs. Santana's: "Sound asleep in class, snoring and drooling. Played with his hair, cracked his knuckles, molded clay into the shape of a penis. Laughed, yelled, moved the classroom furniture around. In detention class, showed pictures of a nude woman to other pupils, made the noise of a machine gun, sang, laughed out loud, seemingly without control." Vicente and Emilio betrayed no emotion as the charges were read. Mrs. Santana scowled and made a few grimaces of vexation.

The principal observed to Mrs. Santana that he had noticed that both of the boys yawned frequently and always looked exhausted. He asked her what their bedtime was. "Well, I tell them to go to bed around nine o'clock, but they don't go," Mrs. Santana said. "They stay up late—sometimes until midnight, sometimes one o'clock or two o'clock." The principal and the guidance counsellor commented simultaneously that the boys ought to be in bed earlier. "I tell them, sometimes I hit them," Mrs. Santana said. "What else can I do?" The guidance counsellor turned to the problem of the boys' lateness for school. Mrs. Santana, who had had no idea until that morning that Emilio had been late twenty-three times in the last three months, told the counsellor that Emilio left her house on time most mornings. She had assumed he went to school. At any rate, walking him to school would probably not have done much good. She had walked him to school one day the previous year when he said he hadn't felt like going, only to learn from Vicente that he had left school a few minutes later and had gone to Coney Island. The principal said that if Mrs. Santana found her children uncontrollable, she could take them to Family Court and have them declared PINS—Persons In Need of Supervision. He pointed out that this had the disadvantage of giving them a record with the court, and that the court could decide to remove them to a foster home. In some cases, he continued, sending problem boys away to a home had proved beneficial. Mrs. Santana shook her head. Occasionally, when Vicente and Emilio got her mad she threatened to send them away to a home, but it was an idle threat. She believed that sending children away only turned them against their mothers; besides, she would have missed them too much. Mrs. Santana attributed Georgina's stealing and whoring to the fact that she had spent her early years in foster homes, and that as a teen-ager she had been sent away to a school for wayward girls. The principal said that Vicente and Emilio might do better in a special day school for emotionally disturbed and socially maladjusted youngsters than in a neighborhood public school. Again Mrs. Santana shook her

"New York and I
have this love/hate thing."

I go to New York five or six times a year. And I never want to go until I get there.

New York and I have this love/hate thing.

I know I'll work too hard, that I'll crowd as much New York as I can into just one week, stay up half the night, every night, go home exhausted, and love every second of it.

That's why I stay at The Biltmore.

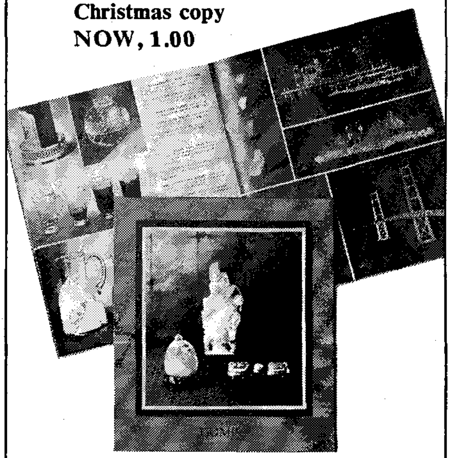
It's as much New York as you can find in a hotel.

Something happens at The Biltmore that just doesn't happen in those plasti-glass, modular hotels that have plopped themselves down in every city in the country.

If I'm going to a city I love, why should I stay in a place I hate?

The Biltmore
43rd & Madison
(800) 221-2690. In New York State, call
(800) 522-6449. In the city 683-6620.

Send for your Christmas copy NOW, 1.00



Gump's
Gift Book

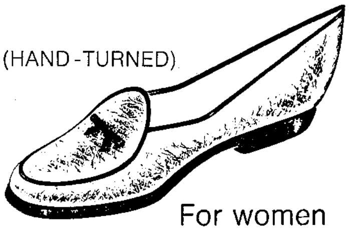
84-pages of personally selected, unusual gift suggestions of good taste from around the world from the legendary gift store in San Francisco. Why not also send a copy to a friend?

GUMP'S • 250 POST
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94108

Barefoot comfort

A unique quality product from our own Belgian work rooms

(HAND-TURNED)



For women
MIDINETTE in CALF
$50

☐ Beige/white trim
☐ Brown/black trim
☐ Navy/red trim
☐ Yellow/white trim
☐ Navy/white trim
☐ Navy/green trim
☐ Red/black trim

FULL COLOR BROCHURES ON REQUEST

I wear ________ in these Casuals.
Regular shoe size is ________
Add $2.00 per order handling charges.

BELGIAN SHOES
Henri Bendel, Owner-President
60 EAST 56th STREET, NEW YORK 10022
(212) 755-7372
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

head. She said she had heard terrible things about special day schools. The principal's final suggestion was that something was physically wrong with the boys that accounted for their bad behavior. He asked Mrs. Santana if she would be willing to take them to a doctor to be examined, and told her that the doctor might prescribe tranquillizers for them, which might quiet them down. Mrs. Santana didn't believe there was anything physically wrong with her boys, but since she was as eager to end the session as the principal obviously was, she agreed to take the boys straight to the doctor. The principal asked her for the doctor's name and address, thanked Mrs. Santana for coming to see him, and dictated a note for the doctor to his secretary. While the secretary typed up the note, which requested the doctor to "give to both boys a complete physical examination and a possible referral for a psychiatric examination if necessary," Mrs. Santana noticed a woman sorting mail. As the women distributed letters to the teachers' mail slots, Mrs. Santana thought to herself that that was the sort of job she would like the employment specialist to find for her.

With the conference behind them, Vicente and Emilio became their rambunctious selves on the walk to the doctor, eight blocks away. They saw three teen-aged Chassidic Jewish boys across the street, ran over to them, tugged at their long side curls, and ran off, laughing. They went up to a big dog that was chained to a lamppost and teased it to make it bark and lunge at them. They saw a hot-dog vender and badgered their mother for hot dogs and sodas. (The previous week, on the lower East Side, Casilda had seen them steal money from a blind hot-dog vender.) They paused in front of a sporting-goods store and whiningly beseeched Mrs. Santana for combat boots, fatigue jackets, swimming trunks, a basketball, and a baseball. When she was in a good mood, she often said, "What the kids want I got to buy for them." Today, in answer to their pleading, she said sharply, "Money, money." Suddenly Emilio and Vicente told Mrs. Santana they had to go to the bathroom and couldn't wait. The look she gave them conveyed her disgust. As they started to relieve themselves at the curb, she walked on ahead, dissociating herself from them.

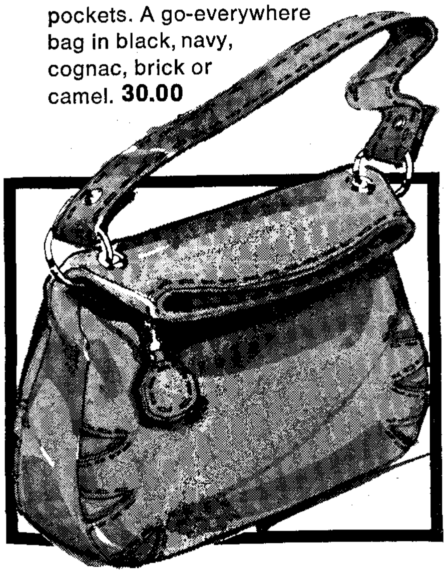
The doctor whom Mrs. Santana sees regularly about her bronchitis and the family's other health problems works in a clinic that occupies a modern one-

Beaugency. Genuine lead crystal (24%). Cut-and-polished. Clarity. Brilliance. Unmistakable ring. $6.50 per stem.

cristal d'Arques
GENUINE LEAD CRYSTAL FRANCE
by J. G. DURAND International

Straight from the shoulder—genuine leather from Ganson's Francisco Collection!

An adjustable shoulder made from finest California hides... soft, supple, with handstitched details, front and inside zipper pockets. A go-everywhere bag in black, navy, cognac, brick or camel. **30.00**



LIVINGSTON'S
100 Grant Ave., San Francisco, CA 94108
Please add 1.50 for handling.
Californians add 6½% sales tax.

story glass-and-brick building. About forty people—most of them welfare recipients, with Medicaid cards that entitled them to free medical treatment—were seated on plastic chairs waiting to see the different doctors who worked at the clinic. The nurse-receptionists were all attractive young Puerto Rican women, who greeted Mrs. Santana by name. After hearing about the school conference that had brought her in, one of them told her *she* didn't think that Vicente and Emilio were problem children, and another said, "Boys will be boys."

After waiting half an hour, Mrs. Santana was shown in to see her doctor, a young man who had chosen to spend a year in the clinic to acquire experience before moving to the suburbs and starting a private practice. The doctor, of whom Mrs. Santana is very fond, and who seems very fond of her, asked her about her bronchitis. She told him she felt all right. She gave him the principal's note and told him that the principal wanted him to prescribe pills to quiet Vicente and Emilio down. The doctor frowned; the schools, he mumbled, half to himself, seemed to think they could drug away the effects that life in New York City's slums had on Puerto Rican children, instead of dealing with the conditions that caused their rowdy behavior. The doctor asked the boys to open their mouths and say "Ah." He examined their ears and eyes with an oto-ophthalmoscope, and he put a stethoscope to their chests. After these cursory examinations, he asked Mrs. Santana if the boys had a lot of friends. She said that they did. He asked her if they gave her any bad trouble around the house, and she said that they didn't. The doctor took out a piece of paper and wrote, "Vicente and Emilio Santana were seen by me today for apparent behavioral disorder. There is no physical explanation for their emotional behavior. I advise that they be referred for psychological evaluation if they are unable to function acceptably at school." He handed the note to Mrs. Santana, who handed it to Vicente and told the boys to go back to school with it. The boys were never referred for psychological evaluation, and that was the last Mrs. Santana heard of the matter.

Walking home alone at one o'clock, Mrs. Santana felt irritated that she had missed her favorite noontime *novela*. She was also upset by the trouble the boys had caused her. Life would have been easier if she hadn't had Vicente Santana's children to worry about, she

Glove Leather—No!
Leather-Fab—Yes, YES!

Truly remarkable Leather-Fab has the markings . . . the hints of grain of finest supple kidskin. It breathes, it's alive with color, it wipes clean with a damp sponge, dry cleans just as easily. Add Weatherbee's way with an A-line, brass turnkey closings—and who could ask for anything more? Richly hued colorings. Sizes 6 to 18. Silky taffeta lined, about $100. With luxurious Borg pile lining, about $110. Higher far west.

At these and other fine stores: B. Altman & Co., New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Rich's, Atlanta; Filene's, Boston; Halle's, Cleveland; Lazarus, Columbus; Hudson's, Detroit; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Jos. Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Livingston's, San Francisco; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Draper's, Southern Calif.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Montaldo's, All Stores.

Weatherbee®
Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018

You really only need one Donald Davies.

It's true!
Your Donald Davies shirtdress is perfect for virtually any occasion. Made of featherlight wool in kelly, navy/brick or black/brown plaid.

Available for mail or phone order.
Sizes: 6-16
95.00 (1.50 handling)

Donald Davies
of Dublin
303-892-6354
1412 Larimer Square,
Denver 80202

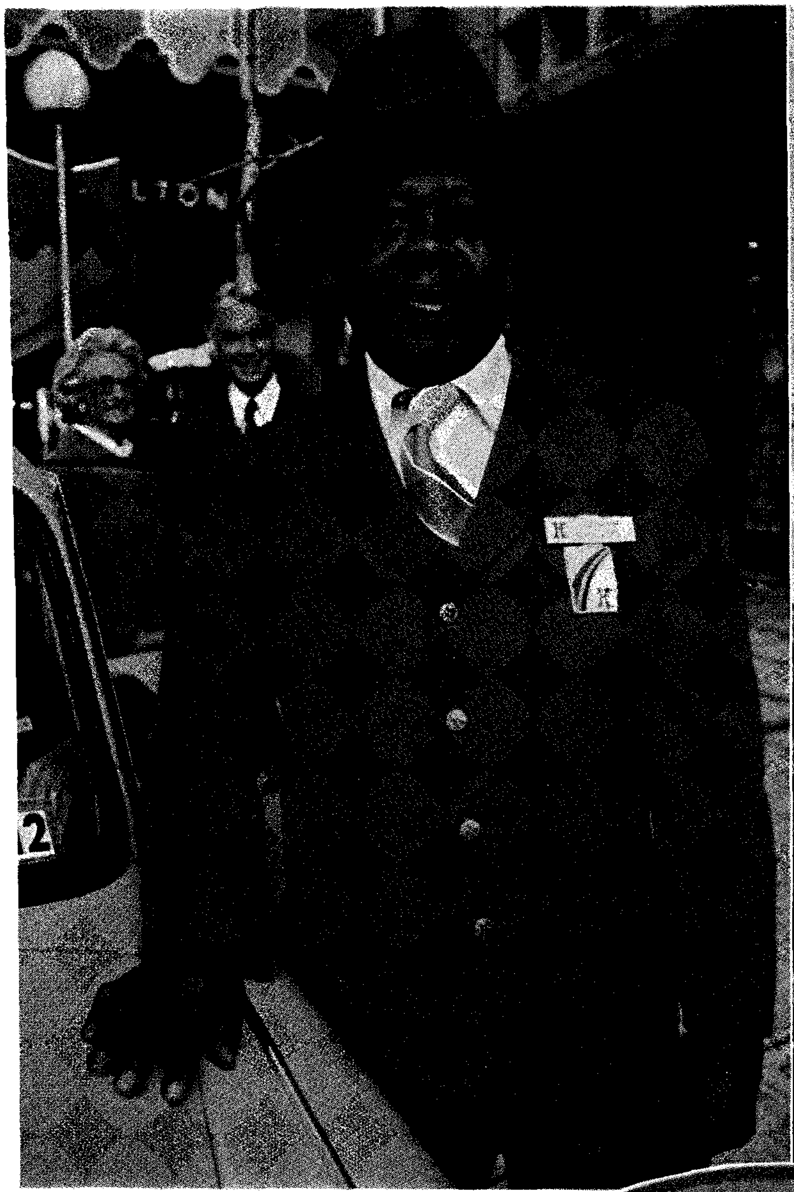
thought. Several years ago, when one of Mrs. Santana's caseworkers found her similarly beset with worries about one or another of her children's school suspensions, he had asked her why she had had nine children. He had been sure she had not had them simply to get more welfare. Anyone who had spent five years as a caseworker, as he had, knew that life for Puerto Rican women like Mrs. Santana was far more a series of accidents, both happy and unhappy, than popular wisdom realized. It was not in Mrs. Santana's nature to think about what she was going to eat for dinner until an hour or so before dinnertime, and it was not in her nature to go to bed with a man thinking that it might lead to an increase in her welfare check. Still, even the caseworker was surprised by the way she had laughed at his question. Why had she had nine children? Surely the answer was obvious. "*Los tenía porque los tenía,*" she had said ("I had them because I had them").

When Carmen Vásquez married Rafael Rodríguez, at the age of fourteen, she knew nothing about birth control. Four children came of that relationship: the boy who had died; Casilda; Rafael, Jr.; and Felipe. When she took up with Ángel Castillo and became pregnant, before she was living with him and before her marriage to Rafael Rodríguez had come to an end, she decided to have an abortion. The abortion was performed by a midwife, who charged her fifty dollars and caused her a great deal of physical pain. While she was lying on the midwife's kitchen table, half in shock, certain that she was about to die, her late mother appeared to her as if in a vision. The mother reminded her daughter that she had died having an abortion, and urged her never to have another one. The vision unsettled Carmen, and she vowed that she would heed her mother's advice. Shortly after the abortion, she became pregnant with Hilda Castillo. Nine months after Hilda was born, Inocencia was conceived. After Inocencia's birth, Carmen wanted to get her tubes tied, but she thought—rightly or wrongly—that in Puerto Rico a tubal ligation required a husband's consent. Ángel Castillo liked children. (He is now thirty-eight and has had thirteen children by five women.) When Carmen asked his permission to have a tubal ligation, he refused to give it.

In New York, Mrs. Santana learned about birth control. Before she could put her newly acquired knowledge into practice, she became pregnant with Vicente Santana. After Vicente's birth, she tried taking birth-control pills. The pills caused her to miss her periods, so she stopped taking them. Emilio was born nine months after she took her last pill. After Emilio's birth, Mrs. Santana attempted to use a diaphragm, with a conspicuous lack of success: Gabriel was a diaphragm baby. Mrs. Santana had intended to get a tubal ligation after Gabriel's birth, but his illness and subsequent hospitalization interfered with her plans. By the time the three-month-old Gabriel was home from the hospital, Mrs. Santana was pregnant with María. She had a tubal ligation before leaving the hospital with María. The days when Mrs. Santana felt her life would have been easier if she had not had her last four children were balanced by the days when she felt it was a shame that she had had her tubes tied, because it would have been nice to have a baby with Delgado. Mrs. Santana likes babies. When her thirteen-year-old daughter Inocencia's first child was born and she feared that Inocencia wouldn't be able to care for him, she offered to take on the task of raising him.

Shortly after Mrs. Santana got home from the clinic, Casilda telephoned. After Casilda had given her mother a précis of the *novela* episode she had missed, she asked why Vicente and Emilio had been suspended. "Oh, it was nothing, they were just laughing," Mrs. Santana said. It was Casilda's cue to chide her mother again for not taking life seriously enough. Casilda wished her mother would punish her children when they were suspended, instead of making light of their suspensions. In retrospect, Casilda was almost grateful for her stepmother's strict upbringing. She felt it would enable her to do a better job of raising her children than her mother had done. She was critical of her mother for having let Felipe drop out of the Work Incentive Program, for letting María and Vicente suck their thumbs, for condoning Vicente's sleeping with girls. She prided herself on keeping a tidier house than her mother and on being a better disciplinarian. Helen Figueroa's schoolteachers were not convinced that Casilda was much of a disciplinarian. Felipe had dropped out of Work Incentive at sixteen, Helen Figueroa had dropped out of a Head Start Program at five. At nine, Helen sucked her thumb, drank from a bottle, wet her

For every three guests, there are two Hiltons.



"I love what I'm doing, and I'll keep on doing it as long as the good Lord lets me! Some hotels are very cold places — we make sure the Denver Hilton isn't like that. I really appreciate people — and I guess they appreciate me, 'cause I've gotten over 300 letters of thanks from people who I first greeted here at the Hilton.

A warm 'hello' from someone who really means it — that can mean a lot to a traveller who's just spent hours on a plane and another hour or so in a taxi, fighting traffic. And there are plenty more Hilton people inside our hotel to pamper you. After all, for every three guests, there are two of us."

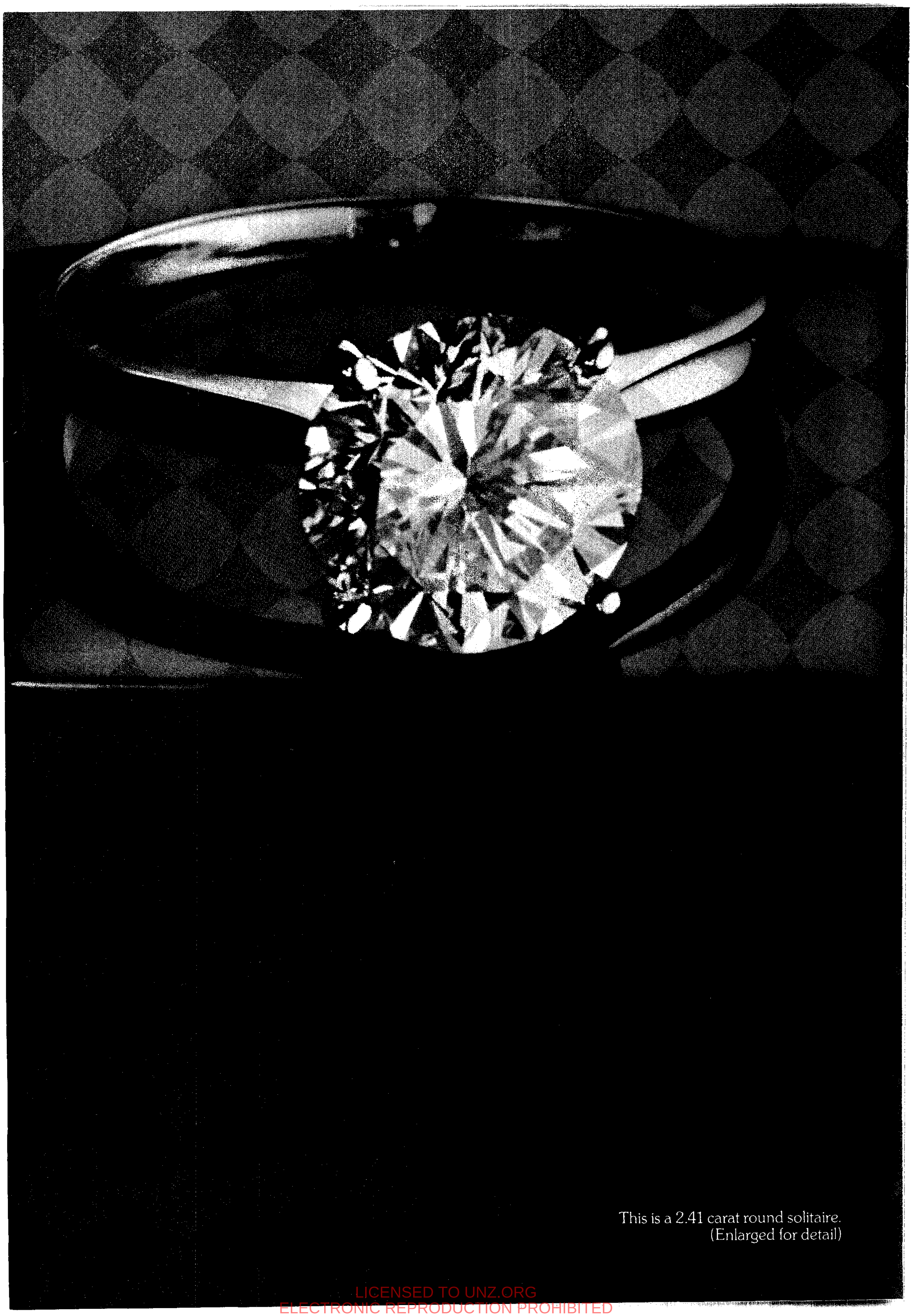
Teddy Jackson, *Doorman*
THE DENVER HILTON

Come visit the Hiltons

"People expect the world — and I'm glad we give it to them. We have a computer set-up (our own Hiltron) which lets me punch up all sorts of information about our Hilton cities. Not just about our hotels, but also what entertainment is in town. A businessman can plan his client entertainment from the information I have at my fingertips. And I can plan his stay in the next city he's visiting, with Hilton's Continuing Reservation Service.

It's true. For every three guests, there are two Hiltons. That means we can serve you better. And our service starts the minute you call your local Hilton Reservation Service, or your travel agent."

Mary Kay Bumstead, *Hilton Reservation Service*
LOS ANGELES



This is a 2.41 carat round solitaire.
(Enlarged for detail)

Have you ever considered owning a masterpiece?

Created by the hands of nature along with the hands of man, every diamond is a masterpiece. Consider this one, on the other page.

The creation. More than a million years ago, this diamond was formed out of heat and pressure and pure carbon. And cast upon the face of the earth in a volcanic eruption. But it was immediately distinguished from all other diamonds. For it was very large and large diamonds are getting scarcer every day.

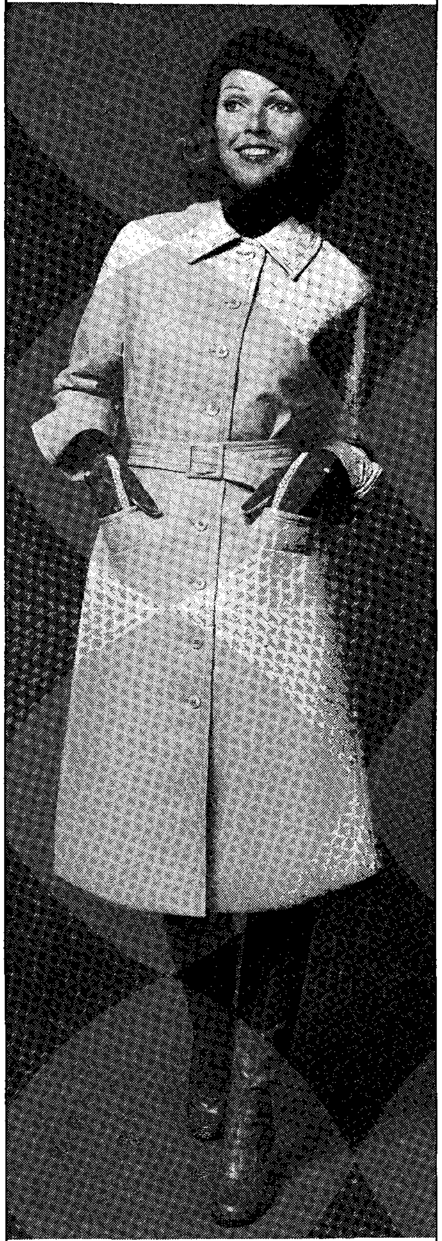
The artist. A master. A cutter who looks at a diamond like no other man. Only he sees all possibilities. Like Michelangelo who'd look upon a cold hard slab of marble and "see the shapes that are already there," the cutter asked "should it be an oval, a round, an emerald or a pear-shaped diamond?" Weighty decisions. Because every fraction of a carat affects the ultimate value. The wrong decision, the wrong incision and a diamond like this might never exist.

The work of art. It's called a round brilliant cut, and is worth approximately $12,000.* And no photograph can ever capture its colorful personality. It has a brilliance and a fire all its own. The colors burst and explode in their own inimitable way. Each diamond has its own unique volcanic heritage. Each is sculpted by different masters, and each has its own individual color sense. Each is an original work of art. And what could be more valuable than owning something that only passes through this universe once and once alone.

A diamond is forever.

*This value refers to this specific stone. Other stones of the same size will vary in value, according to the individual characteristics of each stone. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Draper's
of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



The rich look of leather loves any weather! Expertly tailored, wipe-clean polyurethane, our Dry Dock coat by Serbin is a fall must in camel, teal blue, cherry red or white, 6-20. $76

Our eleven stores are famous in the West for fashionable half sizes. Send for our free 28-page mailer.

Mail orders promptly filled. Add $1.50 handling.
Californians add 6% state tax.
BANKAMERICARD AND
MASTER CHARGE CARDS ACCEPTED

Draper's
1855 East Colorado Boulevard
Pasadena, California 91107

bed, and often missed school. That morning, Casilda had overslept ten minutes and had not sent Helen to school. She said to her mother on the phone, "The teacher marks Helen absent if she gets there ten minutes late, so what's the point of sending her?"

Mrs. Santana has never been to the Empire State Building, to Radio City Music Hall, or to any of New York City's other tourist attractions. She has never seen a play or a circus, visited a museum, or belonged to a social or political organization. She goes back to Cayey for a week every two or three years, but she has never been to Queens ("I don't know anybody over there"), and she hasn't been to midtown Manhattan in years. Although Mrs. Santana's life is limited geographically and culturally—she spends most of her time with her family and friends in Brooklyn and on the lower East Side—it is filled with exciting events. A brief account of some of the events that she was a party to in the weeks after Emilio's and Vicente's suspension from school would include these items:

Jesús returns to Casilda after an absence of two weeks. Casilda forgives him again for his transgressions. Casilda and Jesús have a party on a Saturday evening. During the party, Mrs. Santana's bronchitis bothers her, and she goes to the bathroom to take her medicine. She spends fifteen minutes in the bathroom. When she rejoins Delgado, who is high on Scotch and marijuana, he accuses her of having spent the time on the street flirting with men. A loud quarrel ensues. Mrs. Santana yells over the *merengue* playing on the stereo that she was barely able to climb the four flights of steps to Casilda's apartment once, and could not possibly have done it twice in one evening. Casilda's apartment is ideally suited to dancing: the stereo is the only piece of furniture left in the living room. A week ago, Casilda sold the living-room set she and Jesús had bought for eight hundred dollars in 1974—and had not quite finished paying for—for seventy-five dollars. The furniture was still in fair condition, but Casilda hoped to get Jesús to prove his devotion to her by putting a down payment on a new set of furniture. She didn't think he would buy new furniture until there was nothing left to sit down on in the living room.

Delgado's cousin's husband dies accidentally of an overdose of pills that were prescribed for his nerves. Mrs. Santana takes her four youngest children to see the body. For weeks afterward, Gabriel has nightmares and insists on sleeping with the light on in the bedroom.

Helen Figueroa doesn't return from school one afternoon. Casilda calls her mother to ask if Helen is at her house—she isn't—and then goes out to look for her at the homes of several friends. By seven o'clock, Casilda hasn't found Helen. She becomes convinced that Helen has been kidnapped, and calls the police. Casilda and the police find Helen in a classmate's apartment at midnight, sound asleep. The police get angry with Casilda when she wakes Helen and hugs her instead of spanking her. "How can I spank her when I'm just so glad to find her?" Casilda asks.

Jesús stays away from Casilda's still bare apartment for another week. When he comes back, Casilda throws him out. The next day, Alfonso Ortiz moves in. Alfonso finds a shabby sofa and two threadbare easy chairs on the street and carries them up to the apartment. Jesús spends a week with Aida González, who then leaves him and returns to her husband. Jesús goes to Connecticut to visit his father, loses his job, returns to New York, gets another job, and moves in with Mrs. Santana. He pays her fifteen dollars a week for his food and the use of the living-room sofa.

Gabriel's teacher sends Mrs. Santana a note. The note says, "Gabriel acted in a very dangerous manner on Thursday. He picked up chairs and threw them at another boy in his class. He cursed me and then ran out of the room. He is in danger of being suspended from this school if he does not learn to control his temper. Please sign this note and have Gabriel return it to me." Mrs. Santana reads the note and puts it in her pocketbook, where she keeps most of her other important papers—Delgado's paycheck stubs, her rent receipts, her letters from the employment specialists—but she does not sign it. Gabriel had told her about the episode before the note came. He had thrown the chairs at the boy because the boy had cursed Mrs. Santana three times, he said, and he couldn't let him get away with that. Mrs. Santana agreed. She said she didn't bother the teachers with her children's conduct at home and she was fed up with the teachers' complaining about their behavior at school. She does not receive a second note from the teacher. Gabriel is not suspended.

Mrs. Santana gets around to taking María to the ophthalmologist, who prescribes glasses for her. The ophthalmologist decides he might as well examine Mrs. Santana's eyes, too. He discovers she has a growth on one eye, and removes the growth a few days later. Mrs. Santana's eye is red and sore for a week. For a week or so, María enjoys the novelty of wearing glasses. Then she stops wearing them and loses them.

At a party at Mrs. Santana's one evening, Jesús meets Juanita Gómez, one of Mrs. Santana's upstairs neighbors. He dances with her. Juanita's husband gets jealous because Jesús is holding her close, and starts a fight with Jesús. A few days later, Juanita and her husband part. Jesús moves in with Juanita and her three children. A week later, he breaks up with Juanita and returns to Mrs. Santana's living-room sofa.

A heroin addict is murdered a block from Mrs. Santana's apartment.

Casilda is tired of supporting Alfonso with her welfare check and wants him to get a job. "When I tell you to go to work, you act as if I'd cursed your mother!" she screams at him one morning. Casilda and Alfonso have a fight. Alfonso throws Casilda's piggy bank out the window. Casilda takes her children and goes to her mother's house. Her mother and the four Santana children rejoice: they do not care much for Alfonso and hope she will take Jesús back. Casilda doesn't see any point in living with Jesús again, but she wishes she would hear from her family and friends that he was talking about her more; she feels he owes her at least that much after their six years together. Alfonso goes to Brooklyn in the evening. He and Casilda make up. Casilda whispers to her mother that her marriage to Alfonso will not last long and that she wishes she weren't with him. Casilda and Alfonso return to the lower East Side.

Georgina and a black man who Mrs. Santana says is Georgina's pimp steal a wallet. The police come up to Georgina's and Felipe's apartment before they have a chance to dispose of the wallet. Felipe agrees to take the rap. He spends a night in jail, is charged

What has Sheraton done for you lately?

SAN FRANCISCO
FISHERMAN'S WHARF OPENING FALL

The new **Sheraton at Fisherman's Wharf** is in one of the city's most colorful areas—with 541 spacious rooms, landscaped courtyards, plus an outdoor pool.

ARUBA

An ideal vacation resort, the **Aruba-Sheraton Hotel and Casino** has a sugar white beach, a pool, tennis, and a supper club with dining and dancing—all on a charming island off the coast of Venezuela.

\$12-\$17 U.S.\$ per person, per day, dbl. occ., E.P. plus tax plus 10% serv. chg. 16 Apr.-15 Dec. '75

MEXICO CITY

The **Maria Isabel Sheraton** is in the center of all the color and excitement of Mexico—on the Reforma, near the shopping and night life of the Zona Rosa. The hotel's Jorongo Bar is famous for Mariachi music.

VENEZUELA

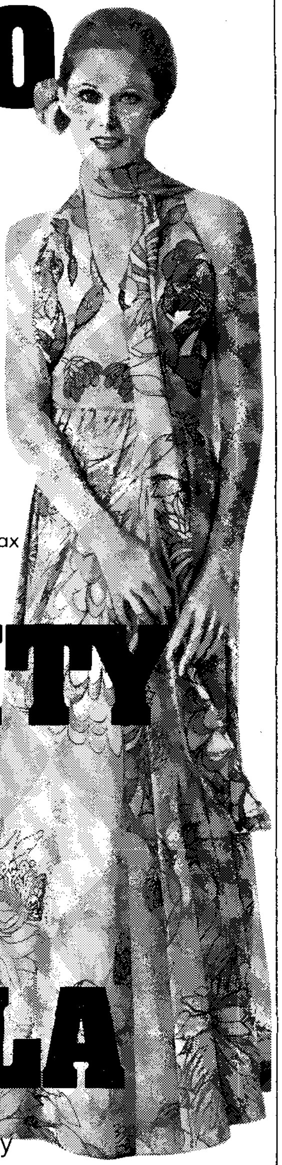
Set between the Andes and the Caribbean, the **Macuto-Sheraton** is right on the beach, only 30 miles from Caracas—with two luxurious pools, lighted tennis courts, a marina, and deep sea fishing.

$\$12^{40}$-$\$18^{95}$ U.S. \$ per person, per day, dbl. occ., E.P., based on twin rate 106-162 Bolivars.

SHERATON

For a reservation at any Sheraton anywhere in the world, call anytime: **800-325-3535**
Or have your travel agent call.

Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns



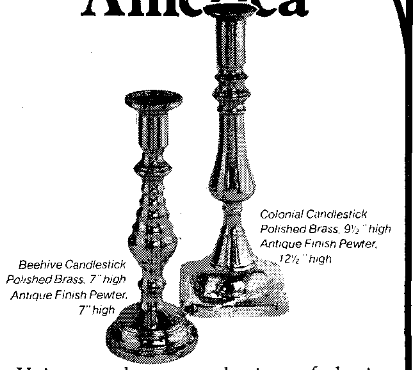
THE GREAT KAHN

THE REGAL FUR
NATURAL CANADIAN FISHER
THREE-QUARTER COAT

Ben Kahn

BEN KAHN SALON • 150 WEST 30th ST.
BEN KAHN AT CARTIER • 4 EAST 52nd ST.

Recapture America



Unique sandcast reproductions of classic 18th century candlesticks. Beautifully hand-crafted in solid brass and the finest quality pewter—to capture the gracious elegance of the past, today.

Available at fine stores, or write:

___Beehive Brass @ $14.95 ea.
___Colonial Pewter @ $57.50 ea.
___Beehive Pewter @ $26.50 ea.
___Colonial Brass @ $23.95 ea.

NAME___
ADDRESS___
CITY___STATE___ZIP___

Add $1.45 (per candlestick) for postage and handling.
Send check or money order to:

THE RICHMOND GROUP
Section N • 2211 Dickens Rd.
Richmond, Va. 23230

with a misdemeanor, and receives a suspended sentence.

Casilda, who sold numbers before her son was born in 1972, starts selling numbers again. She earns several hundred dollars in two weeks, makes a down payment on a new set of living-room furniture, and spends most of the rest of the money on clothes for herself and the children. Her spirits improve with her affluence.

Emilio goes to the lower East Side after school one day and doesn't return home. At midnight, Mrs. Santana calls the police to help her look for him. They find him at a friend's house. Mrs. Santana wallops Emilio, to the satisfaction of the police.

Georgina's eight-year-old son, who is fifty pounds overweight—he suffers from a glandular condition—goes to the hospital to have an operation. He claims that a nurse hit him and says he doesn't like the hospital food. Georgina takes him out of the hospital before he can be operated on.

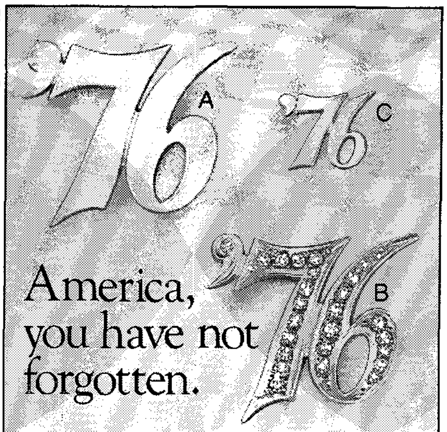
Margie Mendoza's husband dies on the sidewalk near Mrs. Santana's apartment building of complications resulting from chronic alcoholism, a day after Mrs. Santana has dreamed that he would die on the street.

Casilda discovers that she is pregnant, and has an abortion. After the abortion, she gets an I.U.D.

Georgina learns that she is pregnant. She keeps meaning to have an abortion but doesn't get around to it.

Isidro Colón, the man who got Roberto Figueroa into the heroin business, accuses Roberto of fooling around with his wife. Isidro shoots Roberto in the chest at point-blank range. Roberto is taken to Bellevue Hospital to have a bullet removed from his lung. Isidro flees to Puerto Rico. The police ask Roberto Figueroa who shot him; he says he doesn't know. Shortly after Roberto is released from Bellevue, he has a fight with his wife. Another man intervenes to stop Roberto from beating her. Roberto shoots him. Roberto flees to Puerto Rico. Rafael Rodríguez, Jr., assumes Roberto's position in the heroin business. He takes Alfonso into the business, and, against his better judgment, his own brother Felipe.

ON a Saturday evening several weeks after Rafael Rodríguez, Jr., had advanced from selling heroin



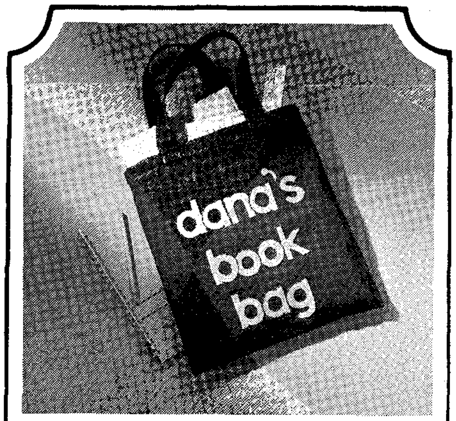
America, you have not forgotten.

The Spirit of 1776—union, liberty, love of country—is still, after 200 years of achievement, the Spirit of 1976. Congratulations, America. Wear your Spirit proudly!
In 14 karat gold: A. Pin, $100.
B. Pin with diamonds, $550.
C. Tie tac or lapel pin $20.

Something Beautiful for Everyone. S.M.

Add sales tax as applicable
Mail and phone inquiries invited:
(212) 838-6000

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Fine Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York, New York 10022
Also Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown
Sunrise Mall • Massapequa



DENIM BOOK BAG

Send her back to school in style with her own personalized blue Denim Bag. Colorful appliqued name, lining. Smart idea for students of all ages. Specify one name only. A Stern's Exclusive. (Allow three weeks for delivery.)

$12.95

Mail orders add $1.35 postage – Ga. residents add Sales Tax
BankAmericard, Master Charge or American Express honoured

STERN'S
Lenox Square/Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1975, S.S.G.

on the streets of the lower East Side to having others sell heroin for him, Casilda and Alfonso gave a party. Seventy or eighty men, women, and children, including Rafael, Mrs. Santana, her four youngest children, and Francisco Delgado, went to the party. Since the occasion for the party was Jesús Manrique, Jr.'s, birthday, his father had been invited. Jesús and Alfonso spent the evening exchanging wary glances. Rafael's companion that evening was Diana López, from Dover. Rafael had spent the previous week with Rosa Cruz. One afternoon, he had told Rosa he was going to the Bronx to see a friend. Instead of going to the Bronx, he had driven to Dover to see Diana. He had returned with Diana to her mother's apartment, on the lower East Side.

The atmosphere inside Casilda's apartment was festive. In the darkened living room and in two of Casilda's three small bedrooms, well-dressed couples danced to very loud music, holding each other tight. At midnight, when the party was still getting under way, the birthday candles were lit and Jesús, Jr., cut his cake. Casilda's Instamatic camera recorded the ceremony for the family photo album. The children ate ice cream and cake, and drank some of the grownups' beer and liquor whenever the grownups' backs were turned. Some of the children got drunk, not to anyone's surprise or disapproval. A pot of *sancocho*, a Puerto Rican stew, bubbled on the kitchen stove. The only room where there was no dancing was Casilda's bedroom. Mrs. Santana sat on Casilda's double bed next to the youngest guest at the party, a sleeping one-month-old baby. Delgado sat on a nearby chair, drinking Scotch neat, papercupful after papercupful. Mrs. Santana was wearing a bouffant black wig that Casilda had given her and a new pair of purple slacks and a matching print blouse. She didn't feel like dancing—her mind was on a trip she wanted to take to Puerto Rico—and anyway Rafael had given her a brown paper bag filled with money to hold for him, as well as a small box that had once contained nails and now contained heroin.

On Friday morning, Rafael had bought an ounce of pale-brown Chinese heroin from his connection for eighteen hundred dollars. On Friday evening at Diana's mother's apartment, Rafael had cut the ounce of heroin with two ounces of milk sugar. Then Diana had helped him divide the whitened mixture into a thousand decks. (A deck is the amount of adul-

STEVENS CHAS. A. STEVENS, 25 N. STATE, CHICAGO

Anything-goes shirt by Lady Manhattan®. Looks quite classy with special touches of your own—or lends itself completely to new layered looks. Cream, red, mauve pink, silver mist or navy washable Celanese Fortrel® polyester, 8-18, 17.00. Blouse Bazaar, First Floor.

Please add 1.25 for handling.

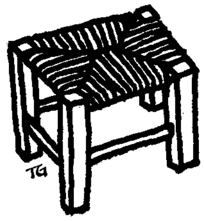
Fortrel® is a registered trademark of Fiber Industries Inc.

Canadian French chest in the Louis XV manner from our Baker Furniture collection.

Baker
Knapp & Tubbs

Two volume 400 page Baker Book, $15.00. 402 Merchandise Mart, Chicago 60654. Distinguished manufacturer and distributor through your interior designer or furniture retailer. Showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Grand Rapids, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

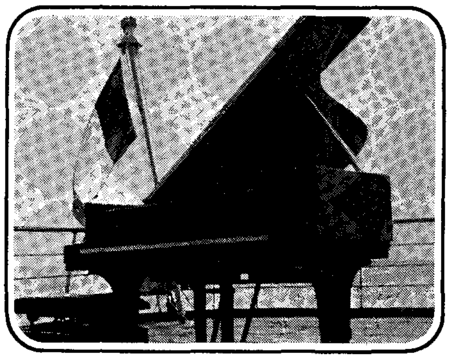
terated heroin that fits into the neck of a tube of toothpaste.) Later, Diana's mother had wrapped each deck in cellophane. Rafael had sold some of the decks of heroin to Alfonso, to his brother Felipe, and to his other salesmen for six dollars a deck. The salesmen would resell them on the street for ten dollars a deck. Rafael had already made about ten thousand dollars dealing in heroin. He had spent most of the money on Rosa's and Diana's apartments, on a trip to Puerto Rico with Diana, and on a wardrobe of flashy clothes. That Saturday evening, Rafael, a wiry, soft-spoken, intense young man of twenty-four, was wearing a red blazer and a pair of white satin slacks. Rafael had posted three armed guards on the landing outside Casilda's fifth-floor apartment. The guards scrutinized every person who came up the stairs. Despite these precautions, Rafael appeared tired and overwrought. He seemed to be enjoying neither the deference now being accorded him as a heroin dealer nor his new prosperity. The tension that came from dealing in heroin and from sustaining relationships with two women was proving hard on him.



Rafael had been a ladies' man since his early teens. He had cared no more for his harsh stepmother than Casilda had, but whereas she remembers feeling like a woebegone Cinderella, Rafael looks back on his youth as a series of romances with young women. "In Cayey, my first girl was Catherine," he says. "Catherine was supposed to be my engagement girl. I didn't touch anything except her lips. Debby was my weekend girl. I had one child with her. Then there was Mabel. My father kept telling me to go to school, but instead I'd take off with Mabel for the cemetery." Late in 1968, Rafael dropped out of the eleventh grade in Cayey and came to New York, where he was glad to be with his mother and Casilda, and where he found another series of women. "There was Judy, who lost her virginity in my mother's apartment," he says. "I shared her with my brother Felipe. She had a child and we didn't know whose it was. Then I had Paz. She was recently killed by her husband. Then Ana. She was in her thirties and lived in my mother's building. Ana had ten kids and was on welfare. When I couldn't get along with Vicente Santana anymore, I moved out of my mother's apartment and moved in with Ana. I got her pregnant. She was too possessive, and I soon got tired of her. When I couldn't figure out a way to get away from her, I joined the Army."

Rafael, who was nearly twenty, went through his ten weeks of basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, in the fall of 1970 and was then shipped to Fort Ord, in Monterey, California, for several months of advanced infantry training. He learned from a clerk that his whole platoon was scheduled to be sent to Vietnam. To avoid having to go to Vietnam—"I didn't feel like going so far away," he says—he applied for the paratroopers. He was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia. "First they had to push me out of the plane, then I got to like jumping," he recalls. In the spring of 1971, Rafael went to New York on a five-day pass. His intention was to visit Rosa Cruz, a lethargic classmate of his sister Inocencia Castillo, but while he was in New York he saw Diana López, whom he had known in Cayey when she was a little girl. Diana was then fifteen, and he fell in love with her. He stayed on in New York with Diana when his five-day leave was over, and got a job in a hat factory, using a friend's Social Security number. In March of 1972, the Army caught up with Rafael. He had dodged his pursuers many times, and suspects he was finally turned in by his former girl friend Judy. By then, he was tired of hiding. He was taken to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to be photographed and fingerprinted, and from there to Fort Dix, New Jersey, where he was beaten and locked up in a dark cell for three weeks. He was asked if he wanted to go back to the Army. "Before I went AWOL, I had already decided to reënlist," Rafael says. "I loved the Army. I didn't have anything besides the Army. I was far away from trouble, and I loved the travelling. But after I was caught I felt I wasn't going to be comfortable in the Army anymore, so I got out. Diana had just had my child and I hadn't yet given my daughter my name, and that was on my mind."

Rafael, dividing his time between Diana and Rosa, spent most of 1972 in Dover, where he worked in a factory for three dollars and sixty-nine cents an hour, and in New York, where he found odd jobs. Late in 1972, he went to Puerto Rico with Diana and quickly worked his way up from the kitchen of a tourist hotel in San Juan to waiting on tables, to tending bar. Diana


M.S. Renaissance presents the XIIth Music Festival at Sea.

Just imagine the sound of glorious music on a silent ocean.

And just think: The artists who will make this Caribbean cruise a truly special event will not only perform for you, they'll become your friends as well.

So join violinist Pinchas Zukerman, Russian dancers Galina and Valery Panov, trumpeter Maurice Andre, the English Chamber Orchestra and many others. And come cruise with us from January 4 to January 17. From Port Everglades, Florida to Santo Domingo, St. Croix, Pointe-a-Pitre, La Guaira, Cartagena and Port Antonio.

Wherever you go, M.S. Renaissance will be as French as France and the music will be out of this world.

For all details, consult your Travel Agent. Or Paquet Cruises, Inc.
1370 Avenue of the Americas.
New York 10019. (212) 757-9050.
M.S. Renaissance is registered in France.

PAQUÉT FRENCH CRUISES

Paquét puts the French accent on cruises.

Crystal Lace

Lacy patterns hand-cut and hand-polished in full-lead crystal by Old World artisans. Vases, decanters, goblets and bowls fit for a Queen.
At Spaulding's, Chicago and other fine stores.
Import of Queen Lace Crystal, 3 E. 27 St.
N.Y.C. 10016

was jealous because Rafael was writing to Rosa, and she left Puerto Rico for Dover early in 1973. In the spring of 1973, Rafael returned to New York to be with Rosa. That summer, Diana and Rosa had several fistfights before agreeing to share Rafael. In the fall of 1973, Rafael was taken into the heroin business by Roberto Figueroa, Casilda's first husband, who was also Diana's nephew.

The noisy, merry party at Casilda's place was interrupted at about three in the morning by one of Rafael's sentries, who burst into the living room to announce that Rosa's apartment had been robbed. Rafael left abruptly with his guards. Returning an hour later, Rafael told his mother that thieves had broken into Rosa's apartment. They had taken eight hundred dollars in cash, a stereo tape deck worth seven hundred dollars, and two television sets. Rafael said he was glad Rosa had not been there during the burglary because she might have been hurt. Late as it was, Rafael called in several of his salesmen and started selling them heroin; he wanted to make good Rosa's losses by the next day.

TWO weeks after Casilda's party, Mrs. Santana made up her mind to go to Cayey to visit her two daughters Inocencia and Hilda Castillo and some of her other relatives. She went to a travel agent in her neighborhood and booked two round-trip tickets to Puerto Rico—one for herself and one for Gabriel. On her last trip to Puerto Rico, in 1972, Mrs. Santana had taken María along; this time it was Gabriel's turn. The tickets were for the night flight of the following welfare-check day. On check-day morning, Mrs. Santana waited more anxiously than usual for the mailman; if her check failed to arrive, she would have to postpone her trip. Her check did arrive, and she went straight to the travel agency to buy the tickets. Her check covered all but a few dollars of the two fares. Casilda had given her mother enough money from her numbers earnings to pay the rent; Delgado had given her eighty dollars to spend in Puerto Rico; she was going to let the bodega and furniture-store bills ride.

Mrs. Santana and Gabriel flew to San Juan on a jumbo jet, waited an hour at the Puerto Rico International Airport, at San Juan, and boarded a small plane for the short flight over the mountains to Ponce. They landed in Ponce at five in the morning. Inocencia Castillo and her husband, Reynaldo Figueroa, were at the air-

Olgawear® with Lycra*

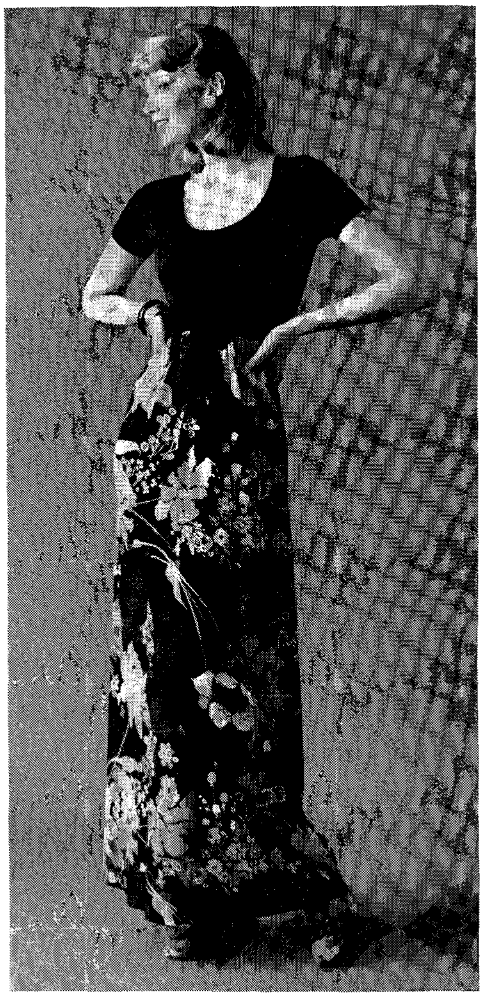
STEP INTO
THE COMFORT.
GO OUT
IN THE LOOK.

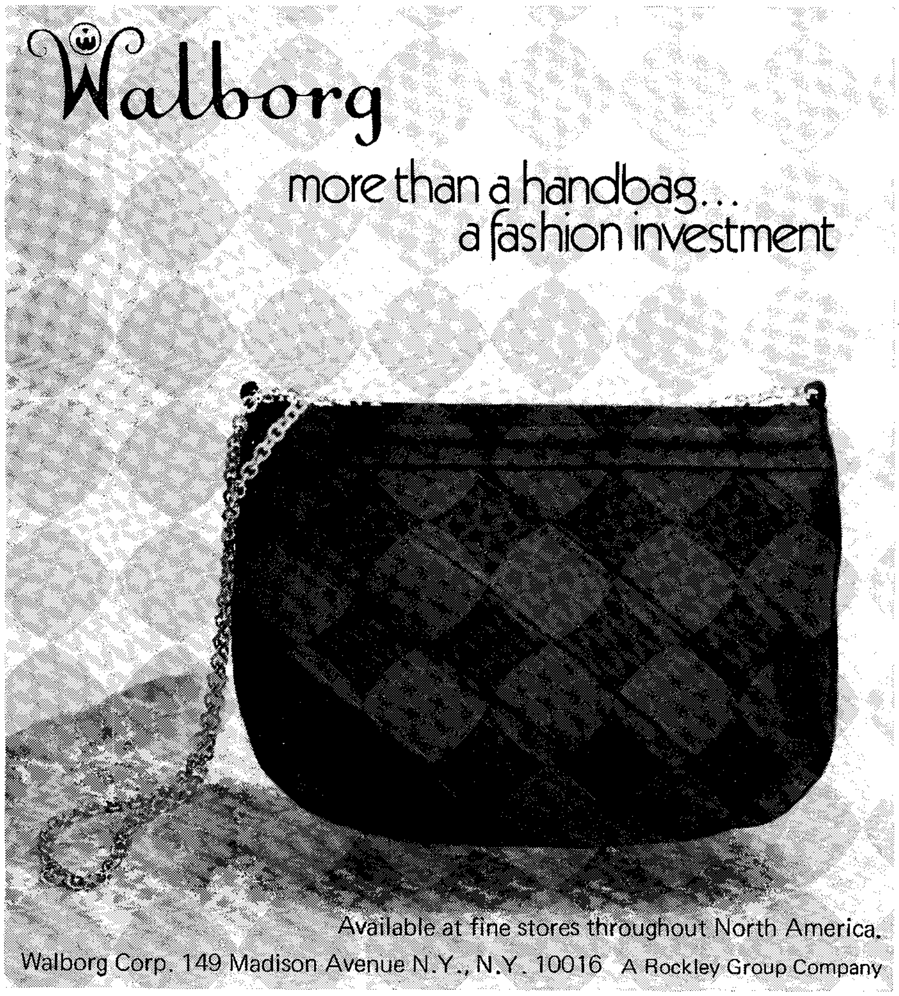
Freedom becomes you. Everywhere. In OLGAWEAR. From Olga's Collection: two-piece look, one-piece ease. Black T-top of soft nylon and **Lycra**® spandex, stretch-shaped for comfort with or without a bra. Fiesta print jersey skirt. In the best Loungewear Departments. Style 9850, sizes 8-14. 45.00

For where-to-buy call toll free: 800-447-4700. In Ill: 800-322-4400.

*Dupont registered trademark

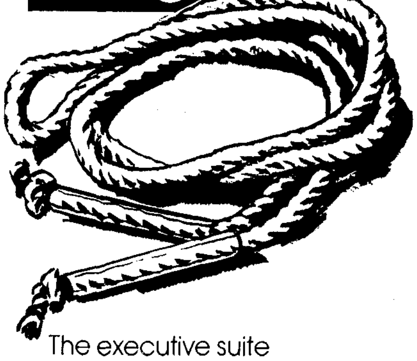
behind
every
OLGA®
there
really is
an Olga





Walborg
more than a handbag...
a fashion investment

Available at fine stores throughout North America.
Walborg Corp. 149 Madison Avenue N.Y., N.Y. 10016 A Rockley Group Company

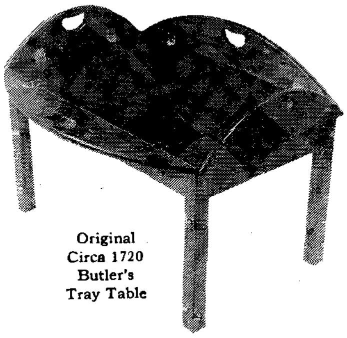


Lord & Taylor

The executive suite

JUMPS

It's good healthy fun.
Wherever you work out.
10′ natural color cotton,
clear acrylic handles.
Executive Jump Rope by
Baekgaard, Ltd. 5.00
The Man's Shop, Street Floor
Lord & Taylor—WI 7-3300
All Lord & Taylor stores



Ready to Assemble
and Finish
18th Century Furniture

Original
Circa 1720
Butler's
Tray Table

One of 21 Bartley classics, in hand crafted solid mahogany, oak or cherry. Totally authentic in design and beautifully constructed. Each kit is easily assembled and finished in your own home without tools. All pieces also offered completely assembled and hand finished. A $5.00 coupon included with catalogue.

Please send me your illustrated catalogue of 18th century antique furniture reproductions available in kit form or hand finished. I am enclosing $1.00 to cover postage and handling.

Name________________________

Address______________________

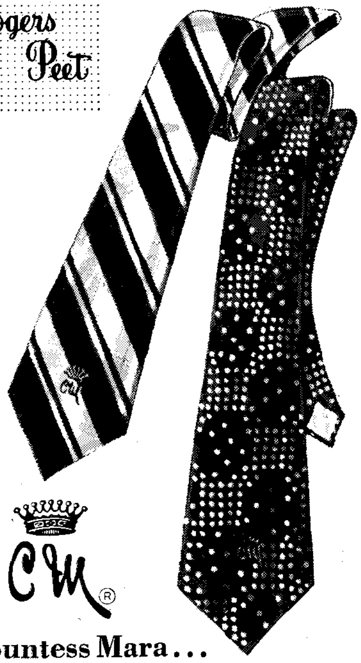
City/State/Zip__________________

The Bartley Collection, Ltd.
747 Oakwood Ave., Dept. N-1
Lake Forest, IL 60045

port to meet them. Inocencia is a plump, vivacious girl of seventeen, with long black hair (her father's "good" hair), a pretty face, and bad teeth, which she longs to have improved with gold. Reynaldo is thirty-two. While Reynaldo drove his truck to Cayey, across green-and-brown countryside, Gabriel dozed and Mrs. Santana and Inocencia chattered incessantly. They reached Inocencia's and Reynaldo's house just as the local roosters were crowing.

Reynaldo and Inocencia live in a ramshackle wooden house—one of a cluster of ramshackle houses huddled together along a road a couple of miles outside Cayey. The main part of the house consists of three small bedrooms, a small living room, and an ample kitchen. The rooms are separated by flimsy partitions, and lack doors; the floors are concrete; the roof is tin; and the furniture looks very old. There is a shower in a large, separate, roofless room in back of the house, and a toilet in another large, separate, roofless room out back. The toilet is broken. Inocencia and Reynaldo live in the house with their two children—Eduardo, who is three, and Tina, who is only a few months old—and with Reynaldo's ten-year-old daughter by his previous marriage. The woman Reynaldo married in 1965 in the double ceremony with Casilda and his brother Roberto refuses to give Reynaldo a divorce.

When Reynaldo's truck pulled into the dirt front yard, an old man who stank of rum and urine, and who worked for Reynaldo to earn rum money, was slowly turning a roast pig on a large stick over a fire. Reynaldo earns his living as his parents had once done: he raises pigs, butchers them, cooks them, and sells the meat. Mrs. Santana took off her new red pants suit. She asked Gabriel to take off her fashionable, uncomfortable platform shoes, which she couldn't unlace. She lay down on Inocencia's and Reynaldo's lumpy mattress, where Tina was sleeping, told the sleeping baby she was fat and beautiful, and went to sleep. When she woke up, she took an outdoor shower and changed into a pair of Bermuda shorts she had fished out of her suitcase. She sent Gabriel to a bodega about thirty feet away for some bread, soda, and lunch meat, and settled down on a vinyl-and-wrought-iron chair in Inocencia's small living room to visit with her daughter. The day passed quietly. People came by on foot and in cars to buy small amounts of roast pork. They pointed to the



Rogers Peet

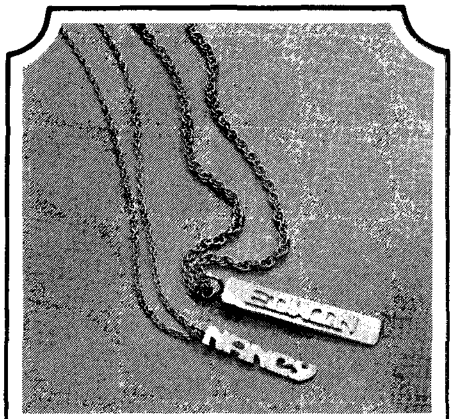
CM®

Countess Mara...

so tastefully inventive. Endless ingenuity, always within the bounds of good taste, is dramatically demonstrated in our new Fall collection. Each bears the famous CM coronet, authenticating it as a design for "one man in a million". Available in combinations of three shades—blue, brown or burgundy. 16⁵⁰

Mail & Phone orders invited.
Call 212-682-8170.

600 FIFTH AVENUE • 479 FIFTH AVENUE
258 BROADWAY • RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS, N.J.



NAME PENDANTS

Wear your name with style. Sterling Silver Pendant and Chain feature unique cut-out letters creating a design personally yours. Limit 7 letters. (Allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

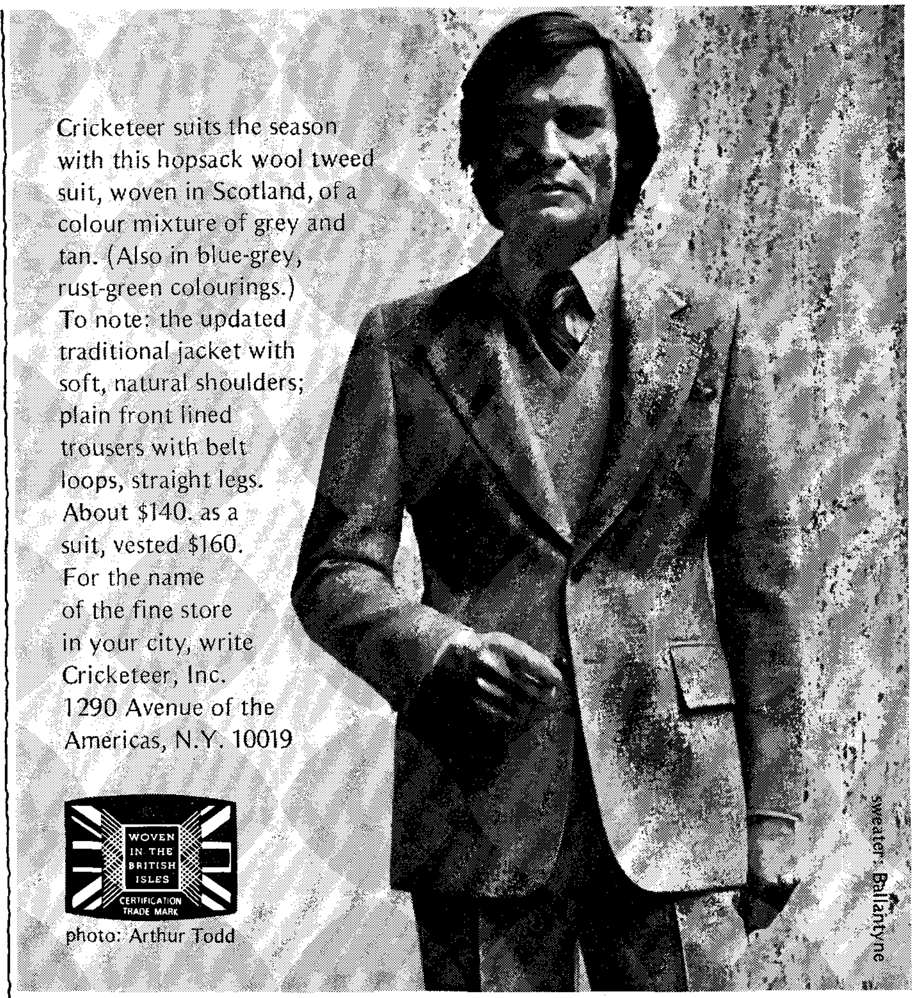
$30⁰⁰ His
$15⁰⁰ Hers

Mail orders add $.95 postage – Ga. residents add Sales Tax
BankAmericard, Master Charge or American Express honoured

STERN'S
Lenox Square/Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1975, S S G

part of the pig they wanted. Reynaldo cut the meat and weighed it on a small scale and wrapped it for them in plain brown paper. A truck filled with oranges pulled up alongside the houses, and Reynaldo bought a sack of a hundred oranges for two dollars. Reynaldo's daughter played with a dozen neighborhood children in the garbage-strewn back yard and in a vacant lot across the road, where a few goats grazed and some chickens scrabbled. Eduardo had no toys and got into constant mischief. Inocencia's way of handling him was similar to Casilda's way of rearing Jesús Manrique, Jr.: she alternately shouted at him, hugged him, spanked him, and asked him for kisses.

In the late afternoon, Mrs. Santana took the gold earrings María had been given by her godmother out of her pocketbook and told Inocencia to wear them until María was old enough to wear them herself. If the earrings were safely installed in Inocencia's pierced ears, Georgina wouldn't be able to get her hands on them again. Mrs. Santana also gave Inocencia a small gold charm, which Francisco Delgado had sent to Tina. Inocencia had chosen Delgado to be Tina's godfather—an honor she would never have accorded her previous stepfather, Vicente Santana, whom she blamed for causing her to leave her mother's house. Santana had first attempted to seduce Inocencia when she was eleven. Inocencia had complained to her mother, who had advised her to sleep with a baseball bat beside her bed. After that incident, Inocencia thought she might be better off living with her father in Cayey, and went there. She missed her mother and returned to New York at the end of six months. When she was eleven, Santana tried to get into bed with her. She slapped him in the face. Shortly thereafter, she went to bed with an eighteen-year-old man whom she had met on the lower East Side. She fancied she loved him, and wanted to marry him. For some reason unknown to Inocencia, the young man's mother didn't approve of her and broke up the romance. Inocencia felt that, being no longer a virgin, she would be too vulnerable to Santana under his roof, and went to live for a while with Casilda and Jesús. Casilda was afraid that Inocencia would start fooling around with Jesús—or vice versa—so Inocencia went to live with Rafael and Ana. In the summer of 1971, when she was thirteen, she met Reynaldo Figueroa, who was twenty-seven. Reynaldo got her pregnant and then abandoned her



Cricketeer suits the season with this hopsack wool tweed suit, woven in Scotland, of a colour mixture of grey and tan. (Also in blue-grey, rust-green colourings.) To note: the updated traditional jacket with soft, natural shoulders; plain front lined trousers with belt loops, straight legs. About $140. as a suit, vested $160. For the name of the fine store in your city, write Cricketeer, Inc. 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019

WOVEN IN THE BRITISH ISLES
CERTIFICATION TRADE MARK

photo: Arthur Todd

sweater: Ballantyne

SEBAGO

Handsewn ROAMERS

Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

The luxury and comfort of this fine Sebago casual is remarkably uncommon. Handsewn in the U.S.A. by skilled Maine craftsmen, it is available in shag; or if you prefer, a smooth glove leather. A wide range of sizes for both men and women. About $32.00.

Available in New York for men at **McDuffee's**; for women at **Bloomingdale's**; Washington, D.C., **Boyce & Lewis**; Buffalo, **Amherst Bootery**; Kansas City, **St. Crispin Leather**; Milwaukee, **Brouwer's**; Philadelphia, **Steigerwalt's**; Minneapolis, **Campus Cobbler**; Cleveland, **Lou Golland Shoes**; Kalamazoo, **V & A Bootery**; San Francisco, **Village Bootery**; Pittsburgh, **Kamp's**.

Once you've sent a Brett card
You'll never settle for anything else.

Gold basket of Christmas gifts and Holly tied with a red ribbon, on light ground, framed in red satin threads and gold border. A jacquard Tapestry design woven exclusively for the Brett Collection. White envelopes lined in gold. Message reads:

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

With or without name imprinted: 25 for $29. 50 for $51., 75 for $73., 100 for $95. Additional 25's, $23.50. Three line address imprinted on envelope flap, $7. for 100 or less. Mail Order: Add tax where applicable + $1. shipping. Print name to be imprinted clearly.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL
Social Stationers
38 East 57th Street, New York 10022
(212) 989-6062
HOUSTON ATLANTA DALLAS

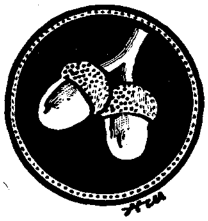
The pandas that've been to China

Straight from the People's Republic of China, delightful crocheted panda bears to swing from your Christmas tree or delight a youngster. Varied poses make these playful pandas seem almost real. Small enough to fit a youngster's hand. Big enough to fill his imagination. 2½" 5.00 a pair.

name
address
city state zip
☐ MC
☐ BAC # exp.
Mail to: J. K. Gill, Portland, Ore. 97210

since 1867
Supplying a lot of the good things in life.
J.K.Gill

to return to his wife in Cayey. Inocencia dropped out of the seventh grade. She went back to her mother, who had by then moved to Brooklyn with Delgado. Two months after Eduardo's birth, Reynaldo appeared and took Inocencia and Eduardo away to his parents' house in Dover. Mrs. Santana had been very angry with Reynaldo for deserting Inocencia during her pregnancy. She wasn't sure if Inocencia had gone willingly to New Jersey or had been abducted, so she had set off by bus for Dover with Delgado and Diana. In Dover, Inocencia told her mother that she was content with Reynaldo and wanted to stay with him. Reynaldo didn't like the cold weather; early in 1973, he and Inocencia returned to Cayey. Inocencia's moods are variable. Sometimes, after an hour of feeding and diapering and reprimanding the children, she tells her mother she is going crazy in her terrible house in Cayey. She says that if she can't get a decent house she will fly off to New York with her two small children. Sometimes, when the children are napping, she says she is happy with Reynaldo and thinks she will stay with him for the rest of her life. "If I can," she says.



At five in the afternoon of that first day in Cayey, Mrs. Santana watched a bus drive up and let out a couple of dozen sugarcane workers—they earn about a dollar-fifty per hour—and then asked Reynaldo to drive her into town. When she comes to Cayey, she always stays with her favorite *tía*—her mother's youngest sister, who had built a house on the site of her grandparents' house, where she was born and raised. *Tía's* house is a warren of small rooms on a hillside eight or ten blocks from the center of town. It is more substantial than Inocencia's house, has indoor plumbing that occasionally works, and is more peaceful. *Tía* lives with her husband, her youngest son, his wife, and their newborn baby. She is sixty-five and looks ten years older. *Tía* gave up her own bed for Mrs. Santana. Gabriel slept on a cot. Mrs. Santana gave her *tía* twenty-five dollars for their food and lodging. *Tía's* husband, an invalid, had long been accustomed to sleeping on the living-room sofa. One evening when Mrs. Santana and her *tía* were watching television in the living room while *Tía's* husband slept, Mrs. Santana laughingly recalled that her grandfather had also been put on the living-room sofa during his old age—he drank a lot of rum and was no longer of any use in bed.

On Mrs. Santana's second day in Cayey, she walked from *Tía's* house to the house of Ángel Castillo's mother, her former antagonist, where Hilda lives. When Mrs. Santana saw Hilda, she greeted her as casually as if it had been only a few days since they had last seen each other, instead of more than two years. Hilda's features are almost as pretty as Inocencia's, but she had dyed her shoulder-length hair red and had curled it in an unbecoming way. She wore clothes that looked uncomfortably tight, and she appeared aloof. Inocencia attributed her sister's standoffishness to the fact that she was so well educated. Hilda had just finished high school, and was about to go to secretarial school. Mrs. Santana was glad that Hilda had stayed in Puerto Rico. She approved of Hilda's studies—she often said that she wished María would "stay in school and not marry young"—but, not having raised Hilda, she seemed to have a greater affection for Inocencia, whose life had followed the pattern of her own. During her week in Cayey, she spent three days at Inocencia's house and saw Hilda only four times; their visits never lasted more than fifteen minutes, and their conversation was impersonal. Mrs. Santana didn't ask Hilda whether she had a boyfriend, and Hilda's attitude toward her mother was notably cool, in sharp contrast to the attitude of the rest of Mrs. Santana's children.

While Mrs. Santana was in Cayey, she spent a day visiting half a dozen other relatives, including the *tía* with whom she had stayed after her brother Jaime Ramírez's wife made her feel so unwelcome in her apartment in New York in 1959. If there was a highlight of her week, it was her meeting with Ángel Castillo, her favorite husband. She couldn't go to his house to see him—his wife would not have permitted that—so she contrived to see him late one evening at the house of a friend, after her *Tía* and Gabriel had gone to bed. Mrs. Santana and Ángel had a few beers and some laughs for old times' sake. Neither of them felt inclined to make love. Before they said goodbye, Ángel Castillo gave her twenty dollars.

On the next-to-last day of her stay, Mrs. Santana came down with a severe attack of bronchitis. She had contemplated spending her last two days in Puerto Rico visiting her father and another of her mother's sisters in San Juan; instead, she stayed in bed. When she got on the plane for New York, she said she hoped she would win the latest New York State Lottery. If she won, she would have enough money to build a house in Cayey, and only if she owned a house could she afford to live there. Gabriel cried on the plane home. He had loved Puerto Rico—the warm, clean air, the peaceful streets—and he had wanted very much to stay there.

WHEN Mrs. Santana returned from her trip to Puerto Rico, at three in the morning, she was greeted by an assortment of bad news. Vicente and Emilio had broken a windowpane in their bedroom; the landlord would not be pleased. The boys had also played hooky for five straight days, and a truant officer had come around to look for them. Francisco Delgado had skipped two days of work; Mrs. Santana didn't know how she would be able to catch up on her bodega bill. Worst of all, Rafael Rodríguez, Jr., had become curious enough about the product he was dealing in so lucratively to sample it. The needle he had used in trying his first shot of heroin had given him a serious infection. He had been taken to Bellevue Hospital, and had been told he would have to spend six weeks there. Before going off to Bellevue, Rafael had entrusted his cash to Felipe, who had squandered it. Felipe had also borrowed some money from Casilda to buy heroin; he had squandered that, too. The money Casilda had lent Felipe was the cash she had to have on hand to pay off her customers if they bet on a winning number. She didn't dare risk selling numbers without it, so she had been obliged to stop selling numbers. Casilda was broke again and felt understandably dispirited.

Even the mail that had come during Mrs. Santana's absence meant possible trouble; there were two letters from the Department of Social Services. One of them was a "notice of intent to reduce public assistance due to receipt of duplicate check." According to the department's records, Mrs. Santana had claimed that her May 16, 1974, check for two hundred and seventy-two dollars hadn't arrived. A replacement check had been issued to her on May 22, 1974. Now the department claimed that Mrs. Santana had fraudulently cashed both checks, and intended to retrieve its overpayment in twelve semi-monthly installments of twenty-two dollars and sixty-six cents. She hadn't cashed both checks—she sus-

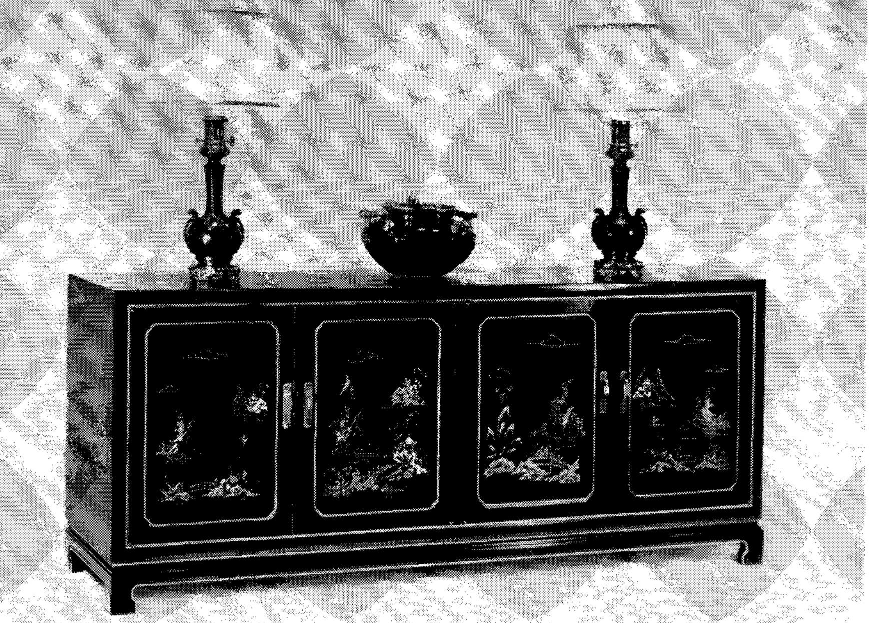
The 1975 Year Bell

SAN PIETRO
1975
ROMA

The creative motif of this series is great churches of the world. This year, the theme is St. Peter's in Rome.
This limited edition 5½" Bell, generously and beautifully adorned with 24kt. gold embellishments, features the famous underglaze blue that is the hallmark of Bing & Grøndahl. In presentation case. $60. For the name of the store nearest you, please write us. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

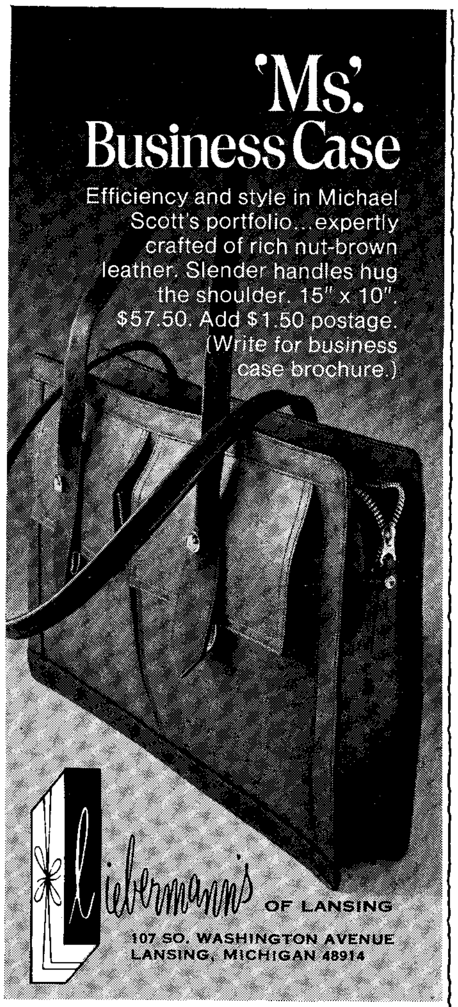
BING & GRØNDAHL
Copenhagen porcelain since 1853
COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN B&G BING & GRØNDAHL

john Widdicomb
makers of fine furniture for more than a century



"Something there is" about great design that is congenial to any setting.
This John Widdicomb sideboard for instance.
The enduring charm of the Orient currently being rediscovered.
Chinoiserie decoration in gold and silver. Artist and master craftsman at their best.
At the John Widdicomb furniture galleries. Thru your Interior Designer, Architect or Dealer.

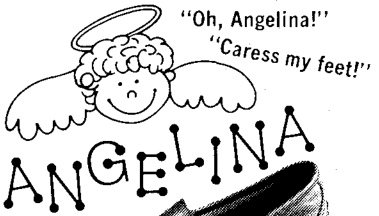
NEW YORK, 205 E. 58TH ST. • BOSTON, 90 BERKELEY ST. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST. • GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BUILDING
Atlanta • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Indianapolis • Miami • Minneapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

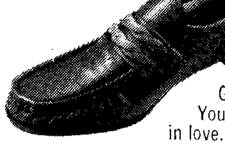


'Ms.' Business Case

Efficiency and style in Michael Scott's portfolio...expertly crafted of rich nut-brown leather. Slender handles hug the shoulder. 15" x 10". $57.50. Add $1.50 postage. (Write for business case brochure.)

Liebermann's OF LANSING
107 SO. WASHINGTON AVENUE
LANSING, MICHIGAN 48914


"Oh, Angelina!"
"Caress my feet!"
ANGELINA



Go ahead, smile. You are about to fall in love.

Angelina is the shoe you have wanted ever since you became a woman. (The shoe we have looked for ever since we became a shoe company.) The search is ended.

Angelina is here, and you have never **ever** experienced this sensation of comfort.

An upper of butter-soft, hand rubbed kidskin. A flexible leather sole. A lining of silken foam. Superbly handmade and exclusively imported by Maxwell, who makes this promise: Fall instantly in love with Angelina, or you will be reunited with your money. Sizes 4 to 12, widths AAAA to E. 1½" heel. In Tan or Black with braid (as shown); in Midnight Navy or White with tassel. $34 postpaid.

Maxwell Shoe Company
414 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222

Send____pair(s) of **Angelina**: (enclose check)

Size________Width________Color________

AAAA 6-12	AA 5½-12	B 4-11	D 5-10½
AAA 6-12	A 5-12	C 4-10½	E 5½-9½

Name________

Address________

City________State________Zip________

Guarantee: If these are not the most comfortable shoes you have ever put on, you may return them at once for a full refund. N 975

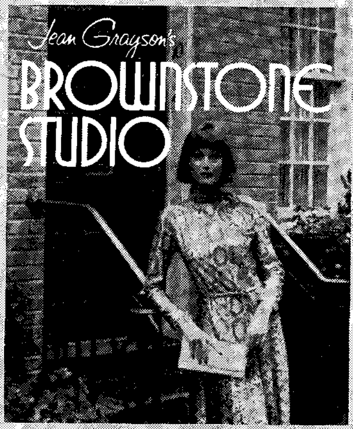
pected that the original check had been stolen and that someone had forged her signature on it—but she envisioned half a dozen trips to her local welfare center to straighten the matter out. The second letter began:

> DEAR SIR/MADAM,
>
> New York State regulations require that your eligibility for a public assistance grant be re-established periodically.
>
> Your case has been selected by the Division of Eligibility Control to receive a complete investigation by our Face to Face Recertification Program.
>
> You must appear for your scheduled interview on . . .
>
> You are required to bring with you proof of your continued eligibility for public assistance on the above date and time. A list of documents you must bring to the interview is attached. . . .
>
> Failure to keep an appointment and/or submit necessary documents will result in the closing of your case. . . .

The list of necessary documents included "proof of school attendance" for anyone on the case "between the ages of 6 and 21." Mrs. Santana would have to obtain a false report card or a letter from school or a current bus or train pass or a current lunch pass for Inocencia if she wanted to keep her on the case.

The day after her night flight from Puerto Rico, Mrs. Santana slept late. When she got up, in midafternoon, María and Lillian were in the living room watching a television show. On the screen, a six-year-old child was reading a book. María watched, marvelling at the child's ability, and said to her illiterate friend, "Lillian, you ought to go to school and learn to read and write like that kid. That way, when you grow up and get married and your husband goes to jail, you'll be able to write him a letter."

Mrs. Santana cooked some rice and beans, diced salt pork, and bananas. She left most of the food on the stove for Delgado and the children; with a plateful of food in a brown paper bag, she set off for Bellevue to visit Rafael. She made the trip by gypsy cab to avoid climbing up and down subway stairs. It took her twenty minutes to make her way through Bellevue's grimy corridors to the ward where Rafael lay; a plastic tube was dripping antibiotics in a glucose solution into a vein in his arm. A week in the hospital had done Rafael a lot of good. He had put on some weight. His eyes were clear. He looked rested and somewhat at peace with himself. Diana was with him when Mrs. Santana arrived. Rose had gone to visit Rafael his first day in the hospital, had run into Diana there, and had told Rafael that she wouldn't



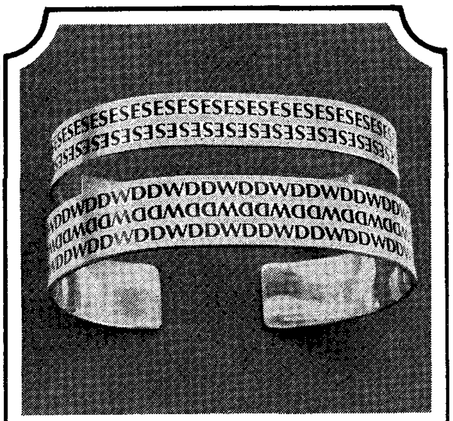
WRITE OR CALL
FOR OUR
**FREE CHRISTMAS BOOK
OF COORDINATED FASHIONS
AND ACCESSORIES**

Jean Grayson, a New York fashion pro, has collected a bookfull of gifted accessories, ready-to-wear and intimate apparel for today's woman. There are even a few bright ideas for men.

You will find your favorite fashion names within this collection–among them Anne Klein, Wilroy, Eve Stillman, Yves St. Laurent, Miriam Haskell, Marisa Christina.

Jean Grayson's Brownstone Studio
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017 Dept. Y929

Call **(212) 687-0190**



DESIGN LINE BRACELET

Your initials create a Designed Line heavy gauge Sterling Silver cuff bracelet—one size fits all. Created by unique photo-etching process. A Stern's Exclusive. Specify 2 or 3 initials. (Allow four weeks for delivery.)

$35⁰⁰ 3/8" width
$45⁰⁰ 1/2" width
$75⁰⁰ 1-1/4" width

Mail orders add $.95 postage – Ga. residents add Sales Tax
BankAmericard, Master Charge or American Express honoured

STERN'S
Lenox Square/Atlanta, Ga. 30326
404 / 261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1975, S.S.G.

come to see him anymore if he allowed Diana to visit him, too. Rafael had told Rosa that it wouldn't be right to keep Diana away; the result was that Rosa had dropped out of his life for the time being.

When Mrs. Santana approached Rafael's bed, she didn't rebuke him for having sampled heroin. Nor did Rafael apologize for the folly of having done so. Rafael told his mother that he had learned his lesson: when he got out of the hospital, he wouldn't try heroin again. He would go back to selling heroin "for a very short while," just to make some money; then he would get a regular job in a factory, marry Diana, and settle down. Mrs. Santana didn't believe that Rafael's plans would ever be realized. It was far more likely, she feared, that he would go back to selling drugs and he would get caught; she worried that Rosa would turn him in to the cops, as Judy had turned him in to the Army. Nevertheless, Mrs. Santana nodded, as she always did when her children told her of their plans—as she had nodded when Casilda told her she would get Helen through high school and when Felipe, spaced out as usual, had said, "I'm going to make something of myself, just wait and see."

Mrs. Santana has never given much thought to the future. The present requires all the attention she can muster. Casilda recently asked her if she was going to marry Francisco Delgado. "No," she said. "There's no point in doing that. I've told you, I don't have good luck with men." Casilda went on to ask her mother whether she thought she would always live with Delgado. It has been a long time since Mrs. Santana thought that marriages last forever, and after a while she gave the best answer she could: "You never can tell."

A day or so later, she and Delgado quarrelled, and Delgado spent the night on the living-room sofa. In the morning, she told him that if he was planning to leave her he should leave now, while she was still young and could find another man.

"So that's what you want—for me to leave you," Delgado said.

"Not today," she said.

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

•

Treat aphids when seen. Retreat as needed.—*Frontiers, a publication of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.*

Nonsense! Stand your ground!

ONE YEAR WARRANTY
WEAR DATED
Monsanto

IT'S NOT JUST A SWEATER ...IT'S A ROSANNA®

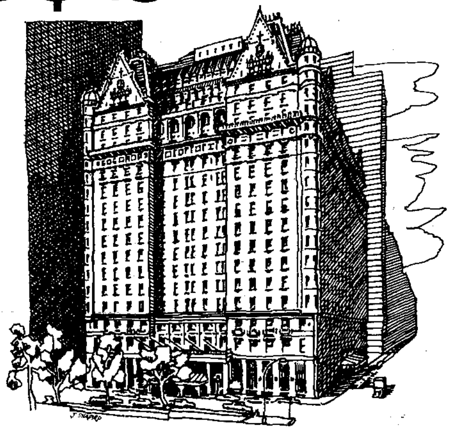
Rosanna captures the essence of autumn in a crisply styled bateau neck pullover. Seasoned with square-cut sleeves and wide turnback cuffs. In spirited panel rib stripes of smoke blue, brown or loden. In Monsanto's easy care 100% Acrilan® acrylic. S, M, L. $21.

At: **New York:** Gimbels. **Atlanta:** Rich's. **Boston:** Filene's. **Chicago:** Carson, Pirie, Scott. **Los Angeles:** Bullock's. **St. Louis:** Famous Barr and other fine stores near you.

Rosanna Knitted Sportswear, Inc., 1410 Broadway, The WARNACO Group, New York 10018—212/947-8876.
Warranted for one full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.

NEW YORK
The Plaza
as low as $49*

800-228-3000
toll free



Fifth Avenue at 59th Street.
Overlooking Central Park.

*Price based on single occupancy, per night. Subject to state and local taxes.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines

THE THEATRE

PARADISE ENOW

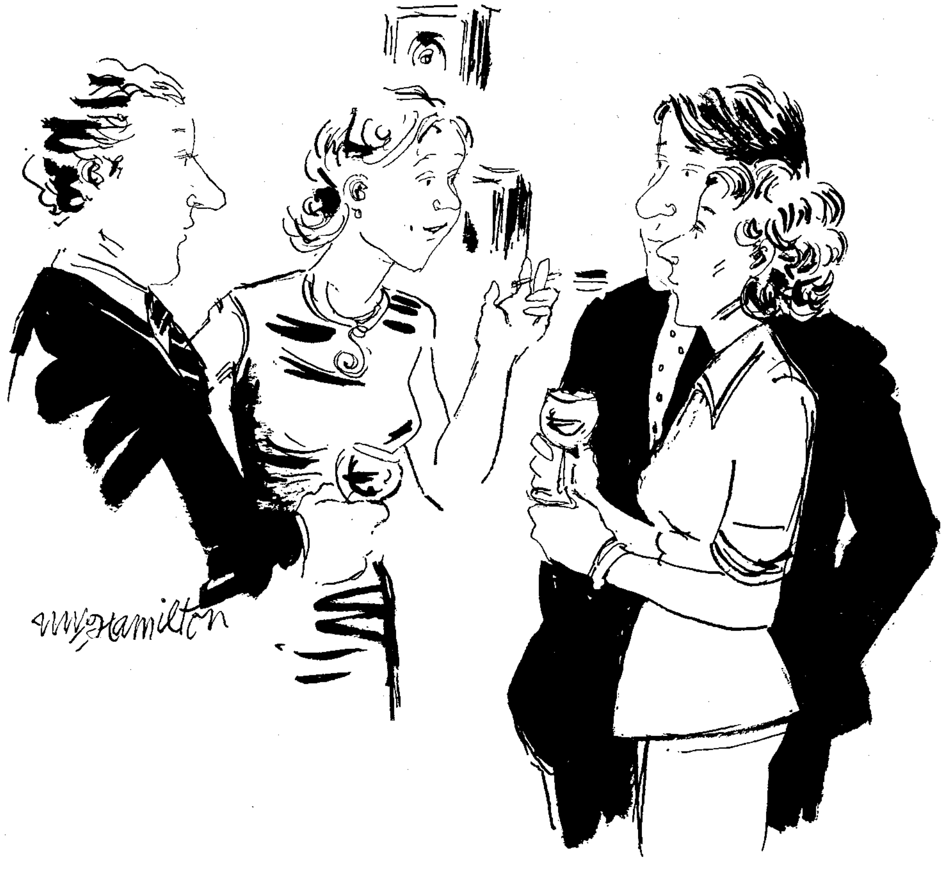
THE Long Wharf Theatre company of New Haven has brought to the Circle in the Square its exceptionally attractive production of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" Over the past eight or nine years, Arvin Brown, artistic director of the Long Wharf, has drawn together what amounts to an extended family of actors, actresses, and designers, all of whom evidently relish working with him and with each other. In visiting the Long Wharf, one always looks forward with pleasure to discovering what contribution, whether large or small (for in happy families there is neither pride of place nor shirking of necessary tasks), this or that member of the family will be making to the latest production. In "Ah, Wilderness!" we are very cozily and contentedly by the fireside: in effect, the Brown family is playing the Miller family, and the naturalness of their intimacy is irresistible. William Swetland, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Teresa Wright, John Braden, and the rest—what a welcome gathering of friends! One wishes them a long stay at the Circle, upon whose often darkling depths they have bestowed the uncanny sunlight of a time and a place that never were.

For the truth of the matter is that "Ah, Wilderness!" is a fantasy: the fantasy of a cold, sad, and unforgiving man, quite unexpectedly engaged in peopling with affectionate merriment a past that he had hated. In the O'Neill canon, it is an implausible anomaly—not merely his one comedy but also his one tender gesture of possible reunion with the human race, against which he seemed to bear, for reasons sufficiently obscure, an increasingly bitter grudge. O'Neill once reported that the entire play, even to the title, had come to him in a dream. He gave 1932 as the date of the dream, and the play, which he wrote with unprecedented speed and ease, opened on Broadway the following year. Louis Sheaffer, whose indispensable two-volume life of O'Neill is now available in paperback, has recently discovered that O'Neill and his friend and editor Saxe Commins were talking of "Ah, Wilderness!" as long ago as 1928, so the dream either was earlier than O'Neill remembered or was repeated at a later date. In any event, the text of "Ah, Wilderness!" bears many marks of the uncritical obligingness of dreams; for example, when in the stage directions the author describes little Tommy Miller as having "a rim of milk visible about his lips," he adds at once a line about the boy's "bottled-up energy." The careless free association of "milk" and "bottled" is characteristic of the play as a whole, and so is the damnable reiteration of certain key words, sometimes less than a sentence apart. As a director, Mr. Brown is celebrated for respecting authors' texts; "Ah, Wilderness!" is a long play, which Mr. Brown has cut very little, and for once I wish he had been less virtuous.

One marvels that O'Neill could have been so totally out of touch with the literary fashions of the grim thirties as to write a play capable of having come from the hand of a Tarkington a decade or two earlier. The hero of the play, Richard Miller (whom we are quick to recognize as a stand-in for the youthful Eugene O'Neill in the New London of 1906), is a veritable Penrod, virginal in all fields except that of literature, where he has been indiscriminately seduced by Swinburne, Carlyle, Kipling, Shaw, and Omar Khayyám. This awkward, unformed boy—played with exemplary tact by Richard Backus—will be sure to survive the innumerable ignominies of growing up and will succeed in any career he chooses; the foundation of his good fortune is that the family by which he is surrounded loves him and will always go on loving him. Astonishingly, O'Neill, the worst of sons and the worst of fathers, has chosen as the theme of "Ah, Wilderness!" the assertion that love—*family* love—makes all things possible. He even goes so far as to end his play with a murmured "Yes" from Mrs. Miller, which echoes (again the self-indulgence of dreams!) the passionate "Yes" of Molly under the Moorish wall. It is every bit as hard to believe O'Neill's "Yes" as it is easy to believe Joyce's; still, what we seek in "Ah, Wilderness!" is not to believe but only, as O'Neill did, to make believe. Thanks to the Long Wharf, the make-believe is enchanting.

Let the record show that the scenery is by Steven Rubin, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace. The ginger ale is by courtesy of Canada Dry. In New London in 1906, the brand would have been Clicquot Club, but no matter.

—BRENDAN GILL



"It turns out their pied-à-terre is all they have."

Want to know how to mix TV and print together? Start with Jell-O.® BRAND GELATIN

Television was not born the mortal enemy of print.

For the right product, a unique blend of both can produce something more rewarding than either straight.

The case of Jell-O® Brand Gelatin is instructive.

Jell-O Gelatin was born in 1897. And like all the old in all the world, it is constantly threatened by the new, the novel, and, particularly, the next sexy model out of the freezer case.

But Jell-O Gelatin, if the truth be known, is far from moribund. That little quiver on your spoon is a sign of vitality, not age. It can be more good and interesting and sometimes quite crazy snacks and desserts than anything else on earth. Jell-O Gelatin is as new as your imagination.

But how to make that point—in the cluttered world of new products? About two years ago, we launched a new concept in Jell-O Gelatin advertising. A series of self-contained mini-campaigns designed to self-destruct after a certain number of weeks. Each one dramatizing a new Jell-O Gelatin. Not a new model, but a new end result.

We used real housewives in television to demonstrate how easy, how satisfying this particular Jell-O Gelatin dessert could be. At the end of each, our announcer said that the recipe could be found in that month's women's magazines.

Though the magazine advertising carried the same recipe, it did not attempt to duplicate or merely reinforce the television. (A lot of print falls flat by trying to compete with television as a slice of life.)

The ad on the bottom of this page, when in color, is a big, mouth-watering shot a woman could pore over for much longer than 60 seconds. And tests showed that millions did.

The print is dream print. Study print. Imagine print. Add a little personal twist print.

The television is demonstration. Emotional satisfaction. Soon Jell-O Gelatin's sales took a remarkably youthful bounce.

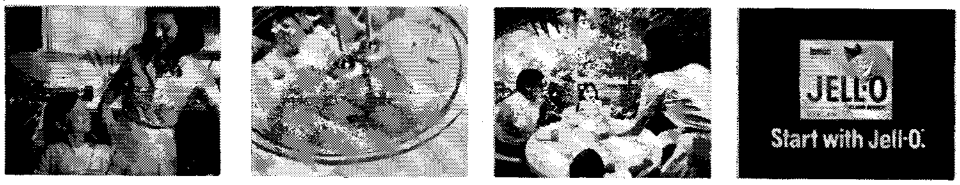
A surprising fact: although we spend fewer dollars in print, as many women—and in some areas more women—recalled seeing the campaign in print as on television.

A purer audience in print? Women more likely to act on the message? Probably.

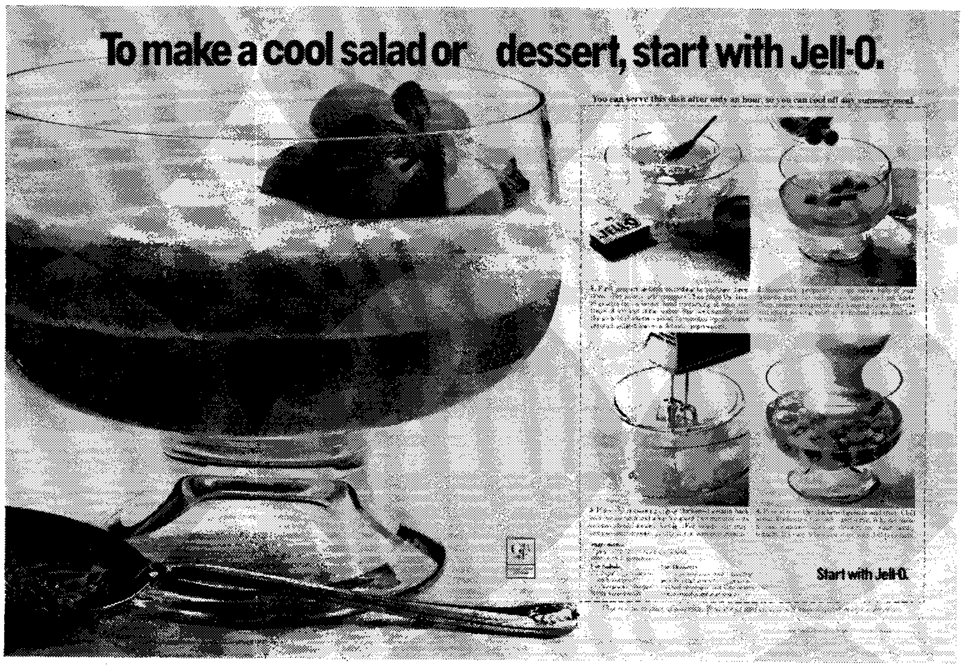
Print is an old medium. And, like all things old, threatened by the new, the novel, and the sexy. But if the truth be known, print has produced more good and interesting and, sometimes, quite crazy advertising programs than anything else on earth. It's as new as your imagination.

by ALEX KROLL
Creative Director/Managing Director
Young & Rubicam USA

TELEVISION



PRINT


To make a cool salad or dessert, start with Jell-O.
You can serve this dish after only an hour, so you can cool off any summer meal.
Start with Jell-O.

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc., 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Lark®
Luggage

For people
who hate to
leave the
finer things
of life
at home.

Lark Luggage Corp.
Empire State Bldg. N.Y., N.Y. 10001

Copyright © 1975, Lark Luggage Corp.

Cruise the inner coast.

The brand new American Eagle offers you a chance to discover 2,000 miles of America you'll never see any other way. The intra-coastal waterway.

Choose one of 24 southern cruises. With 8 different itineraries. And visit places like historic Charleston. The Great Dismal Swamp Wildlife Preserve. Key West. Plus dozens of out-of-the-way places. And relax all the way in the luxury of the East Coast's newest, largest, friendliest cruise ship.

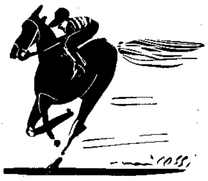
For information on these cruises and others in New England and the Chesapeake Bay area, send this coupon. Or call collect (203) 345-8551.

American Cruise Lines, Inc.
Haddam, Conn. 06438

NAME
STREET
CITY STATE ZIP NY9295

THE RACE TRACK

Turnabout



WHEN they met in the Wilshire Handicap at Hollywood Park in June, Tizna beat Susan's Girl by a head, but second money in that race was enough to move Susan's Girl into the golden group of horses who have won a million dollars in purses. The two met again in the nine-furlong, weight-for-age Beldame Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, and this time Susan's Girl beat Tizna by a neck. Pass A Glance, a 27–1 shot, was third, and the other fillies and mares were down the muddy course. It may or may not have been Susan's Girl's next-to-last appearance under colors. Fred Hooper, who bred and owns her, had planned to send her to Keeneland for the Spinster Stakes next month and retire her after that, but she has been going so well he says he may change his mind. In any case, it was a perfect performance. She was in front at every furlong pole, withstood Tizna's furious challenge in the stretch, and weathered a claim of foul that Pincay, who rode Tizna, lodged, charging that Susan's Girl had crowded his mount on the turn for home. In her five seasons of racing, Susan's Girl, the big bay daughter of Quadrangle out of Quaze, has won twenty-three stakes races and $1,186,700. Only two of her sex have earned more prize money—Daniel Wildenstein's Allez France and Nelson Bunker Hunt's Dahlia, both American-bred. It has always been a pleasure to watch Susan's Girl run.

The Rokeby Stable may have something more than just a likely prospect for racing on the grass in One On The Aisle, a workmanlike three-year-old roan gelding (he's by Stage Door Johnny) who won the first division of the Brighton Beach Handicap earlier in the week. He has won four of his last six starts and was second in the two others. In the Brighton, a $40,000 handicap at ten furlongs, he made his move in the last quarter and won by a neck from Candle Stand, with London Company and seven others trailing behind. E. P. Taylor's Snow Night, winner of the second division of the Brighton Beach, seems to have lost his aversion to the starting gate. Assistants to the starter, who used to shudder when they saw his name in the entries, now have almost no trouble getting him into his stall. He won by a length and a quarter from Drollery, with Golden Don third. Snow Night's big test will probably come in the Man o' War Stakes on October 11th. Another runner on the grass, Ogden Mills Phipps's Intrepid Hero, may have won a trip to Paris and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe as a reward for winning the Secretariat Stakes at Chicago's Arlington Park last weekend; carrying top weight of 123 pounds over the turf course, he beat a big field that included Gab Bag, winner of the Lawrence Realization.

NOW and then, Bowie puts on a special race. Several years ago, it had one called the Noah's Ark, in which the starters were two camels (one of which bit a man), a zebu, a water buffalo, and a llama. There was another such carded one afternoon last week—the King of Capitol Hill Sweepstakes, at two furlongs, in which the four starters were stable ponies ridden by congressmen—but it didn't come off. An important session of the House of Representatives was called, and the jockeys felt that they should be there. Happily, the event will be staged later on.

It doesn't pay to tamper with the races at Bowie. After a trial lasting seven days, the jockeys Eric Walsh (he rode the favorite and finished last), Luigi Gino, Ben Feliciano, and Jesse Davidson were found guilty in United States District Court in Baltimore last week of conspiring to fix a race that has come to be known as the Valentine's Day Triple, and of conspiring to evade the tax law by giving $35,237 in winning mutuel tickets to other people to cash for them. They will be sentenced next month. The race was one of those cheap claiming races, the last on the card, and the horses—a bettor had to pick first, second, and third in the order named—were a poor lot. This is not the first time the triple, as it is called, has been mixed up with a bit of hanky-panky, and it won't be the last. Of course, the triple could be stopped, but the outcry would be deafening. Horseplayers want a gimmick that pays off in boxcar figures for a three-dollar bet. I'll lay two points better than the odds that the triple is here to stay. —AUDAX MINOR

•

> The whey, or watery residue of cheese is not turning up in daiquiri and whisky sour mixes.
> —*Allegheny (Pa.) Bulletin.*

So the news is not *all* bad.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

$13.00

FOR THE FIRST ONE-YEAR
SUBSCRIPTION (YOUR OWN OR GIFT)

$12.00

FOR EACH ADDITIONAL ONE-YEAR
SUBSCRIPTION

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00 per year, other foreign $4.00 per year.

Your Name ______ *(Please print)*

Street ______

City ______ *State* ______ *Zip* ______

SEND THE NEW YORKER TO EACH OF THE FOLLOWING:

To ______ *(Please print)*

Street ______

City ______ *State* ______ *Zip* ______

Gift card to read from ______

To ______ *(Please print)*

Street ______

City ______ *State* ______ *Zip* ______

Gift card to read from ______

To ______ *(Please print)*

Street ______

City ______ *State* ______ *Zip* ______

Gift card to read from ______

To ______ *(Please print)*

Street ______

City ______ *State* ______ *Zip* ______

Gift card to read from ______

PLEASE COMPLETE YOUR ORDER HERE:

I enclose $______ to cover ______ subscriptions.

Or, bill my:

☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Account # ______

☐ Enter my subscription plus gifts.
☐ Enter gifts only.
☐ Enter a subscription for me only.

☐ Send gift cards to me for mailing.
☐ Send gift cards directly to recipients with my greeting.

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

4 39 5

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lazarus Laughs

HELMUT BERGER has often been perversely likable, flaunting mannerisms that many other actors avoid. As Konrad in Luchino Visconti's new film, "Conversation Piece," Berger is of a queenly self-centeredness so garish that he becomes a comedian. A petulant little nymph, Konrad acts as if the whole world were his closet. He is being kept—lavishly—by a Countess (Silvana Mangano), who enlists her teen-age son and daughter in her schemes to hang on to him; meanwhile, he and the kids play threesomes.

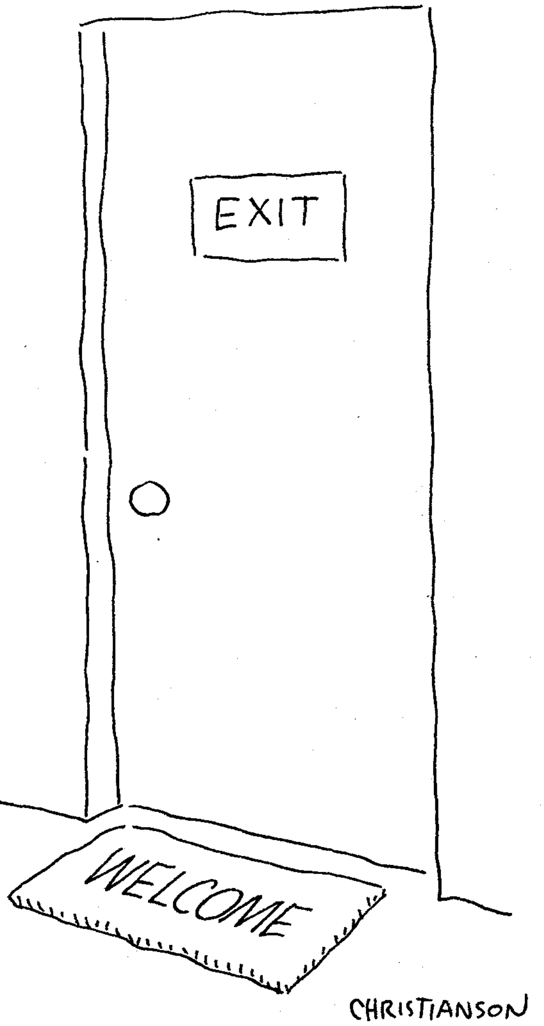
Visconti, not fully recovered from a stroke suffered while he was completing his last film, "Ludwig," directed "Conversation Piece" from a wheelchair part of the time. Although it takes place entirely in the interior of a Roman house, one doesn't feel confined: Konrad and the Countess are such depraved beasties that when they start screaming insults at each other, who cares about whether there's a sun outdoors? When Berger sashays around the room, or steps out of the shower and flings a white towel around his golden nudity in a swirling movement Dietrich couldn't have improved on, there's action enough. And Mangano's Countess is never at rest; her darting eyes don't miss a thing. She's gorgeous, but with the reptilian glitter of an aging swinger. She'd crunch your heart to clean a pore. You like her, though, and you like the performer—the way you always like the actresses who play chic, ultra-neurotic witches. The Countess is so venomous, arrogant, and tantrummy she's funny, like Konrad.

The house belongs to the Professor (Burt Lancaster), a retired American scientist who is spending his declining years, secluded, in the study of art history. He collects the eighteenth-century English portraits of domestic groups known as conversation pieces, and the film itself is small-scale, intimate, and dark, as if under layers of varnish. At the opening, the Countess inveigles the Professor into renting her the top floor of his home; her lover, Konrad, moves in, and the Countess and her brood invade the Professor's life, carelessly brushing him aside. The story mechanism is much like that of those old "Kind Lady" plays in which a gang of schemers moves in on a helpless person, but this troupe has no ulterior motive. These intruders simply use the Professor the way they use everybody, and he's more than willing to be used. It is the theme of Visconti's "Death in Venice" all over again, with Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Berger's grown-up Tadzio, but this time the director is in a more jovial mood and the dignified Professor isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. It's a winning movie—Visconti has come back changed. When you laugh, you can't always be sure that you're meant to be laughing, but you feel certain that he wouldn't mind. He seems to have got past the point at which one minds being laughed at.

Visconti's pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness (though the solemn pacing kept audiences respectful); this time, the silliness is so close to the surface that the Professor can ask Lietta, the Countess's daughter, if she sees him as a character in a comic opera. *We* do, because his situation is a joke. He's entranced by Konrad's scurrilous chatter; he begins to be addicted to the intrusions, wanting to experience more of the family's disorderliness. When Konrad is beaten up (by rough trade? by his fellow drug-smugglers?), the Professor nurses him and, kneeling, like a devoted slave, scrubs the blood off the stairs, so the police won't see it. The Professor is the ultimate putz—he's being cuckolded by *everybody*. Yet it's easy to empathize with him. The giddy people barging in and out are certainly more entertaining than he is. They're as irresponsible and unpredictable as figures in a dream. And as he hovers on the sidelines, watching, almost forced into voyeurism, he sees everything he has shut out of his waking life, and maybe even out of his dream life.

One keeps waiting for the Professor to make a pass at Konrad. I was profoundly grateful to Visconti that the Professor didn't—the audience might split its sides if Burt Lancaster were to be shown coming out—but part of what makes the film giggly is that it's set up as if he should. Hollywood used to go in for the polarity of the innocent, unworldly pedant versus the carefree pleasure-seeker, because it was a convenient stereotyping for the purposes of comedy. We in the audience can't help feeling superior to a bookworm: countless movies have conditioned us to expect his repressed emotions to break through. So when Lietta tells the Professor that since he is childless he should adopt Konrad, we may feel like snickering. The Professor is kindly disposed toward the suggestion, however; he takes it under advisement, the way he takes everything, with bowed head. (Selfless rectitude seems to weigh him down.) I wish that somewhere in this movie some trace of dirty sanity had crept into his character, because we miss it.

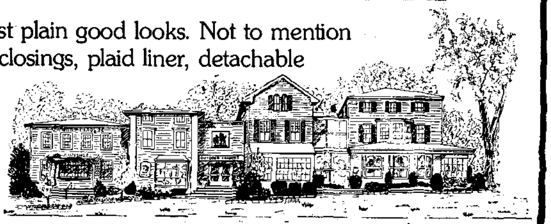
Whose idea can it have been to cast Burt Lancaster as a gentle intellectual? He is as extroverted as an actor can be. When he entered movies, in the mid-forties, he was a beautiful blank—an athlete-actor, like Jim Brown, all physical charge. A typically American star, he was best in the open air and when his desires were expressed (and fulfilled) in direct physical action. The only time he had a



strong personality was when he was bounding through a swashbuckler, like his classic "The Crimson Pirate," or selling pure energy, as in "The Rainmaker." Acting with his whole body, he was buoyantly beautiful, and his grin—with those great white Chiclets flashing—could make you grin back at the screen. Yet when he closed his mouth there was an appealing puzzled dissatisfaction in his slightly traumatized look, and that, too, came to seem typically American—taking pleasure in action but feeling violated and incomplete. It was clear that Burt Lancaster wasn't content to be a lusty, Tarzan-jawed man of action. He was soon making it possible for a number of offbeat projects to get off the ground and giving new directors their first chance, and he himself turned to producing and directing. He appeared in such out-of-the-ordinary films as "All My Sons," "Come Back, Little Sheba," "The Rose Tattoo," "Sweet Smell of Success," "The Devil's Disciple," "Birdman of Alcatraz," "A Child Is Waiting," and "The Swimmer." Some of them were terrible, but they weren't complacent choices; they were the choices of a restless, eager hard worker, and if he didn't prove himself the world's most expressive actor, he did pretty well in several of them. Why, then, is he so hopeless as the Professor? Visconti seems to have put Smokey the Bear into the Emil Jannings role in "The Blue Angel."

Lancaster's performance made me realize that I've watched him for almost thirty years and I don't know the first thing about him. Whatever goes on inside that man, he doesn't use it as an actor: he doesn't draw from himself. So how can he play a character whose life is all inner? Lancaster simply negates himself in the role, as if by not using any physical energy and by moving slowly, with a long face and a demure expression, he would become a thinker. He *impersonates* a contemplative scholar. In 1962, when Visconti needed a big star in order to finance "The Leopard," Lancaster leaped at the chance, and he delivered. He held his energy in, but it was there, and his patriarchal Sicilian prince had the authority of controlled strength. At the final ball, when the old prince was overpowered by nostalgia for the life that was slipping away from him, we felt his defeat—and reluctant surrender—as our own. But in "Conversation Piece," when the Professor talks about his waning years, he's so prosaic and inert we don't feel a thing. Burt Lancaster needs to use his body, be-

OUTDOOR TRADERS
INCORPORATED®



DUFFLE COATS . . . for just plain good looks. Not to mention warmth. Wool blend, toggle closings, plaid liner, detachable hood with matching plaid liner. Directly from Austria where they know about such things. In camel only. Men's sizes 38-46. **$65.00.** Limited supply of women's sizes 8-18. **$65.00.**

Coat or no . . . write for our brochure.

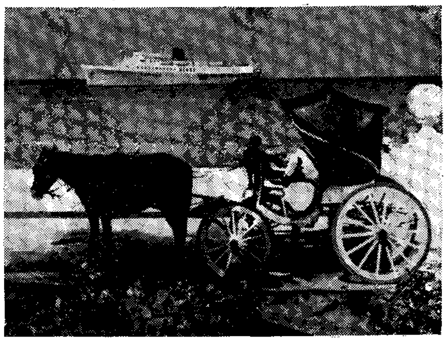
Box 1608A Boston Post Road/Greenwich, Ct. 06830
Telephone: 203-869-4786

Not all of London's treasures are in the British Museum.
One of them is in Portman Square.

LOEWS
CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON WI

For reservations, see your travel agent or call Loews Reservations Inc. (LRI) in your area toll-free.

in the Raymond & Whitcomb manner...



Fly to the West Indies, join fewer than 150 passengers aboard a vessel built as the world's largest private yacht and voyage to

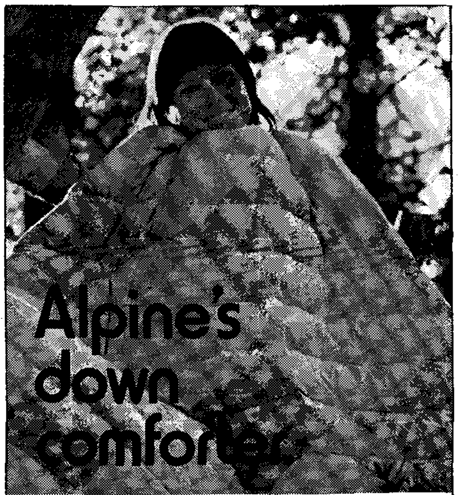
MAYALUUM & THE GREATER ANTILLES for Christmas and to begin the New Year December 20 to January 3, $1395 to $1860.

THE GREATER ANTILLES—Santo Domingo, Jacmel, Port au Prince, Tortuga, Cap Haitien, Port Antonio, Montego Bay, January 10 to 17, $745 to $985.

MAYALUUM—and an exclusive course to Grand Cayman, Cozumel, Yucatan, inside Central America's great barrier reef to Belize, Guatemala, Honduras and her Bay Islands...for remote Mayan sites, unsurpassed in the Americas, beaches and islands still unknown to tourism. January 17 to 31, $1309 to $1759.

Rates are per person, double, with flights from New York, special events, activities ashore.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017 • 212 PLaza 9-3960
"First in Travel Since 1879"



Our feather-light goose down comforter is what you need for warmth without weight. It's a well-constructed comforter that gives you and yours unique comfort...keeps natural body heat in—cold out. Because it's light you'll enjoy extra-deep sleep without heavy blankets. Comforter thought: forget astronomical electric bills. With Alpine's comforter, who needs an electric blanket, or a high thermostat setting at night? Covered with a soft, slip-resistant cotton casing.
Just **$79.50.**

Size: 66"×80" Color: Aqua
Weight: 1.65 lbs. Cost: $78.00
plus $1.50 for shipping
(Ma. Residents 3% Sales Tax)

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________ STATE ____ ZIP ______

ALPINE SKI SHOP
1363 Main St., Holden, Ma. 01520 Dept. F

cause when he doesn't he has no intensity; when he's serious he's sexless and almost obsequiously conscientious.

Yet Visconti (and his co-scenarists, Suso Cecchi D'Amico and Enrico Medioli) seem to see this drone as a noble and sympathetic figure. Opening with electrocardiagram tape spilling out under the titles, "Conversation Piece" has a special quality, rather like an *apologia pro vita sua*, and at times, particularly toward the end, the Professor stands in for the director. The Professor is like a somnambulist, powerless to alter anything; the interlopers—the family—go on doing whatever they feel like. Yet he presides over the movie, and Visconti places the camera so that the Professor is always looming up—not part of the action but above it all. It's almost as if his scenes were shot at a different time—as if he were in a movie house, standing near the screen observing the show. This isn't the kind of show he grew up with, but he's not shocked, or even surprised, and he makes no moral judgments. He's a nice, avuncular sort of Aschenbach—cultured, reserved, isolated, but completely permissive. And, unexpectedly, a Marxist.

Visconti has often used "detached" figures (as far back as the movie director in "Bellissima"), and it may have been the theme of Meursault's detachment from his own life that attracted Visconti to "The Stranger." But what an erratic development it is that he should combine a spinoff of Aschenbach with the idea of the detached observer. What it comes to is that the Professor doesn't need the sexual awakening we anticipate in the early part of the film—that he understands and accepts physical passion, even though he himself is a recluse. It's hardly any wonder that Lancaster has trouble with this conception: the Professor represents everything virtuous in the director. (Lancaster's unrevealing face could be an attempt to model himself on Visconti's hooded sternness.) Maybe Visconti, now that he has lost part of his mobility, actually believes that he sees the life around him—and his own past—as if he were watching a movie. As if he were an outsider to passion.

However, the inadvertent comedy of "Conversation Piece" comes from Visconti's *lack* of detachment. Audiences don't generally ask of artists that they resolve their conflicts, but political ideologues demand it of them, and Visconti seems to feel the pressure acutely. He can't seem to accept the contradictions that have always plagued him; he's still trying to find a way to prove that

There are cosmopolitan diners who delight in having access to an exceptional wine cellar.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

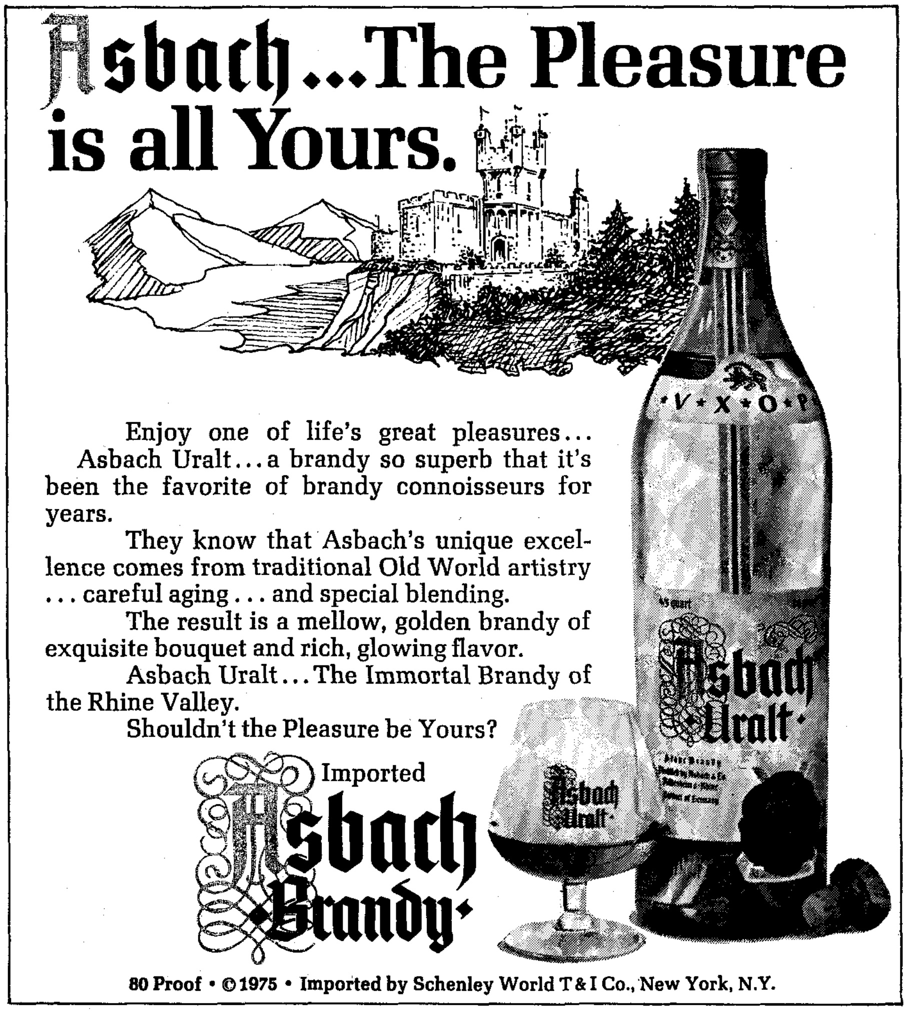
Preferred Hotel Reservations:
800-558-9898

What the world
needs is a
really good
$3 glass
Z glasses – the kind of quality you need, in the design you want, at a price you would never suspect. Send 25¢ for catalogue. Schott-Zwiesel, 11 East 26th Street, NY, NY.
SCHOTT
Z
ZWIESEL

his "decadent" tastes and his Marxist politics are not really contradictory, and "Conversation Piece" turns into a carnival of special pleading. When Visconti has ideas he wants to get across, he simply gives the explanation to anyone at hand. We get the film's sexual rationale when Lietta recites Auden's "last poem" to the Professor, remarking airily that she learned it from Konrad: "When you see a fair form, chase it/ And if possible embrace it,/ Be it a girl or a boy./ Don't be bashful: be brash, be fresh./ Life is short, so enjoy/ Whatever contact your flesh/ May at the moment crave:/ There's no sex life in the grave." (It's from Auden's and Chester Kallman's masque "The Entertainment of the Senses.")

The political rationale comes in last-minute bursts of undramatized exposition. We have all but forgotten that there is a world outside the house when the characters begin what seems like a race against the "End" title to tell us that the Countess's Fascist-industrialist husband has been involved in a plot to kill the Communists in the government, and that Konrad—a revolutionary—has informed on him, thus preventing a coup. Visconti turns Shavian ironist, and we learn that when Konrad sells his favors he's a victim of the ruling-class buyers. Konrad stands revealed as a saint.

There's grandeur in the silliness: one comes away with visions of Marxist dukes cruising the boys on the barricades. Fortunately, Visconti's control is so serenely relaxed that the picture seems part charade anyway—a seriously intended *opera buffa*, like Sartre on Genet (and much more fun). Somehow, the sloppiness—even the ungainly shift to a closeup almost every time an actor speaks—doesn't bother one. The film is only part dubbed; the three principals spoke in English (French and Italian versions were also recorded, which probably explains the dialogue closeups), but it isn't colloquial English. It sounds as if the Italian script had been translated literally, and it's so formal that Konrad's profanity has maximum impact; twisting his Austrian tongue over phrases like "She'll break your balls," he's the dirtiest piece of angel cake since Marilyn Monroe. The hollow ring of the dialogue contributes to the thinness of the film's sensibility; no one in it has any depth, and even the memory scenes, when the Professor recalls his mother and his long-ago bride, lack resonance. The famous beauties who play the flashback roles throw these bits slightly out of


Asbach...The Pleasure is all Yours.

Enjoy one of life's great pleasures... Asbach Uralt...a brandy so superb that it's been the favorite of brandy connoisseurs for years.

They know that Asbach's unique excellence comes from traditional Old World artistry ... careful aging ... and special blending.

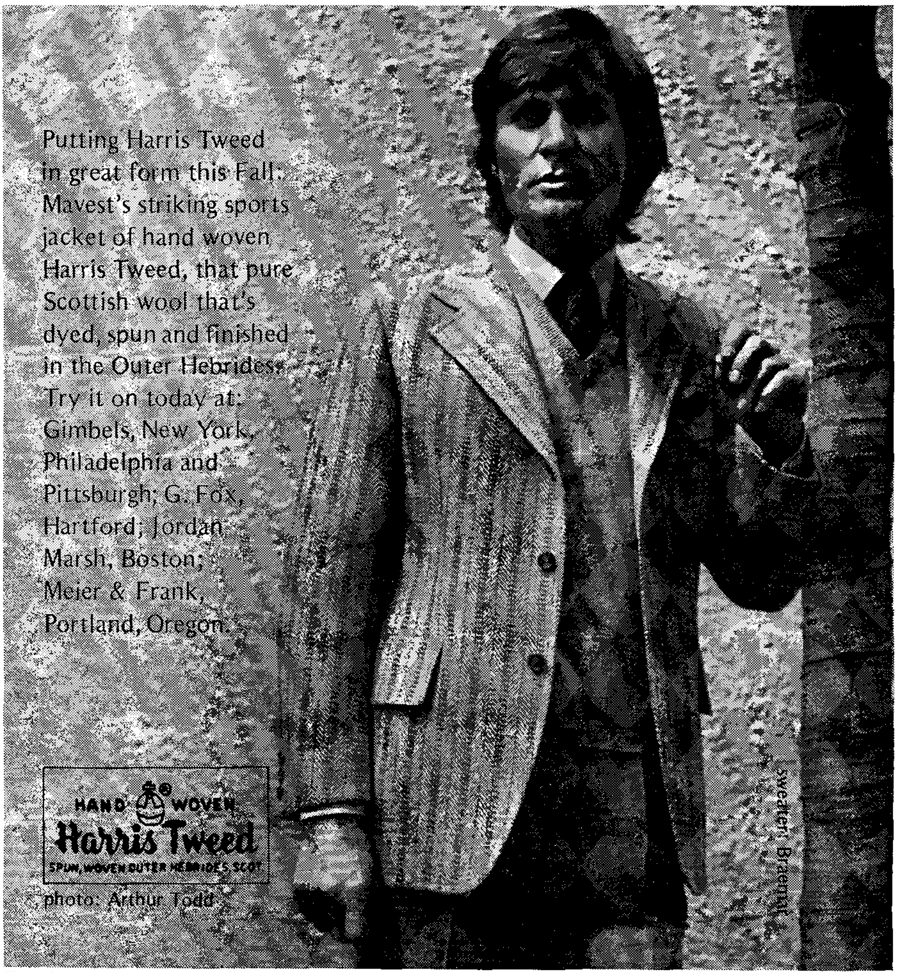
The result is a mellow, golden brandy of exquisite bouquet and rich, glowing flavor.

Asbach Uralt...The Immortal Brandy of the Rhine Valley.

Shouldn't the Pleasure be Yours?

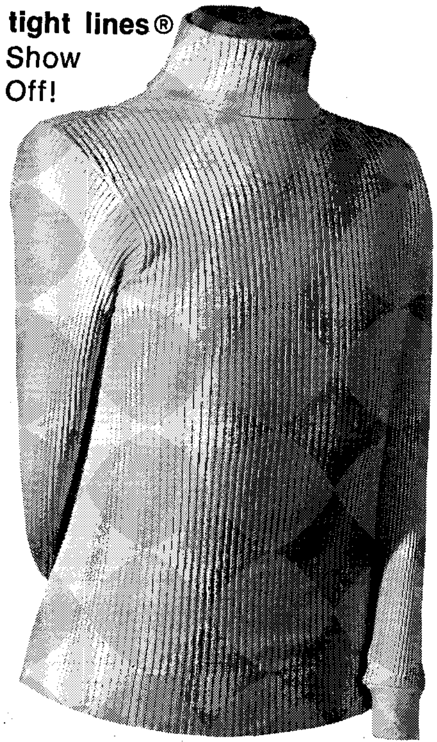
Imported Asbach Brandy

80 Proof • ©1975 • Imported by Schenley World T & I Co., New York, N.Y.


Putting Harris Tweed in great form this Fall: Mavest's striking sports jacket of hand woven Harris Tweed, that pure Scottish wool that's dyed, spun and finished in the Outer Hebrides. Try it on today at: Gimbels, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; G. Fox, Hartford; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Meier & Frank, Portland, Oregon.

For the names of other fine stores, write: Mavest, Inc., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

tight lines®
Show
Off!



Any body looks better in our ribknit turtleneck. It's handsome, soft, made of 100% combed cotton, machine washable. Ribknit design lets it hold its shape after repeated washings. One size fits all men. Colors: Natural, Yellow, Paprika, Forest Green, Light Blue, Navy, **$9.95 ppd.** So easy to give — no size problems. Write for free *catalog.*

tight lines, inc.
223 Route 28
W. Bridgewater
Mass. 02379

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

"Fuller Cut"™
Classic Soft
Corduroy Slacks $19

Reversible Black-to-Brown
Leather Belt $10

Good-looking, soft "Fuller Cut" Dacron and cotton corduroy slacks for a more comfortable and better fit. The dimensions are balanced for excellent fit with extra room in the seat, thighs and knees. Traditional belt loops and ready-to-wear straight bottoms. *Brown, tan, faded blue or navy.*

Handsome reversible 1½" Brown-to-Black soft cowhide leather belt. Sizes:30-42.

Waist, Inches	Inseams Available
30-31	28-29-30-31
32-33	28-29-30-31-32
34-36-34-36	28-29-30-31-32-33-34
38	28-29-30-31-32-33
40-42	28-29-30-32

Mail Orders: Cable Car Clothiers/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150 Post St., S.F. Cal. 94108 (415) 397-7733

Circle Item	Size	Colour	Qty.
Slacks			
Belt			

☐ Check Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Bank Card # ________ Date ________
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg; 6½% Sales Tax in Calif.
☐ Please send catalogue 010929
Name ________
Address ________
________ Zip ________

whack, but the flashbacks are abrupt and unrevealing and would be out of whack whoever was in them.

It's idiosyncratic filmmaking, all right. The film's Audenesque argument is generous, but what's it doing here? Visconti sets up one of his howlingly decadent families and then claims sweet naturalness for the children who are cavorting with their mother's lover and each other. Maybe the film's flower-child rhetoric is meant to be double-edged, but more likely Visconti is so romantic that he wants to remove the stigma from whores like Konrad and to show that the men who fall in love with them aren't the ludicrous, deceived sugar daddies they're generally taken to be. The plot about the Countess is amusing but essentially false: anybody with half an eye in his head can see that Konrad's appeal is primarily homosexual. (When the Countess first explains that he's her paid lover, she calls him her "kept boy;" it sounds wrong, of course, but how could a woman refer to Konrad as a kept man?) The politics by which Visconti tries to redeem him are the cuckoo aspect. If envy and hatred of the rich were what defined a radical, then Konrad could be called one, but only reactionaries think that's all that "radical" means. As for the victimization, Visconti seems a Marxist old dear to think that Konrad is a sensitive boy sacrificed to the lust of the industrialist class and that "society" is responsible. Konrad is too convincing a tart.

Visconti is an eccentric master who has earned the right to his follies, when he can make them as pleasurable as "Conversation Piece," which opens the New York Film Festival this week. It has been reported that he hopes to film the "Sodom and Gomorrah" section of "Remembrance of Things Past," with Marlon Brando as the Baron de Charlus. It's a breathtaking casting idea, and Charlus is the character that Visconti has been working toward—it should be Charlus, rather than the Professor, watching Berger wrap his thick muscles in that tentlike towel. Are there moneymen with the nerve to finance this madcap dream? Suppose that two-thirds of it is absolutely, irredeemably stinking. Imagine what the other third might be. —PAULINE KAEL

•

Chairman Thomas Foley, D.-Wash., said, "The committee has no predawn conclusions as to whether sugar legislation is desirable at this time."—*St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch.*

Foley himself is a notorious slugabed.

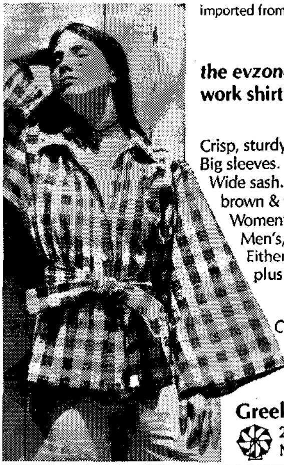
WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

Member, *Leading Hotels of the World*

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or HRI 212-838-3110 (Call Collect)
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor



imported from Greece

the evzone
work shirt:

Crisp, sturdy cotton.
Big sleeves. Tucked front.
Wide sash. Blue-, red-, or
brown & white big checks.
Women's sizes 6—16,
Men's, S, M, L, XL.
Either, $35.00
plus 1.00 post.

Catalogue of
other Greek-only
things available.

Greek Island Ltd.
215 East 49th St.
N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Best of
BOONOONOONOOS
(Jamaica's happy festival)

8 DAYS
7 NIGHTS ONLY **$137** p.p., dbl. occ., EP
'Til 12/15/1975

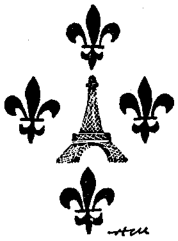
Includes: round trip transfers • Oceanfront air conditioned room • Welcome drink • Bottle of Jamaican liqueur • Glass bottom boat ride • Ticket to Boonoonoonoos Night • Golf discount • Discount shopping coupons • Free tennis • Private beach, pool • Cabaret • Nightly dancing, entertainment • 10% gratuity, 3% govt. tax on room extra.

SHAW PARK
BEACH HOTEL
Hugh Maitland-Walker, Managing Director
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
See your travel agent or RAY MORROW ASSOC.
Telephone: (212) 697-2340
Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 223-9838

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 16

If you saw Paris last summer, you saw it the way it looks today, for in most respects it has not changed an iota. Old cities are monuments to themselves, not easily altered, and with difficulty even repaired. The major scenic corners of the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés are preserved immutably by their invaluable resistance to improvement. Some of us passed fragments of our youth sitting out-of-doors on the broad, hospitable terrace of the Deux Magots café, facing the elderly church and its open gardens of stunted trees, and we participated with our eyes in the processions of young brides and grooms, whose future we could not guess but irresistibly wondered about, with vagrant curiosity. Next door to the terrace was an opulent old-fashioned jewelry shop—still there—where some of the richer brides' presents came from, according to René, the headwaiter and general gossip of the Deux Magots.



In the warm Seine Valley, where I have been spending my vacation, in a house inside a walled garden west of Paris, there is an unexpected paucity of fruit on the familiar trees, usually loaded in the early autumn with small pears, which, when ripe, are succulent eating with a bite of cheese. The local farmers—or those who still exist—declare that this is not a good fruit year, although the cherry trees were overburdened in June, and the thieving *merles*, France's singing blackbirds, were so numerous as to be ranked as a pest.

The new freak rose creations are what the local growers call "bicolor." They have been bred to produce petals that are red on their outer side but white toward the flower's center, the white parts being thick-looking, like a white kid glove. Another breed is a dramatic yellow and red. There are also new colors in roses, including a well-formed lavender one, called Sissy, that is much talked about. It is a true lavender, and by next summer we may see lavender roses as a normal novelty in Paris flower shops. The first of the lavender roses was called Saint-Exupéry, after the French writer.

The final rose square of our own garden is behind the house, and thus farthest from immediate inspection, as a kind of floral apology. It blooms with a medley of colors and confusions—a garden of errors and survivors of mistakes, left to chance and to their floral fate, frequently bursting with inappropriate rich colors, like bad embroidery. There are tiny bushes of miniature red roses, their flowers like scarlet pennies. There is everything you might want and decide against as not worth your time or your hope or the space it would occupy in the rich ground. These roses grow helter-skelter in the narrow, rotted foundations that once supported the old barn. Their backdrop is a high hedge of gigantic rosebushes, as tall as a man but named Queen Elizabeth—garlands of coral-pink blooms so rich that they sway heavily in the wind. Above their invisible roots grow small, fertile weeds, which we have not had time to discourage. Among them there are such perpetual survivors as the little blue star-faced flower known in Shakespeare's time as love-in-a-mist—and still so called, for what could be a better performer without constant sunshine? Of all parts of our rose garden—so impoverished when compared to the great lines of incarnadined blossoms in the well-tended gardens of our neighbors—this final mixed garden, collected over the years in our rich rural corner of the Île-de-France, is my favorite floral harvest.

Heaven was not kind in repeatedly unloosing inclement weather on the listeners to some of the recent elaborate musical performances given out-of-doors and under umbrellas in the French provinces, and also in the heart of Paris. Even Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—scheduled to be played on the Fourteenth of July no farther afield than the entire Place de la Concorde—was drowned out by a downpour. Ladies' garments can be dried and pressed for the next event, but how does a musician dry out his valuable damp cello after a storm? At the Roman-built amphitheatre in Orange, the audience of ten thousand was treated to a veritable mistral storm as accompaniment to the opening Wagnerian number—the one in which the maidens on horseback shout "Ho-jo-to-ho!" as they ride through the sky. Rudolf Kempe directed with aplomb; Birgit Nilsson was in magnificent voice and conquered the storm. The Orchestre National de Paris, no less, had been sent down to Orange to play for them. These things cost money, but France's *festival estival*, as the series is called,

It's **Carroll Reed** *for...*

a refreshing corduroy dress to lasso in leather or wear sans belt in unfettered casual comfort. Fine ribbed 100% cotton corduroy cut in the new longer length. Elbow length roll-up raglan sleeves. Modified wing collar, smooth wooden buttons. In spice brown or spruce green. Sizes: 4-16. $60.00. Please add $2.50 for postage and handling. **Visit us during fall foliage season. Or write for our free catalog; it's colorful as a sugar maple.**

Carroll Reed
DEPT. 549, NORTH CONWAY, N.H. 03860
TEL: 603/356-5763
OTHER SHOPS: CAMPTON, N.H., SIMSBURY & WESTPORT, CT.
WE ACCEPT BANK AMERICARD, MASTER CHARGE AND AMERICAN EXPRESS

Victorian Planters
San Francisco historic architecture
faithfully detailed by ceramist Jon Carlos Lopez.
Matte tan glazes with deep brown line art.
One-Story: 5W, 4D, 8H, **$8.95** ($1.50 postage)
Two-Story: 7½W, 4½D, 11½H, **$15.95** ($2. postage)
send check, BA, DC, AmX or MC

catalog $1; free with order.
THE PATIO
550 Powell
Dept. NY95
San Francisco
California 94108

SHEPLERS INC.
The World's Largest Western Stores

Naturally beautiful . . .

ROLLED SHELL AND TURQUOISE HANDCRAFTED BY INDIAN ARTISANS

Rich dark brown pinshell (land turtle), creamy melon shell and hishi (sea shells) plus genuine fine quality turquoise have been hand-rolled into disks of graduated sizes and strung to make this *truly unusual* choker. Created by Santo Domingo Indian artisans of the great Southwest. Because of the natural materials, no two exactly alike.

A5 281-009A (Approx. 16" long) . . . $36.00

IMPORTANT! Please add $2.15 for mailing and handling.

Send check or money order to
SHEPLERS, INC. Dept. 116
6501 West Kellogg
P. O. Box 202, Wichita, Kansas 67201

Add sales tax for Okla., Colo., Mo., Neb., Kans.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________
☐ **Send me your FREE color Catalog today**

L.L.Bean, Inc.

Chamois Cloth Shirt

For Men and Women

Sueded cotton. Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Machine washable and is more durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally used this shirt on his hunting and fishing trips. Colors: Navy Blue, Tan, Bright Red, Forest Green. Ladies' sizes: 10 to 20. Price, $12.35 postpaid. Men's sizes: 14½ to 18. Price, $12.50 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog
Ship ____ Ladies' Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $12.35
Size______ Color______
Ship ____ Men's Chamois Cloth Shirts @ $12.50
Size______ Color______
Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State______ Zip______

Outdoor Sporting Specialties
L. L. Bean, Inc.
904 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

has been an enormous success at the ticket agencies this year. Whether the French will trust their climate next year and buy tickets to other al-fresco events is a good question.

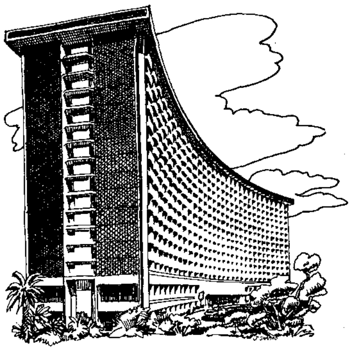
WE could not expect to see in Paris a revival of Dadaist art such as we first set eyes on in 1934. That is close to half a century ago, and we have all grown older, or at least more impatient with repetition. However, an entire generation of young art lovers with naïve eyes has been streaming into the Grand Palais to stare almost with disbelief at the enormous exhibition of pictures there by the great German Dadaist Max Ernst. In 1934, I recall having been questioned at that earlier Max Ernst show by a polite young English visitor, who said, "Excuse me, Madame, but could you tell me what these pictures mean?" Were I to see her again, I would say to her what I could have said so long ago: "I do not know what this art means, except that it springs impromptu from the civilized imagination of man."

THE seven million cars that carried France's August vacationers off to their various pleasures have now returned them to work. By law, a French worker is paid full wages for his one month's holiday; a worker who has been fed and lodged through the year also gets a small allocation for food and lodging when on vacation. In 1936, Léon Blum and his Socialists were the first French government to improve the workers' situation, with a paid two-week holiday. In 1976, workers hope to have five weeks' paid holiday.

The times have certainly changed but have not improved recently. Returning vacationists have found that unemployment and the cost of living have both gone up. One of the biggest cotton mills in France, in Normandy, belonging to the famous Boussac family, has closed down. However, workers who have been discharged will receive ninety per cent of their salaries for one year, and a smaller percentage the second year. The French economic situation has been handled very sympathetically, for France is still a rich country, and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is working to encourage industry and hoping to stabilize inflation. When announcing his projects in his last national talk on TV, he seemed unusually severe, serious, and concise. France has of recent years been governed by elderly men; President Giscard has not yet celebrated his fiftieth birthday. In this

LOS ANGELES Century Plaza as low as $39*

800-228-3000 toll free

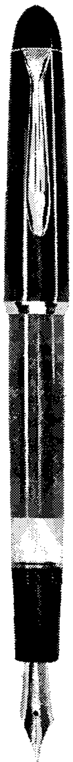


In Century City adjoining fashionable Beverly Hills.

*Price based on single occupancy, per night. Subject to state and local taxes.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines

The fountain pen that never went out of style



Classics never go out of style. The Pelikan 120 is the great classic fountain pen from Germany, long a favorite of European pen purists. (Now available in America.) Large visible ink chamber. Convenient screw-plunger filling mechanism. Controlled ink flow. In elegant all-black or two-tone black and green. Choice of ultra-smooth extra fine, fine or medium standard nibs. Also fine, medium, broad or medium oblique italic nibs. Only $10.00 at artist material and pen shops as well as college book stores. Or send your check to Pentalic Corporation, 132 West 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011. State color and nib preference. Add 50¢ for handling.

Pelikan 120

TRAMP TRIPS
1975 TRIP LOG GUIDE

Our well-known guide to reliable passenger freighters departing from U.S. ports gives rates, dates and a description of ships. Est. 1932. For your copy send $2 or $7.50 for 5yr. subscription.

AIR & MARINE TRAVEL LOG.
501 Madison Ave., N.Y.10022

first year of his Presidency, he has made important innovations. He has given the vote to the young at the age of eighteen instead of twenty-one, and he has placed two women in his government—Mme. Simone Veil, as Minister of Health, and Mme. Françoise Giroud, as Secretary for the Condition of Women. He has legalized abortions and made the divorce laws simpler, and he has established frequent meetings with the press. Each month, he talks to the nation on the radio, to explain his government's various projects. He has visited and shaken hands with the inmates of a state prison, and he has gone down a mine. He has invited himself and Mme. Giscard to dine in various workers' modest homes. He is often to be seen in Paris in a restaurant or sitting in a theatre with one of his two daughters. He is interested in the citizens of France, while de Gaulle, loving France, seemed to forget that it was inhabited by Frenchmen.

Giscard d'Estaing is enormously helped by two courageous and intelligent men—Michel Poniatowski, as Minister of the Interior, and therefore responsible for keeping order, and Jacques Chirac, as Prime Minister. When Giscard was Minister of Finance, he was considered a cold man. As President, he has oddly changed, becoming warmer and more personal. He is fond of Paris and wants it to retain its charm and beauty, annulling projects that would permit building more skyscrapers in the heart of the city, and refusing to allow an auto route on the historic left bank of the Seine. In a recent interview with a journalist on TV, he was absurdly asked if he thought that history would class him as a great President. Emphatically, he answered "No." It remains to be seen if he will take his place as a model modern President of France. —GENÊT

•

Dr. William J. Mayer-Oakes, Chairman, Department of Anthropology, Texas Tech University, will lecture on "Dating Problems for Early Man in a Semi-Arid Region of the Andes."—*Announcement for a symposium on Frontiers of the Semi-Arid World at Texas Tech University.*

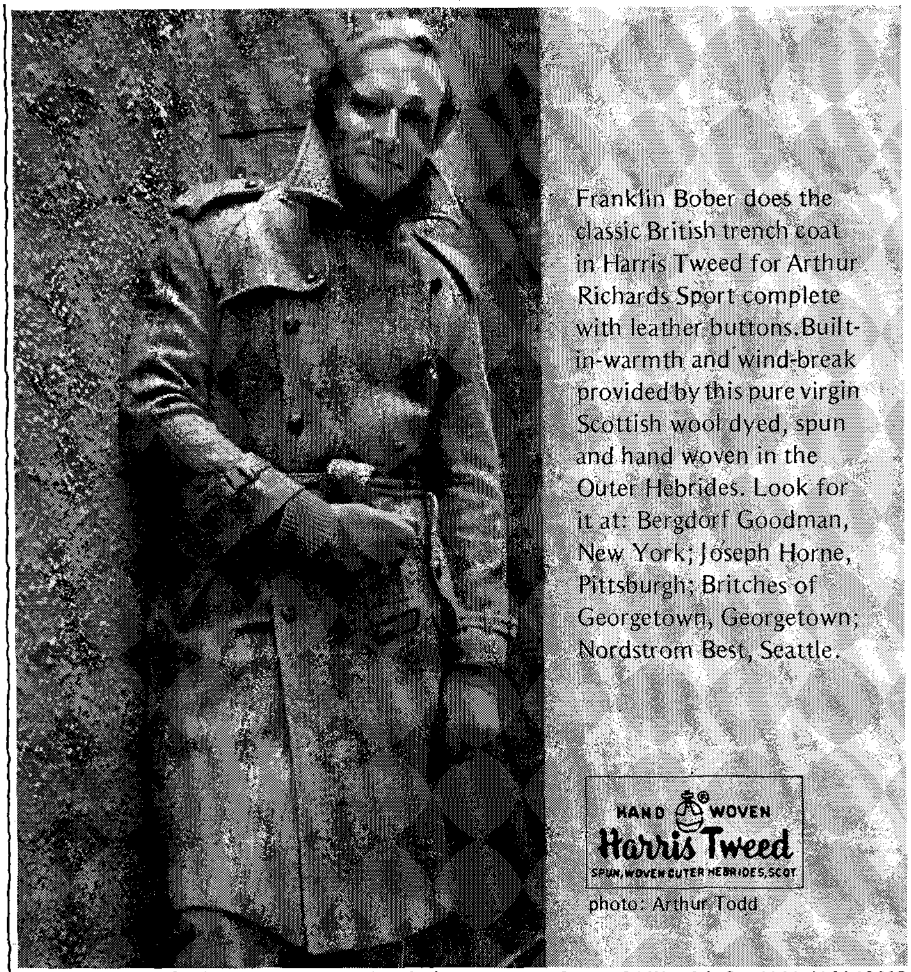
Things were pretty dry, and it was long before Ann Landers.

•

INFLATION FIGHTERS

Load up at Hoffman's Gun Center, Newington.
—*Adv. in the Hartford Courant.*

And come out shooting.



Franklin Bober does the classic British trench coat in Harris Tweed for Arthur Richards Sport complete with leather buttons. Built-in-warmth and wind-break provided by this pure virgin Scottish wool dyed, spun and hand woven in the Outer Hebrides. Look for it at: Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Britches of Georgetown, Georgetown; Nordstrom Best, Seattle.

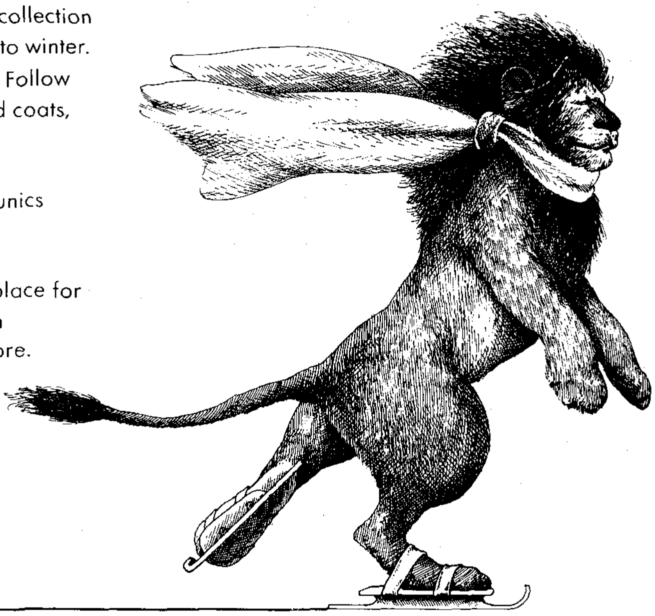
HAND WOVEN Harris Tweed SPUN, WOVEN OUTER HEBRIDES, SCOT.

photo: Arthur Todd

For the names of other fine stores, write: Arthur Richards Sport, 31 W. 56th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

ANNE KLEIN and company

The colder it gets, the warmer it gets.
A new Anne Klein collection is ready to glide into winter.
And on to fireside. Follow the lavishly scarfed coats, warmly embracing willowy dresses...
the movement of tunics and shirts...
hugging skirts.
Now at a special place for Anne Klein fashion at your favorite store.



It's a lot more fun than stocks and bonds.

Enjoy it any time you have the time.

Time to ski through unbroken powder at Sugarbush, Glen Ellen or Mad River Glen, only minutes away.

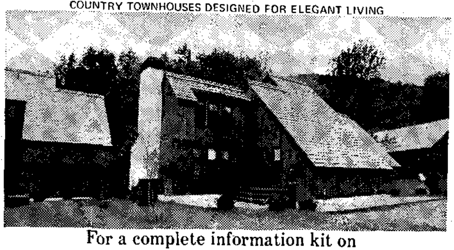
Polo, Soaring, Golf (on a Robert Trent Jones course), Riding, Hiking or just poking around unusual shops and galleries.

If you'd rather enjoy the outside from inside, eavesdrop on nature from the privacy of your terrace.

It's all here waiting for you.

The Battleground, a community of exclusive country townhouses.

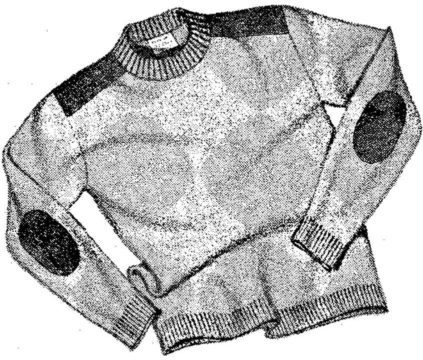
THE BATTLEGROUND
COUNTRY TOWNHOUSES DESIGNED FOR ELEGANT LIVING



For a complete information kit on sales and rentals write or call.
The Battleground Rural Box 49F
Waitsfield, Vermont 05673 802-496-2100

VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Rich Suede Patch Sweater from Scotland $47

Woven in Scotland from a soft, warm, durable blend of 55% Terylene polyester and 45% Shetland wool, our exceptionally handsome crewneck sweater is ideal for year 'round leisure wear. In versatile natural oatmeal shade. Extremely long-wearing, with distinctive, rich brown suede patches at shoulders and elbows. Ideal for wear over sport or dress shirts or under sportcoats. Sizes: S(34-36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL(46-48).

Mail Orders: Cable Car Clothiers/Robert Kirk, Ltd. No. 150 Post St., S.F. Cal. 94108 (415) 397-7733
Qty. ____ Size ____
☐ Check Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Bank Card # ____ Date ____
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg; 6½% Sales Tax in Calif.
☐ Please send catalogue 010929
Name ____
Address ____
____ Zip ____

FOOTBALL

Having Fun

ON the *champ de Mars* colloquially known as Michie Stadium, which occupies a prominent place in the ground plan of West Point, there are not altogether pallid signs of an older and jollier fashion of life. Backs slither with unaccustomed rapidity through the portholes opened up by an efficacious forward line, quarterbacks scramble with a new elusiveness and throw strikes with fearsome accuracy, and an air of confidence rather than of doggedness is almost palpable. The current and ingenious pattern of play has so far put away Holy Cross, at 44–7, and Lehigh, at 54–32, with ease. True, Holy Cross is short of experience and guile at quarterback right now, and many of Lehigh's performers are not much larger than the men on the Army hundred-and-fifty-pound squad. True, too, Army will soon be going up against the real mastodons that, despite what paleontologists tell us, still roam the Middle and the Far West—for one, Stanford, which doughtily tied Michigan, at 19–all, last Saturday. True, even further, Army's supply of spare parts is, as it has been for years, minimal. But the temperature and the pulse at Michie Stadium are higher, and Homer Smith, who does the deep thinking for the team, and who ran up some weighty scores all by himself in his own days as a Princeton ballcarrier, must be credited with assembling a mechanism that is in both concept and execution a brand-new one. Lehigh, it is said, inquired beforehand of Navy, which has been giving Army plenty of trouble, how to outpoint its opponent, and was told to throw the ball. That, and a winged-T formation, which no one appeared to know that Lehigh had lying around the locker room, made for a lively afternoon; both teams scored something or other in every quarter, and Lehigh was for a time out in front, at 9–6, before Army took the necessary corrective action.

A further deflowering of New England occurred two days after Holy Cross went down before Army; this time it was Notre Dame, undoubtedly a coming star of Monday-night football, doing away with Boston College, at 17–3. Monday night, for ever so long the prerogative of the professional arm of the sport, is now being occasionally shared by college teams that play the giant-economy-size brand of the game at which Notre Dame is so adept, and Notre Dame was adept indeed, fielding several ranking athletes whose disciplinary problems had kept them in mufti a year ago, as well as MacAfee, who, likewise last year, had assembled fame for himself by becoming Football Freshman of the Year. Nearly every school (except in the Ivy League) plays freshmen today. There must, as we all know, be progress, whatever the cost. No one knows that better than Dan Devine, recently head man for the Green Bay Packers. For some considerable time that evening, Boston College was giving his squad a lot of trouble, and there could be heard, rising from the Notre Dame bleachers, salvos of a chant that went "Back to Green Bay!"

ASIDE from the news about Army, there is little to be said for our local parishioners. Fordham, happy in the minor league it now graces, did knock off Iona, 10–0, on Saturday last, and Rutgers destroyed Bucknell, once upon a time a real toughie, by a count of 47–3. Rutgers, by the way, may have set a record by inserting, in the Bucknell match, a pitcher who has three seasons of professional baseball under his belt—Matt Allison by name. Inasmuch as Allison was throwing strikes with the on-target skill of Army's Leamon Hall, there may be grumbling here and there among Rutgers' future guests. But then there are always malcontents about; consider those professional football players who went on strike merely because they weren't being paid what they are worth.

NAVY did not seek advice from Lehigh about how to handle Connecticut last weekend: working out its problems itself, it overcame, as had been expected, though it rather exceeded expectations by running the score to 55–7. The Ivy League is still quiescent; its season begins this Saturday.

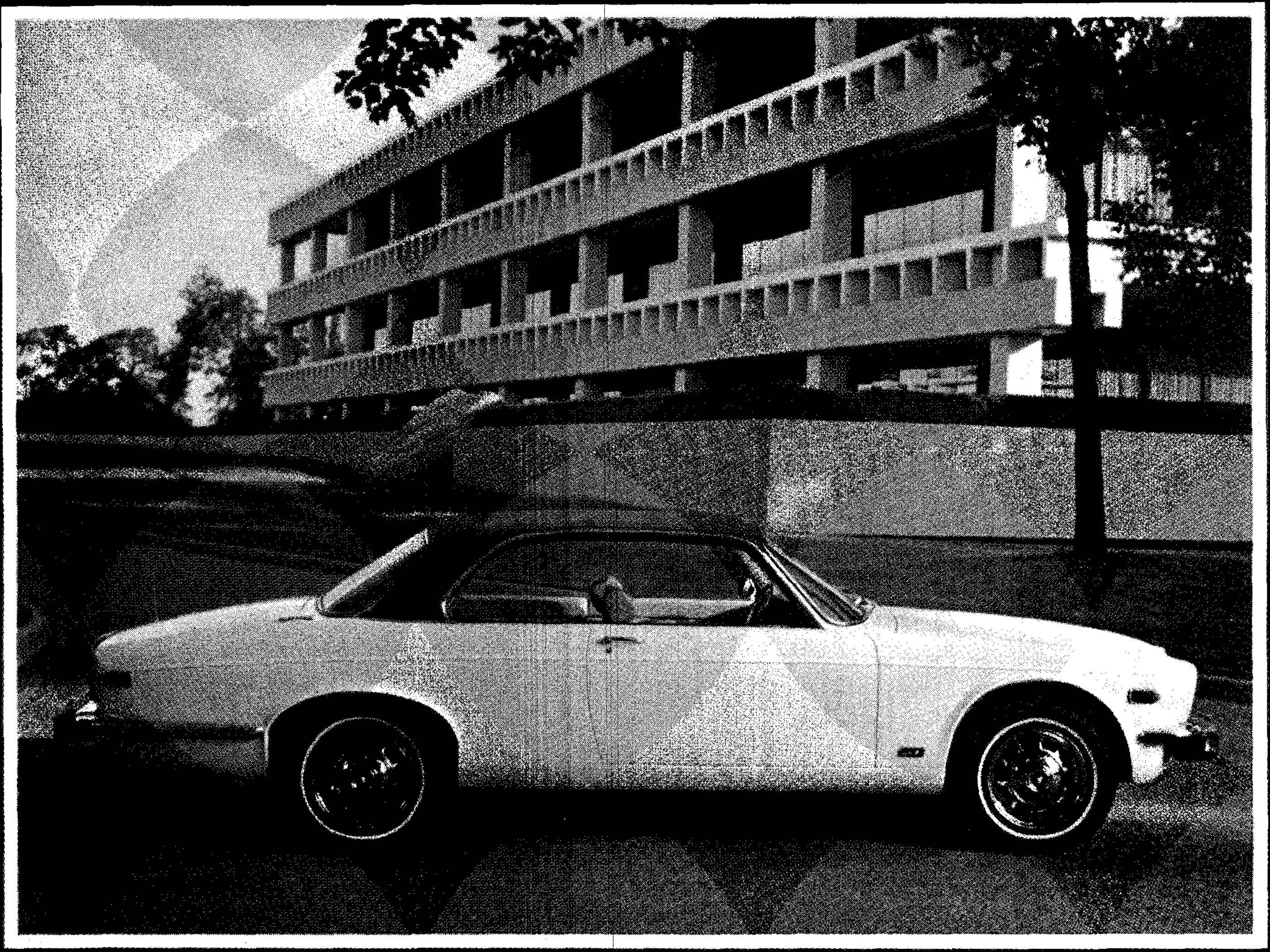
—J. W. L.

•

Whatever his direction, Grosz was a brilliant draftsman whose limitations knew no boundaries.—*"The Content of Watercolor," by Edward Reep.*

Even his direction made no sense

Announcing Jaguar XJC.
The Corporate Sports Car.



Beneath the polished well-disciplined manner of a corporate executive there often lurks a spirit that yearns for the freedom of a sports car. It is to this duality in a successful man's character that we dedicate our new two-door vinyl-top coupe, the Jaguar XJC.

The XJC moves like a sports car because it is fitted out like a sports car with power-assisted rack and pinion steering and independent suspension, steel-belted radial tires and power disc brakes on all four wheels.

You may have the XJC with the incredibly smooth fuel-injected Jaguar V-12 engine that delivers turbine-like acceleration throughout the entire range of driving speeds. Or, you may prefer an XJC powered by the history-making double-overhead cam six.

Inside, the XJC is all Jaguar luxury, with rich cabinet woods and deep carpeting. Thermostatically-controlled air-conditioning, eight-track AM/FM stereo sound system, electric windows and central door locking system are all standard. And now, in addition to its uncommon luxury and high performance capabilities, the Jaguar XJC provides its owners with a new warranty.

For 20,000 miles or 12 months, whichever comes first, Jaguar will replace or repair any part in the car that is defective or that simply wears out, provided only that the owner maintains the car properly. The only exceptions are the tires, which are warranted by the tire manufacturer, and spark plugs and filters, which are routine replacement items. Even then, if they are defective, Jaguar will pay to replace them.

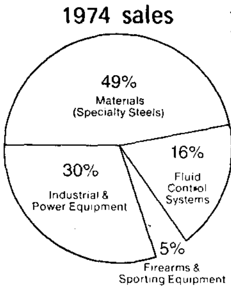
See this magnificent Jaguar XJC soon. Become a sports car enthusiast even though you may wear a corporate executive's clothing. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

BRITISH
LEYLAND

Jaguar

Crucible is more than a big name in specialty steel technology. It's the biggest part of Colt Industries.

At Colt Industries, steelmaking begins in the laboratory. There's always something new under development at our Crucible Materials Research Center. New specialty steels to meet ever more essential and exacting requirements. Advanced steelmaking processes for greater efficiency, flexibility and quality consistency. Proven out in miniature mills, new developments move quickly to Crucible plants and new products are speedily brought to market. New Crucible product developments include a titanium-stabilized alloy for highly corrosive environments, and lower-cost nonmagnetic steels for electric power generation. In process technology, Research Center developments include the advanced Crucible computer control system for melting and alloying, and the proprietary Crucible particle metallurgy process for the production of tool steels. In 1974, Crucible specialty steels accounted for almost 50% of our record sales. The balance came from the other well-known names in our family of industrial products. For our latest financial reports, write Colt Industries Inc, Dept N3, 430 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



Crucible specialty steels ☐ Trent welded stainless steel pipe and tubing
Fairbanks Morse diesel engines • Fairbanks scales • Pratt & Whitney and
Elox production equipment • Quincy compressors • Central Moloney
transformers ☐ Chandler Evans fuel controls • Fairbanks Morse pumps
Holley carburetors ☐ Colt firearms and sporting equipment

Colt Industries

Submerging a specimen of Crucible 26-1 stainless steel in a sulfuric acid-copper sulfate solution, a Crucible research technician documents the steel's exceptional resistance to intergranular corrosion.

THE AIR

The New Season

(AFTER A LOOK AT THE NEW SEASON)

"TOP COP"

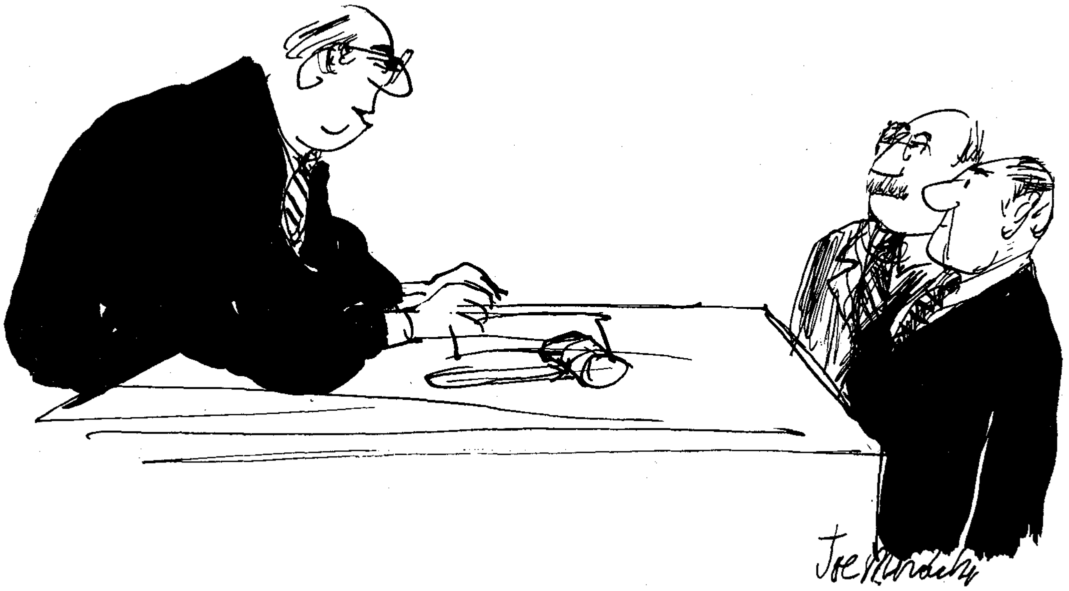
"PEOPLE complain that television concentrates too much on violence in our country," says Omar W. Applebaum, the soft-spoken screenwriter-turned-producer responsible for last season's "S.P.L.A.T.," "and I accept the criticism." That is why Applebaum Productions has gone *outside* the country for this season's new detective series with a difference, "Top Cop," *which is based on the true-life* activities of Col. Renaldo (Sandy) Sanchez, former chief investigator for the Chilean Secret Police. "Of course, we are using location footage wherever possible," says producer Applebaum, who has been active, with wife Susi, in local Save the Herons campaigns, "but I think the main thing we have going for us is that our show is about *people*. Sandy Sanchez is just a copper, south of the border, doing his job like any other copper." For Ron Hockaday, the veteran Hawaiian-born actor who plays Col. Sanchez, "Top Cop" has been a chance to shuck the second-fiddle image he acquired while playing Wu, the bumbling anesthesiologist in "Hawaiian Doc." "At first, I had trouble identifying with the part of Sandy Sanchez on account of his being five feet three and a Taurus, while I am six feet two and a Capricorn," admits the popular Hockaday, "but I have always wanted to do a series for Om Applebaum, and besides [director] Les Conboy lets me do most of my own stunts." In the first episode, Col. Sanchez is forced to cut short a long-overdue vacation when a gang of elderly left-wing professors kidnap the crippled daughter of a major-oil-company executive and then threaten to poison the entire Santiago water supply unless their demands are met.

"1720 BUENA VISTA"

AFTER the success of "Beacon Hill," followed by "Murray Hill," "Nob Hill," and then "Shaker Heights"—and notwithstanding last season's flop "Pikes Peak," produced under the mistaken impression that viewers were interested mainly in a new genre of "altitude comedy"—Belladonna Productions is back on the track with "1720 Buena Vista," which has been described by Belladonna prexy Arthur Brinckerhoff, Sr., as a "totally candid, unsparing, yet affectionate look at the manners and mores of the American upper classes in the nineteen-seventies." The plot action centers on the saga of the J. Foxglove Mantee family, whose members reside in the spacious, heavily mortgaged comforts of 1720 Buena Vista Drive in the exclusive Sherwood Forest Estates area of Los Angeles, and on the Mantee family's deep, sturdy, though necessarily human relationship with their traditional cadre of "helpers": Irmgard Anschluss, the sixteen-year-old Swiss *au pair* who "helps" Kay-Kay Mantee take care of her five children and two adopted South Vietnamese orphans; Mrs. Emma-Louise Wilberforce, who "helps" Mrs. Mantee clean house; and Manuel Sanchez, who "helps" Mr. Mantee trim the camellia bushes and run the power lawnmower. In the first episode, a Mantee family crisis is narrowly averted, on the occasion of Irmgard's bringing a casual pickup (Walter Neame) home for "dinner—and anything else," by the uncompromising decision of patriarch J. Foxglove Mantee to eat *his* dinner out in the car. In further episodes, youngest son Lance Mantee II is threatened with expulsion from the Book-of-the-Month Club by a "mysterious phone call;" Kay-Kay "embarrasses" Manuel by asking him to pick her up at exercise class and drive her to Mexico; Mrs. Wilberforce threatens to "live in."

"HANGING HIGH"

WITH a string of irreverent, topical comedy hits to his credit, dealing openly yet humorously with such heretofore sacrosanct themes as senior-citizen shoplifting ("The Petersons"), biracial eating ("The Larrabees"), middle-age circumcision ("Louie"), and ethnic driving ("Edna"), the time finally seemed ripe to Herb Muldoon, brainy, effervescent president of Muldoon Productions, for bringing out a new kind of irreverent, topical comedy about adolescent impotence. Thus the idea for "Hanging High" was born, centered on the characters of Ned and Gloria—two young people "getting it together" in the gorgeous San Francisco Bay area and trying to deal frankly and humorously with the problem of Ned's impotence as well as with Gloria's refusal to do "non-creative" work in a male-dominated society. The first episode, which started filming last summer at Muldoon Studios, shows Ned (Tyler Benedict) and Gloria (Miriam Moncure) having breakfast on their prayer mats after yet another difficult night. "Well, you can't win 'em all," says Ned shyly, still unwilling to deal with the problem, which he thinks is connected with faulty wiring in his quadraphonic tape deck. "That's cool," says Gloria, on her way to a new job at a Lapp metalwork boutique. Later that morning, Gloria returns home, having quit her job as a result of "being hassled" by customers, and she and Ned "try" once again, without success. Next, Ned and Gloria talk things over with Jim and Jemima, the biracial, bisexual couple next door, who suggest that Ned and Gloria go in for hang-gliding and "forget the whole interpersonal thing." Unfor-



"I hereby pronounce you bankrupt. Congratulations."

tunately, at this point in the filming, the networks' new "family-hour" code was enunciated, with the result, according to Mr. Muldoon, that "much against our creative instincts we were forced to abandon the heretofore sacrosanct problems of impotence, and concentrate on the hitherto rarely discussed problems of hang-gliding." At the end of the first episode, Ned unexpectedly traps a gang of quality-paperback rustlers by crashing on them from a height of three hundred feet.

The "Iliad"

A NEW treat for public television's culture-minded viewers is Independent Welsh Television's 120-episode version of Homer's mighty "Iliad," which débuts this fall on most PBS stations under a grant from Mammoth Petroleum Corporation. Once again, a topflight cast of British (and Welsh) actors has taken hold of an ancient classic and, in the words of IWT chairman Lord Nairn, "has shown that Homer, whoever he or she might have been, could tell a rattling good story as well as the next fellow." Frederick Ffolke-Felspar, Brian Connaught, and Anthony Vere handle the roles of Agamemnon, Hector, and Achilles with that skill at "ensemble playing" for which the British (and, of course, the Welsh) have been so justly praised. Celia Ponsonby (whom American viewers remember as the stylish Little Eva in last year's BBC production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin") plays an impeccable Helen. Hugo Trevor-Trevor is a jolly Ajax, with an eye for "the wenches" and a hearty appetite for Sarpedon's venison pie. Sir Christopher Sparks, Mammoth Petroleum Corporation Professor of Attic Studies at Stokes College, is "host" for the program, and describes the origins of Attic folk dance for the benefit of the American audience.

"The Goobers"

A HEARTWARMING "family program" set in the Oklahoma of the nineteen-thirties, "The Goobers" relates the trials and tribulations (and periodic chuckles) of the large and somewhat demented DeWitt Goober family as it struggles to live and laugh its way through the difficult period of the "Dust Bowl." No expense has been spared by Creative Supervisor Cuthbert Milner in re-creating the "feel" of this historic and picturesque era, including the time-consuming tracking down and eventual purchase of the actual farm machinery used in the Twentieth Century-Fox version of "The Grapes of Wrath" as well as the construction—

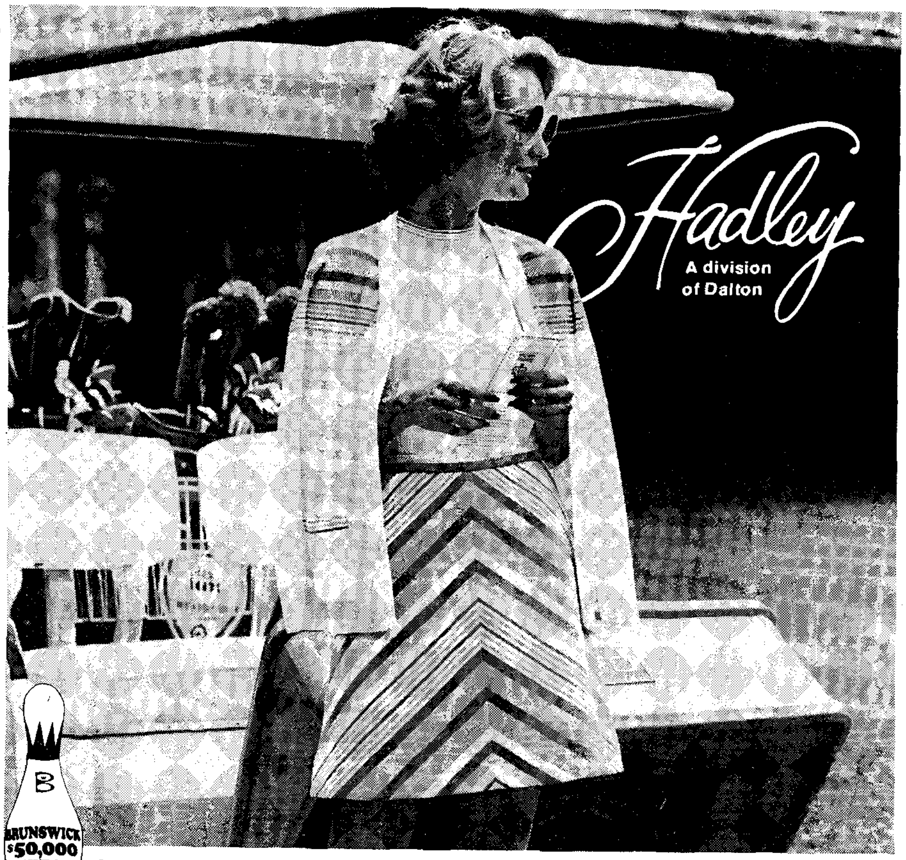
Stowe is a way of life.

It's yours at Mt. Mansfield Town Houses.

Consider all these possibilities. Ski from some of the finest slopes in the East to your door. Golfing on a private 18 hole course. Tennis and swimming too. First mortgage financing available at 8½%—75% of real estate purchase price—20 year term. Beautifully designed and furnished two-bedroom Town Houses, priced at $61,900 and $69,400. For brochures and information call 802-253-7311 or write. Mt. Mansfield Company, Inc., Attn: Department of Real Estate, Sepp Ruschp, President and General Manager, Stowe, Vermont 05672

This advertisement is not an offering, which can only be made by prospectus. (NY 477)

Stowe VERMONT



B BRUNSWICK $50,000 SHOWDOWN
LIVE ON CBS-TV OCT. 11

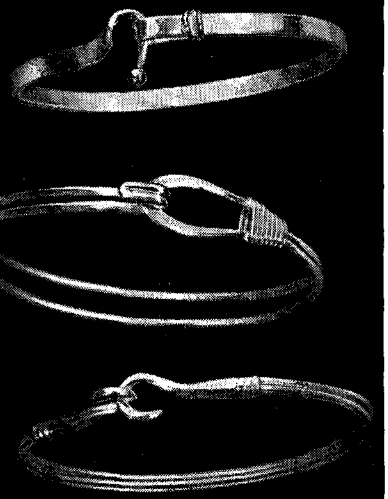
Look your best at the 19th hole in a Hadley. For great fun and great fashion Hadley Active Sportswear has a winning combination. Sizes, tops SML, skirt 6 to 16. From about $28 to about $38. At pro shops and fine stores everywhere. Hadley, Dalton Blvd., Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

SEE THEM BOWL WEARING HADLEY FASHIONS...Live From Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

MILAN NEW YORK

RICHARD KALBÉ

STERLING SILVER COLLECTION



Latch on to silver... Bracelets exquisitely crafted by Richard Kalbe. Top: sterling silver with 14K gold trim, about $30.00; Center: sterling silver with gold filled trim, about $22.50; Bottom: all sterling silver, about $25.00. At discriminating jewelers. Or write Richard Kalbe, 53 West 23rd Street, New York 10010.

Enjoy the Past... Today

American Antiques

- Antiques — their history and use.
- Visits to great homes and restorations.
- Fine collections of Americana.
- Reports of major sales with prices.
- Announcements of antique shows, exhibitions, and Bicentennial events.

"...the most exciting new antiques magazine to appear in 25 years."

12 monthly issues $ 8.00
2 full years 14.00

AMERICAN ANTIQUES
DEPT. 278, New Hope, Pa. 18938

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Karsh

thirty miles east of Anaheim, Calif.—of a complete replica of a twelve-acre mismanaged, badly eroded farm, over which eight specially converted Flying Fortress engines blow three hundred and fifty cubic tons of dust each day during filming. "Diction gets to be something of a problem, as well as scalp cleanliness," avers Ben Willoughby, *the veteran actor who plays* DeWitt Goober. "However, even the young kids on the show feel they're involved in something more important than just a regular sit-com—like learning where Oklahoma is, for example." In the first episode, bad luck seems about to overwhelm the Goobers in the form of the death of their remaining cow, the failure of the spring rutabaga crop, the abduction of Little Sister (Evelyn Markey) by Ponca City white slavers, and serious injury to Grandpa (Dennis Deterding), who has been stationed on the roof, trying to spot locusts; however, unexpected good fortune arrives when Young DeWitt (Greg Loin) wins a month's supply of coat hangers in a raffle. In subsequent episodes, Big Sister (Lori Mims) admits to a "crush" on Judge Tremayne (Fred Compote) and is shot in the heel; Ma Goober (Lucinda Marr) sends away to Oklahoma City for a new corduroy hat and is taught a lesson in humility when the grasshoppers eat it. In a special two-parter, Little Sister comes back home for National Safety Week dinner and brings some new rutabaga seeds with her.

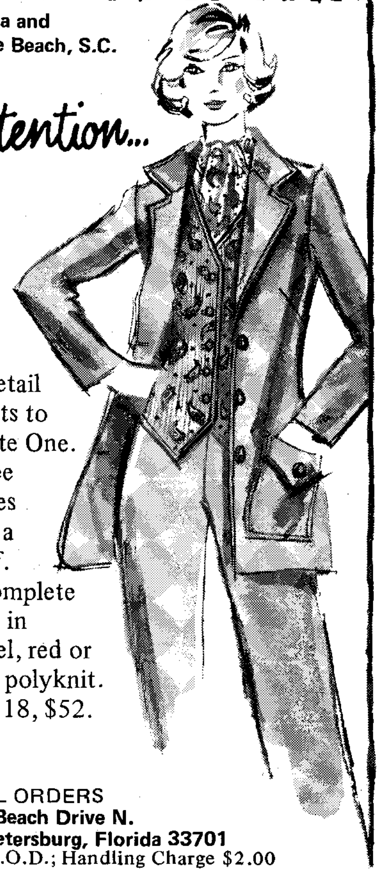
"TOM & TESSIE"

A HUSBAND-AND-WIFE police team with a difference is Bulbar Productions' "Tom & Tessie," which follows the activities of Tom (Derwent Fizdale) and Tessie (Gladys Galoon) Flaherty—a divorced-husband-and-wife team of airport security guards whose professional duties involve them in an endless variety of far-flung adventures. "Really, inspecting hand luggage for tubes of explosive toothpaste is only one segment of an airport security person's job," says Gladys Galoon, who in real life is married to William J. (Bill) Bulbar. Miss Galoon, a former Pecan Queen and a member of the La Jolla Little Players, spent several hours last summer observing trained security guards at work at the Bakersfield International Airport, where much of the action for the first episode was filmed. "So far, I'd have to say that Tessie's character is the more fully developed of the two, since in the opening show Tom gets his hand caught in the zipper of a homicidal retired admiral's mandolin

JOHN BALDWIN

Florida and Myrtle Beach, S.C.

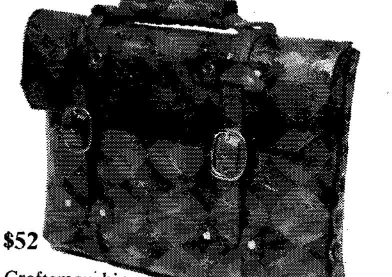
Attention...



to detail points to Route One. Three pieces plus a scarf. A complete look in camel, red or grey polyknit. 8 to 18, $52.

MAIL ORDERS
156 Beach Drive N.
St. Petersburg, Florida 33701
No C.O.D.; Handling Charge $2.00

"IN-BRIEF"



$52

Craftsmanship and rustic styling with a 200 year heritage. Hand-rubbed chestnut brown leather. Brass hardware. Legal size. Ms. version has shoulder strap added. Branded initials add $5. Send for brochure. *Also available with original cattle brand—$86.* Please add $2 for postage.

Chisolm Classics

P.O. Box 729, Dept. 31
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Antique and Contemporary

PAPERWEIGHTS

Our illustrated catalogue & price guide for collectors is now available in full color. $3.00.

407 Cliff St.
Suite 26
L.H. Selman Ltd.
Santa Cruz,
CA 95060

Owner selling four lovely wooded Upstate parcels from 1¼ to 3½ hours from mid-town Manhattan. As small as 22 acres or as large as 300 acres, prices from $350 to $1,000 per acre with low down payment. **Call 914-895-2987 Friday—Sunday or write Box 274, Walkill, NY 12589.**

case and so has to be shipped aboard the plane in the carry-on-clothing compartment," says Derwent Fizdale, who five years ago played Tug Rafferty in "Manhole" and who has recently been speaking out on the pro-heron bond issue. "However," continues the young actor, "I have great respect for director Hub Bathgate, as well as Bill Bulbar, and I am confident that Tom's character will have a chance to grow." In later episodes, Tom is instructed by his security supervisor (Lew Glyph) to enforce under-the-seat baggage regulations on members of the Berlin Philharmonic, and narrowly averts disaster when one of the cellos refuses to "fold." Later, Tessie catches the eye of a travelling Middle East "strong man," who invites her and Tom to come to his country and guard his new airport against undesirable charter-flight passengers.

"Rookie Truck-Driving Doc"

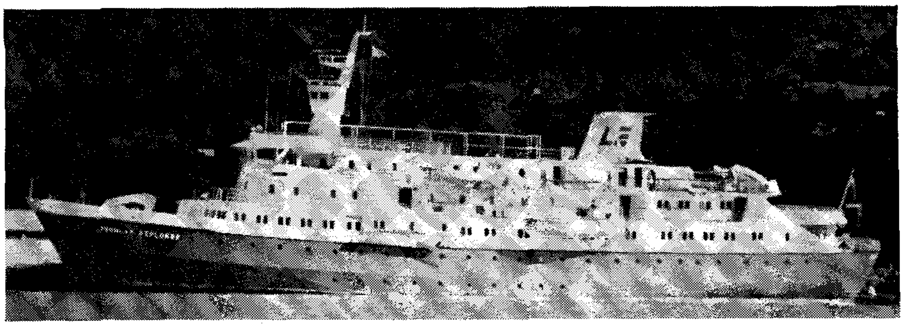
Bevis Dimbal plays Dr. Phil Hartigan, a brash kid with a slum background, a love of the open road, and a degree from Harvard Medical School, who, disdaining the usual opportunities for storefront medical practice in a big city, chooses instead to cruise the highways and byways of the nation in a ten-ton Diamond Reo semi, diagnosing "unpopular" symptoms at truck stops, mending broken hearts and broken bones as he speeds along the blacktop, and sometimes good-humoredly operating in cases where the local medical structure has broken down. "I can really identify with Phil," says Bev Dimbal, who studied speech under the renowned Ilse Morris, and who admits that "frankly we were hurting until Bob Bannerman moved us into the eight-thirty time slot, right after 'Grendel.' " In the opening episode, Sue-Ann Wendover plays a rich widow afflicted with knuckle-cracking in a town whose only source of health care is a telephone answering service.

"Mammoth News Specials"

Sponsored by the Mammoth Petroleum Corporation, these specials carry forward a long tradition of public-service programs beginning with "Mammoth Kingdom," "Mammoth Theatre," "Mammoth Playhouse," "Mammoth Theology," and "Mammoth World of Sports." The opening program, "Let Freedom Ring," examines the attempt of a major American oil company to rid a South American village of savage, heron-devouring alligators by building an oil refinery on a nearby swamp.

—Michael J. Arlen

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD



Come explore the hidden worlds of the fascinating
WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA

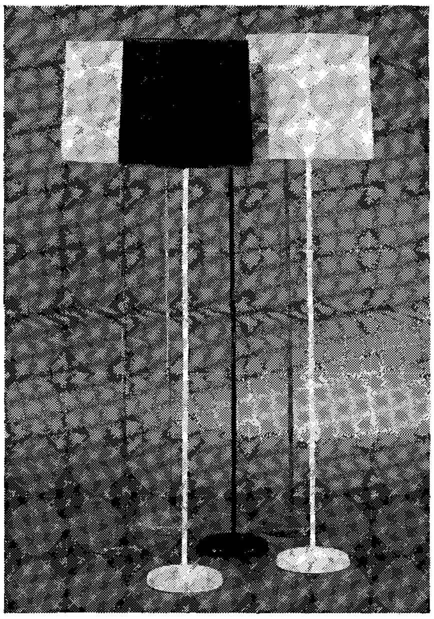
Sail with us aboard the M/S Lindblad Explorer* through waters rarely visited by cruise ships. Experience the excitement of exploring the Beagle channel and Strait of Magellan just as Darwin did. Take overland excursions and let your journey extend from the bottom of South America along the length of the continent all the way through the Panama Canal to Cristobal. Cruise in an atmosphere of great cultural revelation—the Inca Empire, the San Blas Indians, etc.—and find, perhaps the most scenic panorama the world may offer. We have divided this enormous cruise program into three separate sailings. We invite you to take one or all three. The first expedition departs February 23, 1976, and the third one ends on the 30th of March. For detailed information write for our brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYLE92975
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-2300

*Panamanian registry

Cheap and cheery.

The price probably makes you wonder if we're not a bit lightheaded. It's only $35. The colors—Blue, Orange, Lemon Yellow, Parrot Green, Black or White—at least show we're light hearted as well. This "give away" floor lamp bargain is 57" tall and comes with a 14" Black or White linen shade. And takes a three way 50-200-250 watt bulb. Take advantage of our cheerfulness. Order a few before we come to our senses.



☐ Show me more. Enclosed is $1 for your catalog showing over 200 contemporary lighting devices.
☐ I must have the lamp shown above. Enclosed is $35 plus $6 for shipping. I won't forget N.Y.C. or State sales tax if I am a resident.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________

GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-254, 831 Madison Avenue, (69th St.), New York, New York 10021

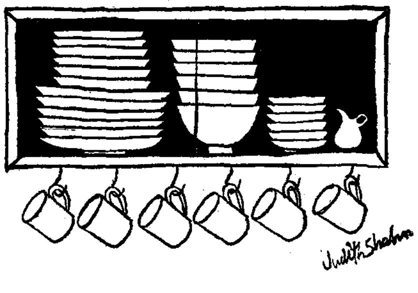
AROUND CITY HALL

IT IS MY HEAD NOW

NATIONALLY, September 8th will go down in history as the date when a former President was given legal amnesty for all past transgressions, although there may be a few people who recall the same Sunday afternoon in 1974 as the day when Evel Knievel failed to make it across Snake River Canyon and escaped certain death with the help of a parachute. No one knows whether the most recent September 8th will be remembered in local history as the day when Governor Hugh Carey brought before an extraordinary session of the State Legislature a makeshift administrative structure devised to allow New York to escape default on its debts—a disaster that would otherwise have come within a week—or will be just another in a long series of 1975 dates marking municipal fiscal emergencies, hairbreadth survivals, and elaborate schemes to avoid financial collapse, with the significant date being that of ultimate default and the crippling of New York as a great city.

On the morning that Governor Carey signed the law, just passed by the Legislature, that transferred financial control of New York from its elected mayor to a seven-man Emergency Financial Control Board, three of whose members are officers of large private corporations, the event was not even the top story in local newspapers. Instead, the biggest news was the strike of the city's sixty thousand teachers. A glance at other headlines made it clear that a school strike could happen to almost any city in the country, while the placing of a vast city in receivership is surely an extraordinary event. The view that a default by New York might be followed by the default of almost *any* American city, and perhaps of some states—a concept otherwise known as "the Great South Sea Bubble pitch"—was, of course, increasingly popular among those trying to win help for the city from the federal government, though at that time it had made no noticeable impact on the Administration in Washington (where the transfer of power away from New York's City Hall *was* the day's top story in the Washington *Post*). Asked on September 7th about the possibility of some form of federal backing for this city's loans, Secretary of the Treasury William Simon had said that this would be only an intrusion in local government affairs, and he had added, "That's not what this country is all about." Two days earlier, President Ford, who had gone to the trouble during his August tour of Yugoslavia to explain to the president of the Belgrade City Council that New Yorkers know nothing about money except how to spend it, told a California reporter who inquired why his Administration could find millions for the Middle East but nothing for New York City that, although he was "sympathetic," New York had "mismanaged" its affairs and "is going to be forced to straighten out its own problems."

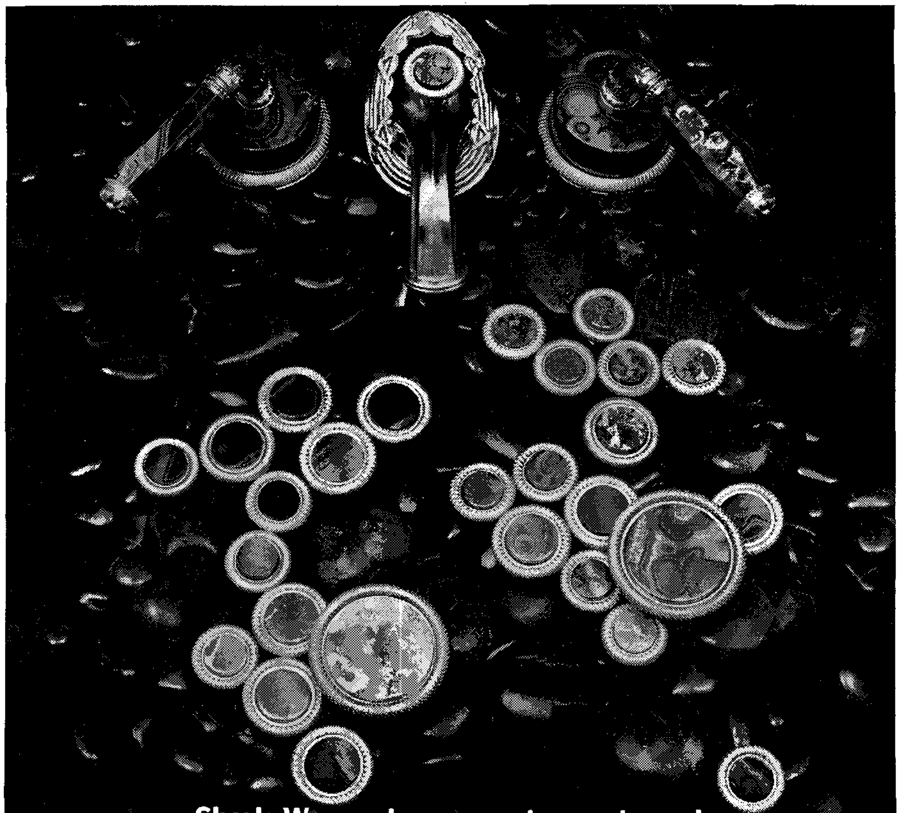
The headquarters of a government whose significant powers have been shifted elsewhere is bound to be a strange, unsettled place. In their newly reduced circumstances, the regular inhabitants at City Hall seemed unable to decide whether to dwell ruefully on what the great change would mean ("Carey's going to let the Mayor go on cutting ribbons, but he'll have to bring his own scissors") or to pretend that nothing had changed. A few hours after the signing of the law that transferred the city government's fiscal powers to the new board, Mayor Abe Beame, as a signal that he was still, after all, the mayor, summoned various officials and the press to his office to give them the latest report on the school strike. Invited by the Mayor to be present, in a clear gesture of loyalty, was Beame's old friend James Cavanagh, the white-haired First Deputy Mayor and veteran of the city's Budget Bureau, whom many of the bankers and businessmen now wielding great financial power over city government suspected of having been Beame's chief collaborator through the years in the fiscal gimmickry that got the city into such deep trouble. Three days later, at their insistence, Beame appointed to the new post of Deputy Mayor for Finance Kenneth Axelson, a senior vice-president of the J. C. Penney Company. (Cavanagh, though, would retain his title and, presumably, continue to dispense patronage.) Conveniently, a fellow-director of Axelson's at J. C. Penney, William Ellinghaus—the president of the New York Telephone Company—is a member of the Emergency Board. Its other corporate members are David I. Margolis, president of Colt Industries, which makes firearms and other specialty steel products, and Albert Casey, the chairman and president of American Airlines. In each case, including that of the city's new Deputy Mayor, the member's company will continue to pay his six-figure annual salary. The board's public members are the Governor, the comptrollers of the state and the city, and Beame, who is expected to be a minority of one on many issues.



On September 9th, as usual, reporters and television crews had some difficulty crowding into the Mayor's office for his press conference. The room is only about ten feet by twelve—a reminder that in 1812, when City Hall was completed, rooms had to be of a size that could be heated by fireplaces. (Mrs. Beame, recalling her husband's spacious quarters in the Municipal Building during his two terms as city comptroller, complained when she first saw his new office, "My husband has been demoted.") Sitting very straight behind his desk, which is a copy of the one used by George Washington when he was President and New York was the nation's capital, the Mayor briskly gave the latest news on the school strike. Also present were the director of security for the public schools, Carleton Irish, who is black, and Police Commissioner Michael Codd, who is Irish. They reported that so far the local educational crisis had resulted in no violence in or around the schools; in other words—although the city might be one up on Boston and Louisville—no news. A discussion of the progress of strike negotiations brought out the fact that any settlement would have to have the approval of the new Emergency Board, whose chairman is the Governor. ("I'm calling the shots now," Carey had said the week before. "In the last analysis, the city is my responsibility. It is my head, my reputation that is on the line now.") A few minutes later, most of the reporters gathered up their notebooks and equipment and left for the Governor's office uptown, where the power was. Later, however, giving some indication of the confusion about day-to-day problems that is ahead for the city, Carey announced that the new board was "not a collective-bargaining agency" and had no intention of becoming involved in city matters like the strike "on a piecemeal basis." The

Mayor should handle these things, he said, although only, of course, within the financial limits the board would set. That body would dole out what amounted to an allowance, with the city's balance between revenues and expenses audited on a monthly basis and all city contracts subject to clearance by the new overseers. The school-strike negotiations were left in the hands of the Board of Education, and the teachers were back at work the following week. On the afternoon of September 9th, however, Albert Shanker, president of the teachers' union, who, like most civil-service union leaders, prefers to deal directly with politicians, since they are inclined to panic at the thought of all the votes the union members represent, announced angrily that under the new state takeover he didn't even know whom he was supposed to talk to. "There is no government," he said. "The mayor of New York now has as much power as the mayor of Paris under the Nazi Occupation."

The next evening, from Gracie Mansion, Beame made a televised speech about the latest Albany development. In the previous months, he had put the blame for the city's problems on his predecessor John Lindsay, on the bankers, on local labor leaders, and on Republicans in Washington and Republicans in Albany. And late in July he had called his commissioners into his office and blamed them for the crisis; he charged that their inaccurate figures caused him to continue to maintain that certain layoffs and expense reductions had been made when they had not, thus "damaging my credibility and the credibility of my administration"—although the unreliability of the figures could have been discovered by reading any local newspaper. His tone was so fierce that, according to one mayoral spokesman, he "sounded just like Harry Truman." However, there was nothing in his diatribe about where the buck stopped. On the night of September 10th, it was a different story. Beame mentioned the long national record of governments that had "responded to public pressures and political needs with . . . broadened services," and went on, "We have seen mayors, governors, Presidents, and legislators use all sorts of fiscal gymnastics to find the means to maintain these services." In New York, particularly, he said, there had been a tradition of compassion for the underprivileged. "As a public servant in this city for over forty years, I accept the responsibility, along with officials past and present, for trying to make this city function in this tradi-



Sherle Wagner leaves no stone unturned

Malachite, lapis lazuli, amethyst, tiger eye, onyx, rock crystal, rose quartz–all set in 24 karat gold plate.

60 East 57th St., New York, **Sherle Wagner** New York 10022. Plaza 8-3300
For illustrated catalogue send $5.00 to Dept. DNY

SEABROOK ISLAND. EVERYTHING FOR SOMEONE.

Seabrook Island. Solitude. Ocean breezes rustling through the palmettos and live oaks. Sea Oats swaying gracefully atop the dunes. Rare pelicans gliding silently across the surf. Championship golf on our challenging oceanside course. Tennis. Fishing. The expansive white-sand beach. Exquisite Lowcountry dining at the elegant Beach and Golf Club. And just twenty miles away, historic Charleston—the city where the South began. For people who enjoy life, everything good in life. Come rent a luxurious, privately-owned fairway villa and experience Seabrook for yourself. You may find it everything you desire.

seabrook island
Dept. 11, P. O. Box 99
Charleston, S. C. 29402
(803) 559-5521

GENTLEMEN: It sounds like Seabrook might be everything for me. Please tell me more.

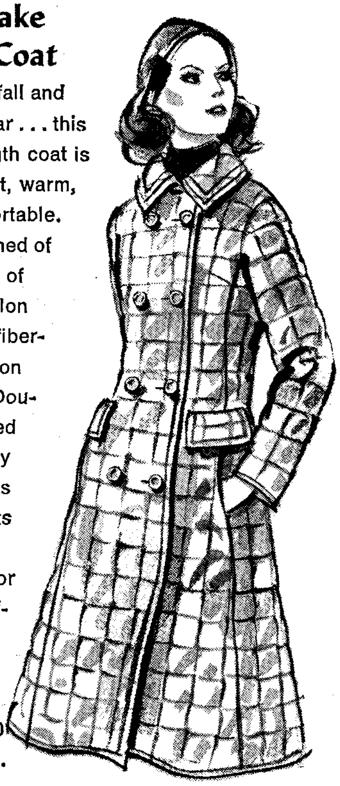
Name __________
Address __________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Phone __________

Johnny Appleseed's

Snowflake Fitted Coat

Pretty for fall and winter wear . . . this dress-length coat is lightweight, warm, and comfortable. It's fashioned of two layers of quilted Nylon with 5 oz. fiber-fill insulation between. Double breasted and smartly fitted, it has two pockets and ample collar. Color choice: *Off-White, Hot Pink, Electric Blue.* Sizes 10-20 **$40.00** ppd.

Send for Free Christmas Catalog
Johnny Appleseed's
53 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Retail shops in Beverly, Concord, Marblehead



Nice yellow rabbit seeks friendly cabbage patch.

Floppy-eared, ultra-cuddly bunny will give you his carrot (it unsnaps) and steal your heart. Stands 13 inches high, in fleecy bright yellow with white underears (orange carrot). One size loves all.

Send $13.95 plus $1.00 for postage and handling by check or money order only. Pa. residents add 6% tax.

P.O. Box 27284, Philadelphia, PA 19118
(215) 247-7929

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

tion." He also said, "I can recall, as comptroller, criticizing the very procedures which I later found myself forced to follow once I became mayor." Although this rather generalized concession was undoubtedly painful for Beame to make, it set no great precedent in the city of LaGuardia's "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut" and John Lindsay's winning 1969 campaign commercial, which was a litany of his mistakes in office, artfully intermingled, of course, with mentions of a number of triumphs. (New York may see more of this sort of thing, since the commercial was reportedly the idea of Lindsay's public-relations adviser David Garth, who became the major architect of Carey's winning gubernatorial campaign and remains an active Carey adviser.) From Washington, later that week, though, Frank Jackman, the capital columnist for the *News*, hailed Beame for "breaking new ground" by "admitting error," however "grudgingly"—a practice that, he noted, had been unheard of in recent Washington Administrations, including the present one.

ALTHOUGH it was Beame's modified *mea culpa* that attracted attention in some quarters, to those who favor the continuation of at least vestigial representative government at City Hall the most encouraging aspect of the Mayor's address was a passage in which he acknowledged that the city was "yielding local fiscal powers to a state-created board." Until then, there had been some concern that the Mayor, who only a week earlier had issued a statement saying that he did not intend to "have the decision-making powers for our electorate a hundred and fifty miles from the city" (a statement that was recalled as inoperative by his office the next morning), would fall into a familiar self-destructive pattern. Through the spring and summer, Beame, stubbornly protective of his lifelong reputation as a fiscal expert, had insisted that his grossly overoptimistic earlier figures on the financial condition of the city and the heroic measures he had taken to improve it must be accepted without question by the bankers and state leaders who had moved in to cope with the crisis. It was their eventual unwillingness to believe anything that was said by the Mayor (who a few months ago told reporters, "The most important thing I value is my credibility") that had led to his being removed from full power over the city's fiscal decision-making. Some people had feared that despite the clear

The Talbots

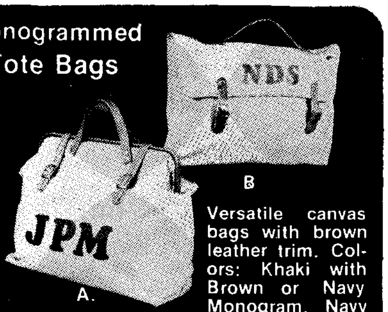
Simply Dreamy

Our beloved ankle-length cotton flannel granny gown from Lanz has pretty eyelet ruffles at neck, yoke and cuffs. Beguiling ribbon print in blue/red on white. Sizes XS,S,M,L. $15.00. Add $1.50 for postage.

Send for our new free color catalog.

THE TALBOTS, DEPT. KU, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Avon, Hamden, Conn.

Monogrammed Tote Bags



Versatile canvas bags with brown leather trim. Colors: Khaki with Brown or Navy Monogram. Navy with Red or White Monogram. A. Classic 12" x 17" Price $25.50 postpaid. B. Attache 11" x 15" Price $23.50 postpaid. Please specify Monogram Initials, Bag color and Monogram color.

Order by Mail

anania ltd.
. . exciting clothes for men & women.
Dept. A / 685 Pleasant St. / Brockton Ma 02401

PETULA CLARK
SEPT. 30-OCT. 11
Two shows nightly.
THE Waldorf-Astoria
EMPIRE ROOM
Reservations: (212) 355-3000
CHARGIT: Maj. Cred. Cards (212) 239-7177
MISS PEGGY LEE
OCT. 16—NOV. 8

A low distortion amplifier and uniquely designed tuned-port speakers—all precisely matched to give this new Allegro® system incredibly clear, rich, natural sound.

You're looking at the finest stereo system Zenith has ever brought you. And one remarkable part of it is a unique stereo receiver. The Wedge.

Its amplifier puts out 12 watts of power per channel (min. RMS) into 8 ohms, yet total harmonic distortion is held to a low 0.5% or less (Power bandwidth: 40 to 15,000 Hz).

Zenith's Allegro speakers, with a uniquely designed tuned-port, free much of the deep, rich bass that many other speakers trap inside.

Tuned port

And they do it so efficiently that other systems with comparable size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

This system gives you the kind of sound you used to find only in expensive component set ups. Pure and full.

You'll hear highs you may never have heard before in modular stereo. Silences so clean, you'd probably not even know the system was on.

But more than that, The Wedge combines clear, rich sound with a complete array of built-in features.

There's an 8-track tape unit that plays and records in stereo. Zenith's precision Micro-Touch® tone arm to protect records. FM muting, to silence background noise between stations.

A sensitive Hi filter that lets you switch off high-frequency hiss. Plus a large, precise tuning meter for more accurate station selection.

Choose from a whole line of Zenith Allegro stereo and 4-channel sound systems, with performance and features tailored to suit your ears.

And your budget.

ZENITH®

Allegro

The quality goes in
before the name goes on.®

Model GR596W. Simulated wood with richly-grained walnut finish.

Zenith introduces The Wedge.

IMPORTED FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU ART, HISTORY, CULTURE AND SEX.

IMPORTED
LEROUX
Flavored with Selected TRUE FRUIT
CHERRY KARISE
LIQUEUR · PRODUCT OF DENMARK
IMPORTED
LEROUX
80 PROOF
COGNAC WITH ORANGE
MADE WITH COGNAC BRANDY AND SELECTED ORANGE FLAVOR
LIQUEUR · PRODUCT OF FRANCE
IMPORTED
LEROUX
56 PROOF
AMARETTO DI TORINO
ALMOND LIQUEUR · PRODUCT OF ITALY
IMPORTED
LEROUX
Flavored with Selected TRUE FRUIT
Fraise De Bois
STRAWBERRY LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF AUSTRIA
LEROUX LIQUEURS ARE ALSO PRODUCED IN DENMARK, ITALY & FRANCE
Royal Family of International Liqueurs

From Europe. All those deliciously tempting tastes you've acquired a taste for. Four European liqueurs brought to you by Leroux exactly as you remember them.

Remember Amaretto? From Torino in Italy—where people sit in cafes and ogle each other. Amaretto di Torino with a mysterious hint of almonds and apricots. With coffee or in coffee or any time.

And Cognac with Orange. It tempted you in France. With coffee, or dessert, and on Duck à l'Orange. Now sip it at home.

And the taste of those succulent wild Danube strawberries, Fraise de Bois. We brought it back for you.

And the joy of Denmark's Tivoli Garden. It's all summed up in Cherry Karise. One of the happiest experiences a flavor connoisseur could ever have.

For a free copy of the Leroux cocktail and cooking recipe folder, write to: Leroux Recipe Offer, P.O. Box 956, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Leroux Imported Liqueurs: Amaretto di Torino 56 proof, Cognac with Orange 80 proof, Fraise de Bois 54 proof, Cherry Karise 49 proof.

LEROUX

Introducing cabaret flavors from Europe.

LEROUX
Royal Family of International Liqueurs

language of the new state law he would continue to reject reality and insist that his powers as mayor were undiminished, and so would cause the new Emergency Board to revive its original plan to bring in a city manager.

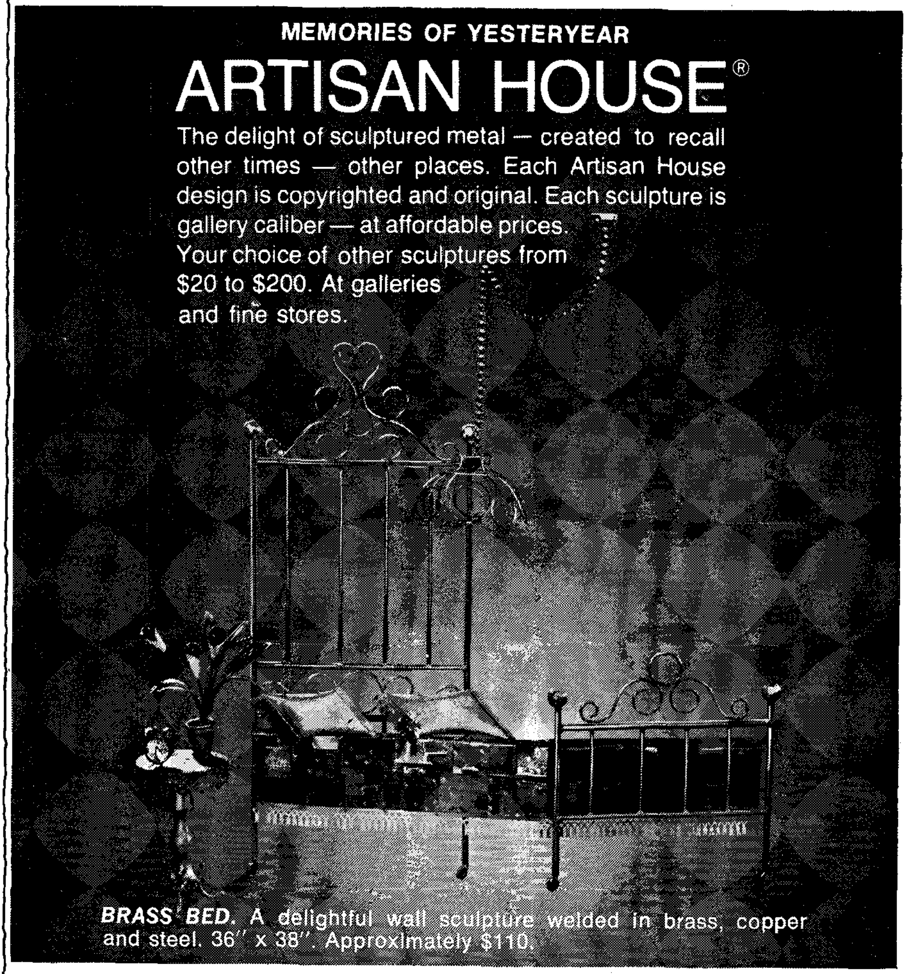
In the long-running story of the city's financial troubles, the worst crisis yet came late last month when the Municipal Assistance Corporation—MAC, or Big Mac—which was set up in June to sell for the city's benefit three billion dollars' worth of bonds that investors would not buy from New York directly, reported that it, too, had failed and would be unable to dispose of its billion-dollar quota for September. The irony was not overlooked that in a city that has its first Jewish mayor the first crucial September date would fall on the eve of Rosh Hashanah, when the city would have to supply a hundred and four million four hundred thousand dollars in payroll and welfare allotments, and the month's second threatened default, when the city would need six hundred and ten million to pay off short-term notes and other obligations, would come on Yom Kippur. In another bit of irony, the city got through the first of the two crises thanks to investments by the pension funds of local civil-service union members, although the alleged greediness of the same unions has ranked high in the popular explanations for the city's plight. To avoid the Yom Kippur default, more drastic measures were needed, and the remedy eventually devised was the Emergency Financial Control Board. One problem that the Governor and his banker and businessmen allies in the save-the-city movement faced was dealing with members of the various legislative bodies who had to vote the board into existence but thought that default might not be such a bad idea. In one briefing on the profound dislocations, collapse of services, and total isolation from the national economy that default would presumably bring, Felix Rohatyn, the Lazard Frères partner who is now finance chairman of Big Mac, said it would be like "someone stepping into a tepid bath and slashing his wrists—you might not feel yourself dying, but that's what would happen." There was also the argument that since no government as large as New York's had ever defaulted, the results were unknown, and the city might as well try it. For this, Carey had a suicide metaphor of his own, saying that it "would be like going into a darkened room filled with volatile gas and lighting a match to see what was inside." Al-

Maupintour means more! **Journey into time:**

Egypt and the Nile

Join an expertly conducted Maupintour to admire archaeological treasures from the Rosetta Stone to Abu Simbel's huge temples 1,000 miles up the Nile. Relive history from Rommel's and Montgomery's *El Alamein* to the new High Dam and Aswan resort of Pharaohs and kings. Lifesee the Nile Delta on a train ride to Alexandria. Cruise the Nile aboard the *Isis* or *Osiris* to see Luxor, Karnak, grand tombs of Thebes' Necropolis, Esna, Edfu, Kom Ombo, and Philae. Tour overland to Abydos and Dendera. Also includes Cairo, Pyramids, Memphis, and London's British Museum, theatre party. To receive the descriptive brochure, ask for *Maupintour's Egypt/The Nile.*

Maupintour
quality touring since 1951
Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017



MEMORIES OF YESTERYEAR

ARTISAN HOUSE®

The delight of sculptured metal — created to recall other times — other places. Each Artisan House design is copyrighted and original. Each sculpture is gallery caliber — at affordable prices. Your choice of other sculptures from $20 to $200. At galleries and fine stores.

BRASS BED. A delightful wall sculpture welded in brass, copper and steel. 36" x 38". Approximately $110.

For free color brochure, write Artisan House, Dept. N-1 Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

The Talbots

Monogrammed T Shirt

This natty cotton/polyester T shirt, imported by Herman Geist, is piped in contrasting colors at neck and cuffs of the long sleeves, and sports a neat little monogram to match the piping–high up or on the cuff. Red/navy, taffy/chocolate, navy/red, black/white, emerald/white or chocolate/white. Sizes S,M,L. $15.00. Monogram $3.00.

Send for our new free color catalog.

THE TALBOTS, DEPT. KV, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Avon, Hamden, Conn.

ALL KEYED UP

Keep the keys to your kingdom on this giant tag ring. Impressively personalized with any first name in red or blue raised letters on crystal-clear plexiglass. With its contrasting gold tone key ring, it makes a striking accessory, a very practical gift. $5.00 ppd.

Satisfaction guaranteed — Write for catalogue

H. N. DREW, LTD. Dept. N929
49 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N.Y. 10601

We're seekers, sifters.

And we've sifted through a lavish abundance of gift offerings from all around the world.

And we've found some GOOD things that in a casual way are designed to make your life at home, afield and asea just a little more pleasurable.

So . . . if you'd like to see what we found, send one deductible dollar for what could be called a catalog but which might more aptly be called a "guide" through the leisure side of life. The comfortable, fun, smiling side.

And you can deduct that dollar from your first order.

Casual Living
390 Main Street • Danbury, Ct. 06810

though Jeremy Bentham, in his "Theory of Legislation," wrote that in making legislative choices "metaphors are not reasons," these and other cogent arguments (and, in some cases, no doubt, promises) brought enough of the various legislators around to put the board proposal over—first with the City Council, which on Friday, September 5th, meekly voted for what a number of councilmen described as "the demise of this body." "Welcome to the sidelines of government," said Manhattan Councilman Henry Stern as he cast his "aye" vote.

IN the Democratic-controlled State Assembly, on the afternoon of September 8th, Speaker Stanley Steingut, who likes to refer to Albany legislators as "statesmen," was reasonably sure he had his troops in line, but he had the doors locked just in case there might be last-minute deserters. In the long debate, the standard Democratic objection was that the Emergency Board plan was a plot to bail out the bankers at the cost of city home rule, while the Republicans called it a plot to bail out the city at the cost of state solvency. There were many of the now obligatory references to Watergate and Vietnam, with special attention to whether Abe Beame had engaged in a coverup, whether or not the state would soon be waist-deep in the Big Muddy, and whether there was light at the end of the tunnel. Since to many upstaters a vote helpful to the city is the blackest of all marks on a legislator's record, eight upstate Democratic assemblymen were allowed to be recorded in the negative, and the final vote was eighty to seventy. Not a single Republican supported the Emergency Board bill in the Assembly. At the end of the session, during which every assemblyman had described his vote on the bill as the most solemn decision of his legislative career, Speaker Steingut announced that the doors to the chamber would remain locked so that the Assembly could pass a resolution congratulating Tawny Elaine Godin for being the second New Yorker ever chosen as Miss America, the first having been Bess Myerson, in 1945. A long squabble followed over whether she could be claimed as a constituent by the assemblyman from the district that includes Yonkers, where she was brought up, or by the assemblyman from Saratoga Springs, where she attends college, and whether, if the two assemblymen should take her out on successive evenings to see which constituency she preferred, it would be a fair test, since

MAKE ART A PART OF YOUR CHRISTMAS

With Cards and Gifts from the Philadelphia Museum of Art

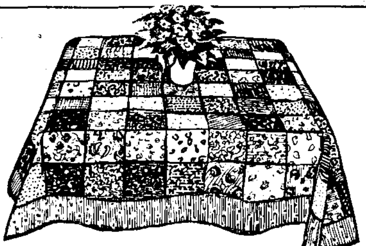
Greeting cards .10 to .30 reproduced from art in the Museum collections

1976 Engagement Calendar *With Patriots' Pride,* Flags, Eagles, and Other Emblems of America, $4.95 (boxed) plus .50 shipping charges

Reproductions of American hand-blown glass, needlework kits, and many other distinctive gift items

Send .25 and receive two full-color catalogues

Catalogue, Box 7646
Philadelphia, Pa. 19101



HANDMADE PATCHWORK TABLECLOTH

Calico border matching reversible side... choice of basic red, brown, blue, green, yellow or black. Machine washable...no iron. Send for free brochure.

52" x 52"...25.00 Matching Calico Napkins
52" x 72"...35.00 16" square...1.50 ea.

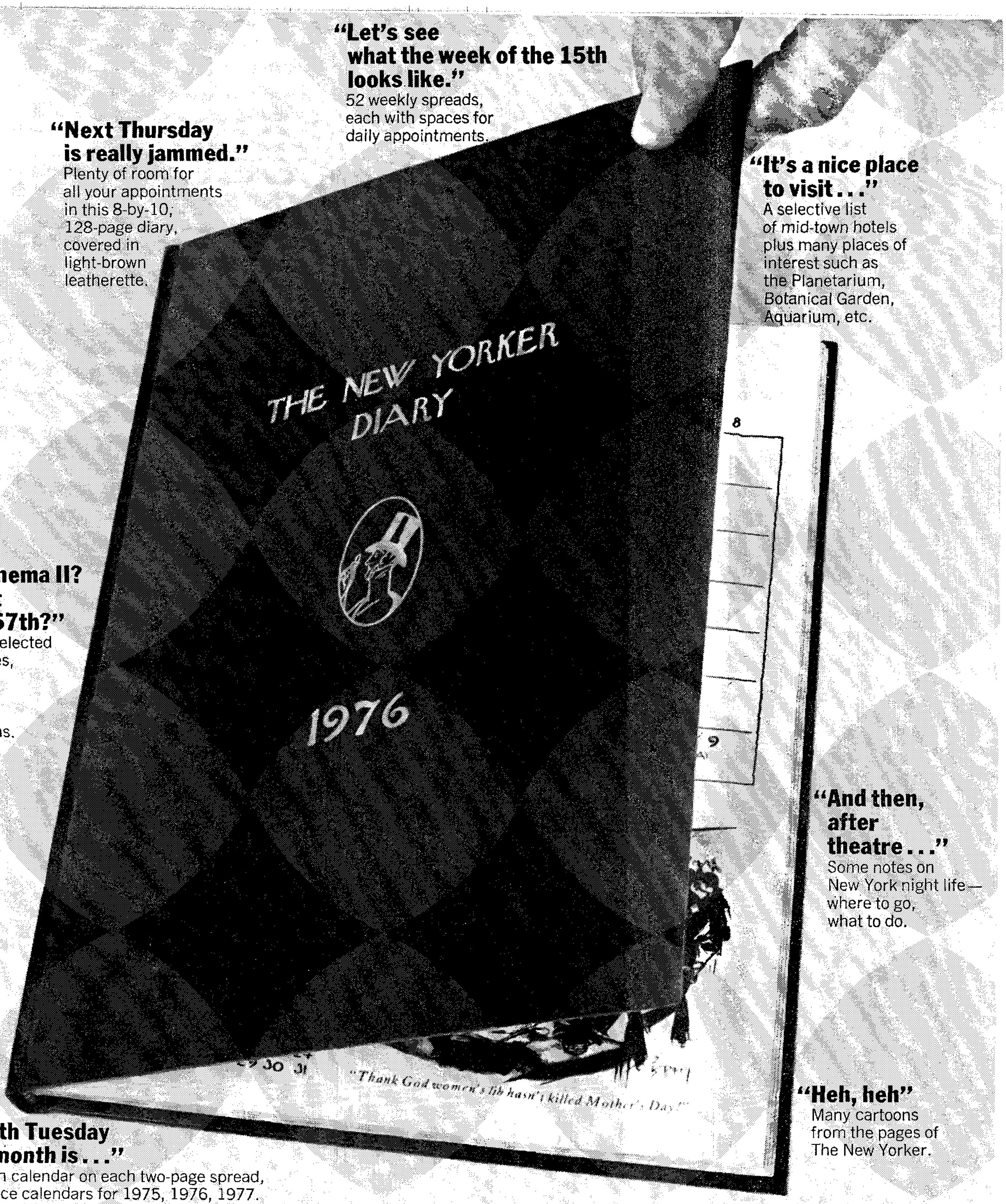
The Pumpkin Patch
Pumpkin Hollow Rd.
R.D. #1, Dept. 32
Gt. Barrington, Mass. 01230

Spyglass Hill
Resort & Club
Roatan Island, Honduras

Takes the "Ts" out of your life!
NO Traffic, Television, Telephones, Timetables, Tension or Tipping.

BUT we offer you plenty of Sun, Sailing, Sea, Swimming, Snorkeling, and SCUBA. All of this along with Solitude when you want it--Socializing if you seek it, among an international set. When you're ready to check out another kind of cleaner, quieter, gentler world, check with us first.

SPYGLASS HILL RESORT & CLUB
Isla de Roatan Republic of Honduras, C.A.
USA: ROSEO Affiliates
630 North Western Avenue
Lake Forest, Illinois 60045
Telephone (312) 234-2222



"Let's see what the week of the 15th looks like."
52 weekly spreads, each with spaces for daily appointments.

"Next Thursday is really jammed."
Plenty of room for all your appointments in this 8-by-10, 128-page diary, covered in light-brown leatherette.

"It's a nice place to visit . . ."
A selective list of mid-town hotels plus many places of interest such as the Planetarium, Botanical Garden, Aquarium, etc.

"It's at Cinema II? Is that at 58th or 57th?"
A listing of selected movie houses, theatres, museums, galleries, sports arenas.

"And then, after theatre . . ."
Some notes on New York night life—where to go, what to do.

"Heh, heh"
Many cartoons from the pages of The New Yorker.

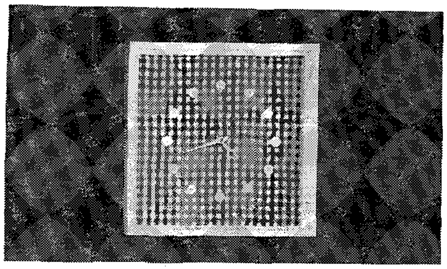
"The fourth Tuesday of next month is . . ."
Three-month calendar on each two-page spread, plus reference calendars for 1975, 1976, 1977.

For Appointments
For Reference or just
For Laughs
The New Yorker 1976 Diary. $10.
Use the coupon to order by mail. Please add $1. per diary for shipping and handling.
New York residents please add sales tax. Or reserve your copy now at a fine store near you.

The New Yorker
Suite 1102
25 West 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Yes, please send me_____copies of The New Yorker Diary. I've enclosed my check for $_____.

NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP



Custom-made to match your decor.

Unique gift idea! Send us a 12 x 12" swatch of fabric or wallpaper. Then we will create a 10" square cordless wall clock with button or metal markers and color-mated wood frame, ppd. $32

Suburban Enfield Mall
Hazard Ave., Enfield, CT. 06082

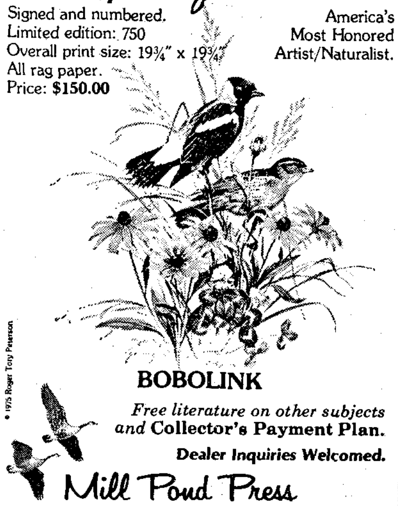
Mail orders to: P.O. Box 190
Old Greenwich, CT. 06870

Londonderry Clock Works

Roger Tory Peterson

Signed and numbered.
Limited edition: 750
Overall print size: 19¾" x 19¾"
All rag paper.
Price: $150.00

America's Most Honored Artist/Naturalist.



BOBOLINK

Free literature on other subjects and Collector's Payment Plan.

Dealer Inquiries Welcomed.

Mill Pond Press
813/485-8811 or Toll Free: 800/237-2233
208A S. Nassau St., Venice, Fla. 33595 Dept. NY-1234

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country Inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable. We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

one of them was "a respectable family man" and the other a bachelor. Eventually, the laughter subsided and the resolution passed.

In the Republican-controlled State Senate, consideration of the bill didn't even begin until late that evening, after the return of Majority Leader Warren Anderson from Washington, where he had urged Treasury officials to make some move to help the city. Carey, who had made the same pilgrimage the week before, lent him a state plane for the trip. When Rockefeller was governor, Anderson, who is now the most powerful Republican officeholder in the state, had been just another upstate senator (he represents Binghamton) who could be counted on to hew to the Party line. At intervals over the summer, he had publicly rejected any new save-the-city plan. ("I don't like cities generally," he remarked last June.) About a week before the crucial vote, however, he had a call from David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who has been a vigorous participant in the fight to keep the city from defaulting. Rockefeller asked for Anderson's help in getting the Emergency Board bill through the Senate. He then invited Anderson to the Rockefeller compound at Pocantico Hills for a social gathering in honor of staff members of the International Monetary Fund, at which the guests included Arthur Burns, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and Secretary of the Treasury Simon—heady company for the Senator from Binghamton. During the afternoon, Anderson was driven over to Nelson Rockefeller's place, where the former Governor, who certainly didn't urge him *not* to vote for the Emergency Board, arranged appointments for him to talk with various Treasury officials in Washington the following week. On his return from Washington, Anderson reported that he had received "no commitments that are cashable." Nevertheless, after he had won Carey's agreement to three non-elected members of the board instead of one, as in the Governor's original plan, he announced that there would be at least one Republican "aye" vote in the State Senate, and he eventually rounded up nine others, for a final vote of thirty-three to twenty-six. (One upstate senator reportedly hid in the Legislature's first-aid room until the last minute, so that Anderson couldn't put the arm on him.) The debate lasted through most of the night, and it was 4:47 A.M. when Carey, who had been waiting in his of-

An original, hand screened tote bag.
Black print on white canvas.
16" x 18" x 6"
Signed, sealed and delivered for
$10.75
Order from
Marcia
Box 15R6, Wilmington, Vermont 05363

BISON-TENNIAL

The noble American Bison roaming happily on our original Buffalo ties in a range of 15 handsome colors.
The Spirit for '76! $8.50
*Bows—clip or tie $6.50

COLORS

Bkgd.	Buffalo
Navy	* Silver * Red Gold
Maroon	* Silver * Navy Pink
Brown	* Tan
Green	* Tan Lime
Red	Blue
Blue	Red Gold
Gray	Silver
Gold	Blue
Black	* Red

*Bow Tie Colors

Complete Catalog
BUFFALO COLLECTION
Free on Request

Mail orders add $1 plus tax
Mastercharge, BankAmericard, Am. Ex.
Copyright © 1974 The Squire Shop Inc.

the Squire shop

THE SQUIRE SHOP
4548 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14226

OVER A MILE OF LAKE FRONTAGE

With 20 acre lake and 400 acres of mountains and meadows. Near Washington, D.C. and Virginia. Selling as one tract. Beautiful, secluded.
Low Down Payment. 30 year terms. Phone owner,
(804) 985-7746

fice on the floor below, finally signed into law the bill making him what the *Times* called, "in effect, the financial guardian of the city."

The new law specifies that by early December the Emergency Board will raise two billion three hundred million dollars. Of this, seven hundred and fifty million will be money borrowed for the city by the state, putting its full faith and credit on the line and involving it deeply in the city's financial future. About eight hundred million dollars will be raised by MAC from various public and private sources, and seven hundred and twenty-five million will represent investments from state and city civil-service pension funds. The official theory is that by early December the city's financial health should be sufficiently restored so that it can return to the market on its own, but there is little likelihood that this will be the case; indeed, many people think years must pass before the city will be able to float its own paper in an investment market that is convinced that any New York bonds are bad news and whose leaders are much more governed by whim and emotion than most of them will admit. "It's like an unfaithful wife. Once she strays, you worry about her for quite some time, no matter what she does," an official of a Galveston insurance holding company explained recently in the *Wall Street Journal*. If his chosen metaphor didn't permanently alienate some of his women associates, it may have reminded a few readers of both sexes, errant or non-errant, that the long, dismal saga of how New York City was brought to the brink of financial ruin, like the histories of Watergate and Vietnam, had an all-male cast. After Carey appointed Dr. Donna Shalala, an associate professor of political science at Teachers College, Columbia, to MAC's board of directors, she reported that, in moving around the country selling MAC bonds, she had been surprised to discover how soft the information was on which most men in the banking business relied. "They do everything on impression and instinct," she said.

Hugh Carey has long felt that the Ford Administration's studied indifference to the city's problems was not indifference at all but intense political satisfaction at being able to point contemptuously to the disarray of a Democratic city in a Democratic state where they don't know anything about money except how to spend it. If he is right, the only solution would be the stirring up of another political emotion: fear in Washington that the damage a New

Would YOU like to try our Old-Fashioned
VERMONT Smoked Ham & Bacon?

Our business was started over 100 years ago by a man with a great gift for smoking meats. We still use his original formula, never having found a way to improve it.

Harrington's Ham and Bacon smoke leisurely over *Corn Cobs* and *Maplewood.* We don't use hickory. Never have. Our way tastes so much better!

EACH YEAR THOUSANDS VISIT OUR 5 SHOPS IN RICHMOND, STOWE, SHELBURNE AND MANCHESTER CENTER, VT., AND GREENWICH, CONN. We do hope you will come see us. In the meantime, *if you'll let us,* we'd like to send you two things. Our FREE CATALOG which tells you all about our wonderful Old Fashioned Smoked Hams, Bacon, Pheasant, Fresh Sausage, Maple Syrup, Aged Cheese and many other delicious treasures. It's *almost* as good as a visit.

Secondly, if you'll let us, we'd like to send you ON APPROVAL our Harrington's SAMPLES BOX! Here's what's in it. A real Vermont Cob Smoked Ham, weighing 6 lbs. and one lb. of our delicious Cob Smoked Bacon.

WE CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO TRY THEM! We have to charge $14.95 for the Samples Box (a special one-to-a-customer introductory price), and we aren't a bit worried about your coming back for more! Please send us the coupon below. We ship by return mail. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed, of course, or *full refund without a quibble!*

George Ward is in charge of smoking at Harrington's

HARRINGTONS Since 1873
5009-5B Main Street
Richmond, Vermont 05477

Please send
☐ The Harrington's SAMPLES BOX of Ham and Bacon as described above. Enclosed is $14.95. If it's all you say it is, we'll probably order more of your products.

Master Charge No. Master Charge Interbank No. Expiration Date

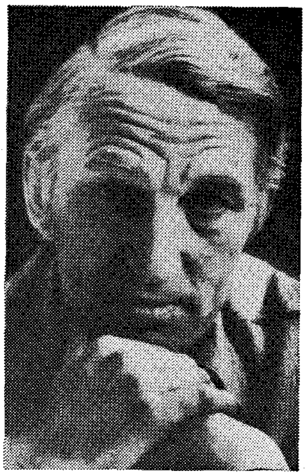
☐ Your FREE CATALOG
☐ Information on your Business Gifting Program

Name
Address
City State Zip

A major minor literary event!
(or, if you like)
A minor major literary event!
1339 ...Or So
Being An Apology For A Pedlar
by Nicholas Seare
A hilarious Chaucerian spoof. For cognoscenti and other happy souls.
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH $7.95

Nymm's
26TH STREET & MADISON AVE., N.Y.
IN THE N.Y. MERCHANDISE MART
EATING & DRINKING ESTABLISHMENT

POTPOURRI FROM LONGPOND FARM
UNEXCELLED! THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW. HERB GARDEN. ROSE GERANIUM. NIGHT. DAY. YELLOW ROSE. THE LEMON BOX.
50¢ BRINGS YOU OUR BROCHURE DEDUCTIBLE ON FIRST PURCHASE
LONGPOND FARM, BOX 58, HARVARD, IL 60033



COMMEMORATIONS by HANS HERLIN

A best-seller in Germany, COMMEMORATIONS has been hailed as the most powerful and moving novel to come out of Europe since *Doctor Zhivago.*
Arthur Miller says: "COMMEMORATIONS reads like a thriller and relentlessly illuminates the whole tragedy of Germany wrestling with a history it can neither forget nor remember."
Irving Stone says: "COMMEMORATIONS is an extraordinary first novel. It is subtle in its story development, which becomes increasingly engrossing, and ends with an unforgettable climax."
Library Journal says: "The novel operates on various levels at all times. . . . It is at the same time a mystery, a family chronicle, the portrait of a successful construction firm, and the evocation of one man's struggle to come to terms with his own past. A powerful novel, flawlessly translated."
Publishers Weekly says: "There is a very romantic quality to this best-selling German novel, a touch of *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*.... vivid and interesting, the love story at the heart of the novel is touching."
Kirkus Reviews says: "Here is a resonant and variegated first novel of substance. Its themes are many and absorbing . . . a fine and moving piece of work."
George P. Elliott says: "I did enjoy COMMEMORATIONS. A good, convincing thriller and portrait."
A Literary Guild Alternate
$8.95 at all bookstores

SMP St. Martin's Press

York default could do to the national economy would embarrass the Republicans in a Presidential-election year. In urging state legislators to support the Emergency Board legislation, Carey warned that the distrust of local bond issues which would be set off by a New York default would irreparably harm the borrowing ability of "the state and every city, town, county, village, school district, fire district, and sewer district in the state." Now that this message has done its work in Albany, it is being expanded to include every fire district and sewer district in the nation. Some members of Congress are beginning to be helpful. "We now realize that as New York goes, so goes the Northeast Corridor," Representative Thomas (Tip) O'Neill, of Massachusetts, said earlier this month, adding, in a popular local refrain that hasn't yet caught on out of town, "We saved the Franklin National Bank and the Penn Central. Don't you think we should save the most important city in the world?" Even the two New York Republican Senators, Jacob Javits and James Buckley, are now speaking to each other at meetings of a Save New York City Committee, made up of businessmen and civic leaders. Over the summer, Carey and his allies succeeded in drawing into the fight to rescue the city representatives of many of the country's most powerful banks and investment houses, and leaders of large national corporations. The pension funds of some half-million members of city and state civil-service unions, all with national affiliations, are now at risk, and so is the credit of New York State, adding upstate New Yorkers to the growing number of voters who would no longer watch the fall of the big-city prodigals with gleeful detachment. "We have to isolate the federal government, leave them no choice but to help us," the Governor said earlier this month. By December, when the jig will almost certainly be up without some form of federal assistance, the Great South Sea Bubble pitchmen should be in full cry. To a Republican Administration, the prospect of stepping in and making a public display of cleaning up a Democratic mess could be appealing, as Carey has slyly suggested. On the other hand, what if the Governor of New York should somehow manage to emerge as a hero in a Presidential-election year, just when the Democrats are notoriously short of heroes? The stakes are very high for the politicians. For the city, they may mean the difference between survival and *sauve qui peut.* —ANDY LOGAN

THE OUTBACK IS IN
From Down Under, the Outback Rugby Shirt. For all seasons, all reasons: football, cycling, jogging, skiing, sailing—or just lolling about. Durable and tough as the men who swear by them. Doubleweight panels for added warmth and durability in your choice of vibrant or muted blocks of colour. Meticulously tailored to make you look trim. Made of 50% Creslan (for washability); 50% cotton (for breathability). We call it The Outback. You'll call it great. Sizes S, M, L, XL. COLOURS: Light Grey, White and Charcoal; Golden Yellow, Red and Charcoal; Light Blue, Yellow, Green and Charcoal. $22.50 plus $1.50 shipping.
THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
249 East 77th Street New York 10021

Beautiful Fall is magnificent when seen from a Grumman.
A Grumman Canoe will show you Fall as it can be seen no other way—from hidden rivers, secluded streams, coves and lakes. Fantastic! It's all yours every Fall from now on—in a Grumman. And Fall is the best time to buy because the price is right. Send for our FREE catalog and see your Grumman Dealer.
GRUMMAN BOATS
NY-D
Marathon, N.Y. 13803

Books & Toys for the Bicentennial
Send a stamped, long envelope for our revolutionary catalog.
It's free! Bellerophon Books
153 Steuart St. San Francisco Ca 94105

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM of NATURAL HISTORY
offers a Swan Hellenic cruise in the Black and Aegean Seas, June 9-24. Turkish, Greek, Russian ports. Five distinguished lecturers; archeology and ornithology. From $1889., plus Museum contribution. Telephone Ms. Furlong, TR 3-1440.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE UNDERGROUND GAME, by Françoise Mallet-Joris, translated from the French by Herma Briffault (Dutton). An oppressively wry novel about a failing French writer who plans to make a comeback writing about an eccentric amateur archeologist who believes that he has found underground traces of the orgies and Black Masses of Gilles de Rais. Many portions of this book, if read slowly aloud ("How simplistic it would be to imagine that Geneviève, while being a faithful wife, was sexually attracted to Robert! A psychoanalyst might affirm it, but Geneviève would retort that Freud was out, as out as rococo or as Louis II of Bavaria. As for Robert . . ."), could be used to wring confessions from crooks.

GENERAL

LORENZO: D. H. LAWRENCE AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM, by Emily Hahn (Lippincott). A lively, entertaining, and, above all, humane account of the tragicomic romantic career of modern literature's evangelist of sexuality. Lawrence was a mother's boy, and his mother was a jealous woman who broke up her son's liaisons, whether of love or of friendship. As a young man, Lawrence seduced and abandoned several adoring women, and repeated the pattern of chasing and dropping long after he had ceased to live with Mum and had eloped with a married woman, who became his wife after her divorce. The new Mrs. Lawrence—Frieda von Richthofen Weekley—then played the role of spectator, confidante, and breaker-up of her husband's amours; in short, she took over Lawrence's mother's job as self-appointed guardian of a genius. It adds immeasurably to the book's interest that Lawrence usually got entangled with gifted, remarkable women. On the testimony Miss Hahn has assembled, however, his involvements turn out to have been nothing like the physical passions he celebrated as a writer; in time, indeed, he became wholly impotent. The hearts that Lawrence broke mended eventually, and the majority of his conquests lived happily ever after with husbands of their own. After his death,

Bicentennial Bi-Pak

Your favorite Bridge decks, Congress, with the official U.S. Government red and blue Bicentennial emblem on white.

The play's the thing. Exclusive Cel-u-tone finish provides the easier handling and crisper, longer-lasting snap you've come to take for granted in Congress quality playing cards.

Handsome packaging. Sturdy metal and vinyl case with bold silver imprint stores two decks.

Quite revolutionary don't you agree?

At better stores everywhere.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION BICENTENNIAL 1776-1976

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
Subsidiary of Diamond International Corporation
Beech & Park, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212

"WOW!"*

"A reading gem. I laughed and I cried too."
—Thomas Tryon

$8.95

A Literary Guild Alternate

*MARYA MANNES

James Kirkwood
SOME KIND OF HERO

a novel by the co-author of A CHORUS LINE, and author of Good Times/Bad Times, and P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!

THOMAS Y. CROWELL
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

AGAIN AVAILABLE
NATURALLY RAISED, REAL MILK FED VEAL

Delicious and tender, raised at their mothers' side the old-fashioned way, using no artificial milk replacers, no pesticides, antibiotics or hormones of any kind. Our veal is raised to the same high organic standards as our popular baby beef. Supply limited. Sold direct. Reserve now.

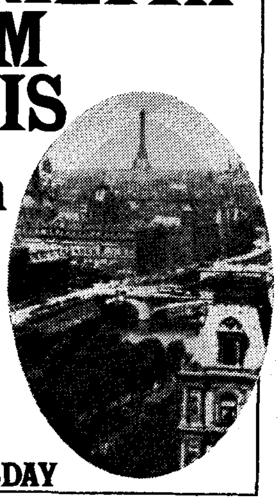
We Deliver—Write:

TEEL MOUNTAIN FARM
BOX 110 STANARDSVILLE
VIRGINIA 22973

"Cause for rejoicing."*

"All these stories will be in the history books," Susan Mary Alsop wrote her friend, Marietta Tree, "but it does send a chill down one's spine to hear them told by the actors in the drama." The "actors" were Churchill and Ho Chi Minh; the Rothschilds and Noel Coward; Garbo, Camus, Dior and Balmain and many other famous people of the period. Now their voices, visits, talents—even their off-the-record flashes of temper—come alive in a book of correspondence that is social history at its highest level. "Susan Mary Alsop is in the distinguished company of the great letter writers." —Emily Kimbrough*. $8.95

TO MARIETTA FROM PARIS
1945-1960
Susan Mary Alsop



DOUBLEDAY

Pea Coat

Our very special version of one of your all-time favorites – the classic Navy Pea Coat. Ours is handcrafted in sheepskin and marvelously detailed with notched lapel, double vent back, roll-up sleeves, sleeve tabs with buttons, slash pockets. Is this the coat for you? Aye, aye! Ladies' $275. Men's $300.

Write for our new catalog of handcrafted Sheepskin coats and other woolens.

NAME __________
ADDRESS __________
__________ ZIP _____

French Creek Sheep & Wool Co.

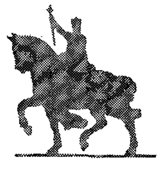
RD1L, Elverson, Pa. 19520 (215) 286-5700

OLSON'S PENNY ARCADE

Poems by **Elder Olson**

"The new collection is an advance even over his previous books, and this is high praise indeed."
—James Dickey $7.95

University of Chicago Press



Destination: Vieux Carré?

The Saint Louis

730 Rue Bienville,
New Orleans, Louisiana

(504) 581-7300 Cable: LOUISIX

Member, Distinguished Hotels of the World

his widow married the lover she had taken in order to make good Lawrence's deficiency, and the two of them grew old and rich on the royalties from Lawrence's literary tributes to a fulfillment he apparently never knew. Miss Hahn treats all parties—a huge cast—fairly, and her taste is as controlled as her judgment.

FROM THE DIARIES OF FELIX FRANKFURTER, with a biographical essay and notes by Joseph P. Lash (Norton). This work shows why the influential jurist was for most of his life the subject of controversy. To some he was an object of contumely and to others of idolatry (all agreed that his intelligence was formidable), but once he was on the Supreme Court bench—he was appointed in 1939 and retired in 1962—his decisions appeared disappointingly conservative to his liberal fans. Mr. Lash's attractive essay is devoted to the man's personality, rather than to his legal thought. It demonstrates ambitiousness and public spirit, manipulativeness and lively curiosity, arrogance and loyal dedication. The real interest in the diary selections is in the latter, more extensive part—1943-48. These entries give a frank, and frankly partisan, account of the terrible feuds that tore the Court. Frankfurter saw himself as the guardian of American Constitutional propriety, fighting off a self-seeking, legally slovenly faction led by a popularity-hunting would-be President, Mr. Justice Douglas. (Frankfurter, of course, did not perceive *himself* as the leader of a faction.) Frankfurter's hostilities need not be taken as whole truths, but the savage enmities he felt and recorded suggest a wrier meaning for his famous legal credo of "judicial restraint"—not only that the Court should be slow to overturn statutes but that judges should be judicious in judging each other.

•

QUICK-THINKING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Antioch (Ill.) Bi-State Reporter*]

NOTICE

Due to a theft, the 23" RCA television will be replaced with a 19" RCA television as the first place prize. Anyone wishing to return their tickets should contact the Spring Grove Horse Fair and Junior Horse Show, Inc. prior to August 17, 1975.

The teen dances have been cancelled and replaced with chariot races on Sunday.

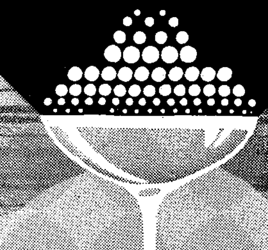
JERRY BAUER

IRWIN SHAW

"at his storytelling best...

a rollicking tale of the most diverting pair of con men since 'The Sting' . . . fun all the way!" – Publishers Weekly. A Literary Guild Featured Alternate; a new bestseller. $8.95

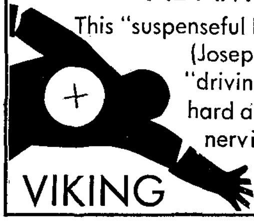
NIGHTWORK



delacorte press
DELL PUBLISHING CO. INC.

THE DOMINO PRINCIPLE

A NOVEL BY ADAM KENNEDY



This "suspenseful Kafkaesque tale" (Joseph Wambaugh) is "drivingly exciting, very hard and brutal.... Unnervingly convincing" *(Library Journal).*

VIKING $6.95

Exclusive British

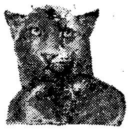
LINTON TWEEDS

First time ever offer — superb tweeds as supplied to the Couture houses of the world — available at 'Mill' prices.

Ranging from $12 per yard, inclusive of duty and postage.

Write enclosing $1 for brochure and tweed selector to

Linton Tweeds, Dept.R, Shaddon Mills, Carlisle CA2 5UD, Cumbria, England.



"The right sort of children, if they read it now, will be haunted by the memory all their lives."
—C. S. Lewis

AN EDGE OF THE FOREST, Agnes Smith. Illus. J. Sharkey Thomas. $9. ppd. If not in your bookstore mail order promptly filled by **WESTWIND PRESS, Rt. 1, Box 64, Farmington, West Virginia 26571**

The solid investment: Southwick's single colour blazers in a splendid selection of supple wools and lustrous camel hair.

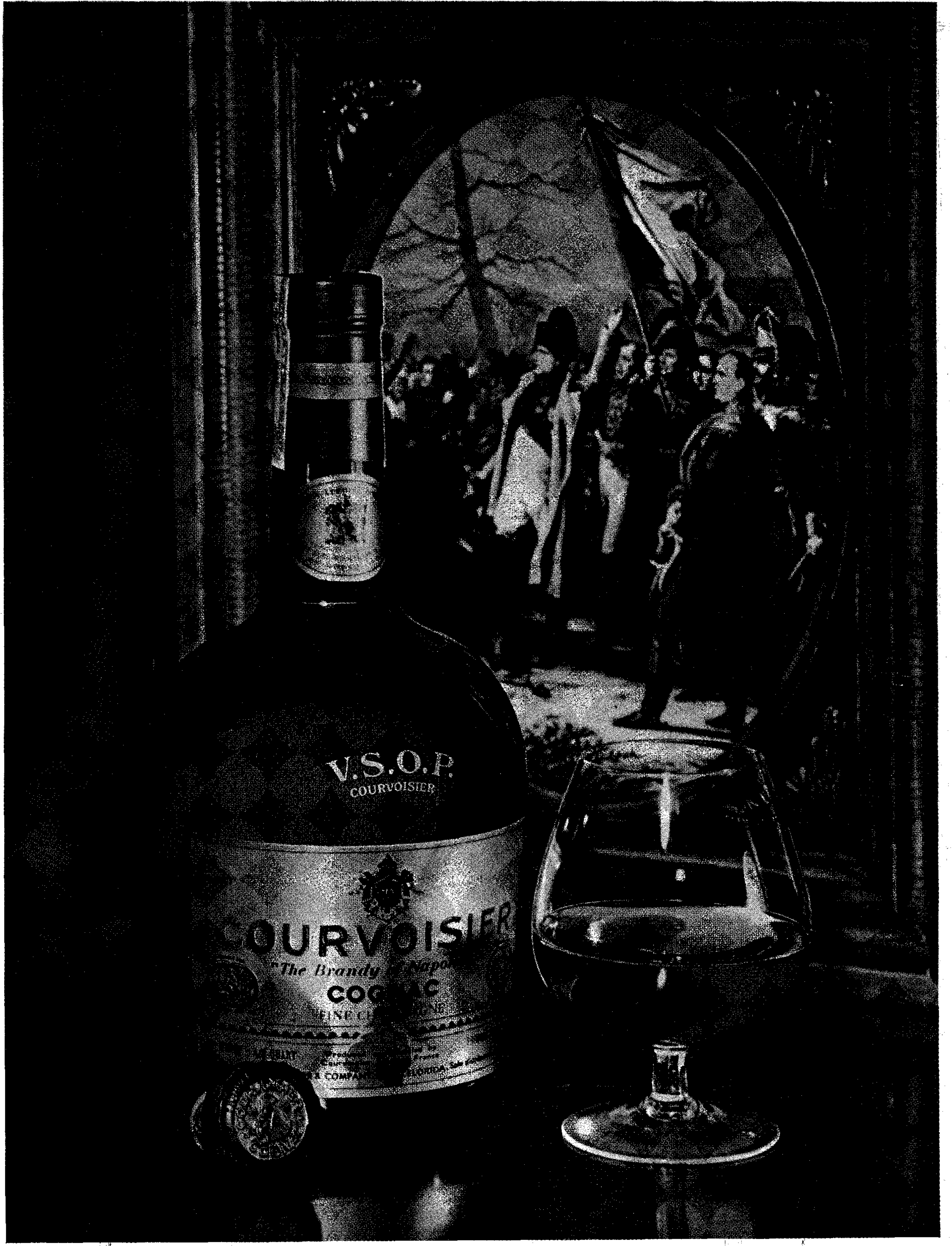
Southwick

A tradition among gentlemen.

Sportcoatings from $130. Suitings from $175.

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Paul Stuart, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.	Lew Ritter & Co.
Albany, N.Y.	Dall's Ltd.
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry, Inc.
Andover, Mass.	Andover Shop
Ann Arbor, Michigan	Van Boven, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton-Atlanta
Asheville, N.C.	Bell's Traditionals
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Birmingham, Ala.	Sons & Harwell
Birmingham, Mich.	Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
Carmel, Cal.	Derek Rayne
Charleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N.C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	The Gentry, Ltd.
Chevy Chase, Md.	Arthur A. Adler
Chicago, Illinois	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W.Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, Ohio	Bunce Brothers
Colorado Springs, Colo.	London Shop
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dallas, Texas	Culwell & Sons
Dayton, Ohio	D.H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Detroit, Mich.	Van Boven, Inc.
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Heider, Ltd.
Fort Worth, Texas	Clyde Campbell
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N.C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hadley, Mass.	A.O. White
Harrisburg, Pa.	C.J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edward Miller
High Point, N.C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
Huntington, N.Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	Roderick St. John
Jackson, Miss.	Owen's Ltd.
Kalamazoo, Mich.	James Beal, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	M.S. McClellan & Co.
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lawrence, Mass.	Kap's
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Cameron, Ltd.
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S.H. Franklin Co.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N.H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Manhasset, N.Y.	David-Barrato
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N.C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	The Oxford Shop
Newport Beach, Cal.	Atkinson's
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
New Britain, Conn.	N.E. Mag & Sons
New London, Conn.	Benoit's
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Pasadena, Cal.	Atkinson's
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Jacob Reed
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	1888 Shop
Portland, Ore.	Albert, Ltd.
Princeton, N.J.	English Shop
Providence, R.I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N.C.	Womble's
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Red Bank, N.J.	Roots
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Davidson's
Rochester, N.Y.	The Red Barn
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Francisco, Cal.	Tearney's
San Marino, Cal.	Bill Winn
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	A.O. White
Stamford, Conn.	Van Driver, Inc.
Summit, N.J.	Roots
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Tarrytown, N.Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D.C.	Arthur A. Adler
Wellesley, Mass.	Ara's
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N.J.	Mulherns
Williamsburg, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities
write Southwick
1290 Avenue of The Americas
New York, New York 10019


V.S.O.P.
COURVOISIER
COURVOISIER
"The Brandy of Napoleon"
COGNAC

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA, 80 PROOF, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A. © 1975

ST

7